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OF

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Gilbert Haven

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MEMORIALS

OF

GILBERT HAVEN,

BISHOP OF THE METHODIST EPISCOPAL CHURCH.

EDITED BY W. H. DANIELS,

Author of "The Illustrated History of Methodism," "D. L. Moody and His Work," "The Temperance Reform," Etc.

With an Introduction

By Rev. BRADFORD K. PEIRCE, D. D.,

Editor of "Zion's Herald."

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TO THE MOTHER,

WHO MADE HIM A HATER OF CASTE;

TO THE WESLEYAN ASSOCIATION, WHO MADE HIM AN EDITOR;

TO THOSE MEMBERS OF THE GENERAL CONFERENCE OF 1872, WHO MADE HIM A BISHOP;

AND TO THE RACE FOR WHOM HE LIVED AND DIED;

THESE MEMORIALS OF GILBERT HAVEN,

THE RADICAL,

ARE RESPECTFULLY AND FRATERNALLY INSCRIBED.

W. H. D.

PUBLISHERS' NOTICE.

THE publishers of Gilbert Haven's delightful "Life of Father Taylor" respectfully announce this Memorial volume; which, with the consent and kind assistance of the Bishop's family, his literary executors, and many near friends, is now ready for the press. In visiting any remarkable work of art, or sublime work of nature, to get the full benefit of its proportions and beauty, it must be seen from different sides and stand-points; so it is in studying the character of one who has gained for himself such a distinguished position as Bishop Haven. In gathering together these tributes from friends who have been associated with him in his varied career, we are able to produce a more complete and satisfactory biography, than if it was the product of one mind.

The extended sketch of his life by the editor is thorough and complete; his selections from the various eulogies and tributes, and from Mr. Haven's works,

are made with judgment and care, and we feel confident that every reader of this book will enjoy and treasure up these memorials of one who was "a man so much a brother of Jesus Christ, that he was not ashamed to be a brother of every other man."

B. B. RUSSELL & CO.

B. B. RUSSELL.
T. P. GORDON.

Boston, September, 1880.

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INTRODUCTION.

The circumstances attending the death of Bishop Haven were calculated to awaken profound emotion in the hearts of his friends and this was the more widely manifested from the fact of his being so generally known and holding so conspicuous a position in the church and in the community. It was not surprising that his burial called out a large attendance, and that the tributes of respect offered over his remains were of the most pronounced character. It was to be expected that his personal friends, than whom no man had more or heartier, would be very warm in their eulogies, and present in strong terms their appreciation of the irreparable loss which his removal would occasion the church which he loved and served. But few, even of his most partial friends, were prepared for the wide-spread and extraordinary evidences of public regard and regret at his departure, the unprecedented number of elaborate memorial addresses which were delivered, and the touching expressions of high estimation which found their way into the columns of the leading periodicals of the land.

The time for reaction of sentiment, if the portraitures of character and ability had been drawn in too high colors, has now been reached. We have passed so far from the affecting incidents of a death that seemed premature, although its approach had long been providentially indicated,— a death that cut off an extraordi-

narily active career in the midst of its busiest plans and incessant activities, and gathered around itself a divine halo rarely vouchsafed to departing saints,— that we can now somewhat calmly contemplate the life that has been translated to higher spheres, and weigh with a cooler judgment the characteristics of one who both dazzled us by his brilliancy and disarmed criticism by his generous unselfishness, his warm affections, and his evident earnestness and consecration of purpose. In this hour of sober second-thought, significantly enough, the first words of almost unqualified eulogy have not been reconsidered. We have looked in vain for the first expression of hesitation, among any that thoroughly knew him, as to the high qualities of mind and character which were accorded him when the tears of affection had hardly been dried from the faces of his friends. The last efforts to give a fair estimate of this remarkable man are as warm in his praise as the first, and constant tender and appreciative words find their way into print, as his absence is still felt in the important interests of the church which he bore upon his heart and aided so efficiently with his persuasive voice and open hand.

No one can fill his place. He cannot be imitated. He was one of those rare men who are scarcely ever duplicated in a generation. He cannot be compared with any one of his own or previous times. He will stand out distinctly, in the period in which he lived, among other remarkable reformers and Christian workers, with a well-defined personality of his own. We shall probably never have another Bishop in the church whose similarity of temper and ability will serve in any wise to destroy the sharpness of the distinction with which he stands out as a unique and remarkable

character. He was a genius, with all the intuitive, constructive, and persistent intellectual force of one of these rarely endowed minds, and still he was intensely practical. He had a singular interest in the temporal and political affairs of his day; but was one of the most ardent and devoted laborers in the spiritual kingdom of the Lord Jesus Christ. As he said on his dying bed, he had a strong grasp on both worlds. He was sensitive to pain and shrank from danger; but bore himself without hesitation amid the most manifold perils to his life, on sea and land, and among the most desperate men. He was the pleasant companion of the liveliest company, and the very life of it, and one of the tenderest, most spiritual, and sweetest consolers in hours of bereavement and sorrow. He loved life and its opportunities for usefulness as few do, yet without a moment's hesitation, but with a shout of triumph, he closed his eyes on earth to open them in heaven.

His life has been so busy and his pen so incessantly employed that an adequate memorial of it will require an ample volume. Some of his best thoughts and happiest expressions are not to be found in his published works; they are distributed through his editorial pages and his voluminous correspondence. Such a work, embodying fully the incidents of an eventful life and gathering up the scattered pearls of literature which lie all along his path, is in preparation by his literary executor, and will yet require some time for its completion. But the thousands of his friends all over the land are impatient at the necessary delay incident to such a work. They want a popular sketch of his life and labors, and the chief memorials which have been offered to his memory, in some permanent form. Such a work will not, in any wise, unfavorably affect

the sale of the former, but rather prepare the way for it and create a desire to obtain it. This preliminary work, in a remarkably skilful and graphic manner, has been accomplished by Rev. W. H. Daniels, in this interesting biographical sketch and the memorial addresses that follow. We have read its lively pages with constant delight, hardly able to leave them until the closing heavenly scene of transfiguration and ascension was reached. The writer has been eminently successful in interpreting the early life of his subject, in selecting the most impressive incidents of his active career, and in giving a fairly balanced portraiture of the ability and noble characteristics of this remarkable man. It will satisfy the tens of thousands of readers who are still asking for a more elaborate memorial than a sermon or an address; it will open afresh the tearful memories of the departed; it will awaken a higher appreciation of his rare qualities, and, we fervently pray, inspire also many young hearts with a holy ambition to emulate the virtues of his character, and the consecration of his life to the elevation of the lowliest and to the glory of the one Father of all mankind.

B. K. PEIRCE.

"ZION'S HERALD" OFFICE,
BOSTON, September, 1880.

PART I.

GILBERT HAVEN.

THE SCHOLAR — PASTOR — CHAPLAIN — TOURIST — EDITOR — BISHOP — REFORMER.

MEMORIALS OF BISHOP GILBERT HAVEN.

CHAPTER I.

PRELUDE.

This pen portrait is at best only an outline picture. The whole of the man is not here. The only claim is, that what there is here is like him; much of it a part of him. A nature so broad and deep, with powers so various and brilliant, can not be comprised in words, be they never so choice or so many. There are only two regions known to us where Gilbert Haven has room to dwell — the Heaven to which he has gone, and the hearts of the friends he has left behind. "The nearer one comes to the primitive church, the more does he find bishops like Gilbert Haven." So writes a Massachusetts editor who has no temptations to say anything extravagant in praise of Methodism or Methodists.

"He was a power in every place, and will be a power forever." Thus spoke Bishop Foster, with all that was mortal of Bishop Haven lying before him; a man whom, in spite of wide diversity in sentiment, he had come to love as a brother and honor as a peer.

"Shure they couldn't be doin' more if the Pope himself was dead," said the Irish servant of the Haven household, as she mopped the tears from her broad face and looked at the Bishop's funeral procession just moving away. "All the bells is a tollin', and all the saloons is closed, and all the

Catholics is standin' round and lookin' at him goin' to his grave. An' they all say he has gone to Heaven!"

"Hallelujah! we have got a colored bishop now!" shouted a jubilant African member of the General Conference of 1872, on the morning of the election of Bishop Haven. It is said that some of the colored brethren had sat up all night praying for that very thing.

Here is testimony enough, from sources sufficiently diverse, to indicate the breadth and depth of the nature of this man whom God raised up to be a prince and prophet, and whom he has now promoted to History and Heaven.

"For the perfecting of the saints, for the work of the ministry, for the edifying of the body of Christ" the Head of the Church has given "to some apostles, to some prophets, to some evangelists, to some pastors and teachers." Beyond all controversy Gilbert Haven was God's gift to that portion of His church, who, being in bonds, needed the sympathy of some free, powerful, loving nature that was willing to be bound with them. Bishop Haven was, above all others, the prophet, apostle, evangelist, pastor, and teacher of the African race in the United States of America; a man so truly a brother of Jesus Christ that he was not ashamed to be the brother of every other man.

ANCESTRY.—BOYHOOD DAYS

There is a great family — one might almost call it a clan — in Massachusetts, by the name of Haven; descendants, all, of Richard Haven, who, about the year 1640, came from the West of England and settled in the town of Lynn. He was a godly man, and an honorable, as would appear from the following record in the books of the parish: "1692.

Voted, That Sergeant Haven should sit in the pulpit." In the days when the New England clergy were as truly an order of nobility as were the lords, dukes, and bishops in Old England, such a vote as this in Sergeant Haven's favor, bringing him so closely under the wing of the minister, was surely no small honor.

The family of Richard Haven comprised seven sons and five daughters. Among the former was Nathaniel Haven, a man of many functions in the colony; surveyor, selectman, constable, tithingman, pathmaster, and, on one occasion, "committee to locate the meeting-house." All these honors came to him in the town of Framingham, where he removed from Lynn sometime about the year 1700, and where he died in 1746 at the age of eighty-two.

This branch of the family tree was a fruitful one. Nathaniel Haven had five sons and five daughters, among whom was Moses. He was the father of five sons and four daughters, among whom was Gideon Haven, a "deacon of the church" in Framingham; who also had five sons and four daughters, among whom was Jotham, who was blessed with eight sons and two daughters, among whom was Gilbert. To him were born four sons and six daughters, among whom was the subject of this volume.

The senior Gilbert Haven was born in Framingham, Mass., on the 21st of April, 1791; lived for awhile at Mount Auburn, then called "Sweet Auburn," after Goldsmith's Deserted Village; was united in marriage to Hannah Burrill in 1811; and then removed to Malden, where he died on the 20th of February, 1863. The almost hereditary dignities in church and state which had been held by his ancestors failed not to descend to him, he being elected a Justice of the Peace, and also for many years holding the office of

Sunday-school superintendent, first in the Congregational and afterwards in the Methodist church, in both of which communions he was accounted a master in Israel.

"Squire Haven," as he was called, was a truly magisterial man. His portrait shows him to have been one of the old school of New England gentlemen, dignified, self-poised, courteous, with a dash of sternness in his nature, on account of which his wife used to say to their son, after he had attained Episcopal honors, "Your father was much more fit to be a bishop than you."

He possessed rare executive and judicial powers for one who had only received the education of the district school-house and the parish meeting-house; but such schools and such meetings were sufficient to bring out the best that was in a good man, and on this account, as well as for his high Christian character, he was looked up to by the people of Malden, then a suburban village, for whose inhabitants he settled many a quarrel and healed many a wounded friendship before he would suffer the case to come before him in his magisterial capacity. In later life he was promoted to a position in the Boston Sub-treasury; and one of his acts as magistrate was to swear in his son as Chaplain of the Eighth Massachusetts Regiment, which, in 1861, was hurriedly departing for that ninety days' campaign by which it was vainly hoped to bring the rebels to their senses.

Hannah Burrill, the wife of Gilbert Haven, Sr., was the daughter of a goodly family of Christian people in Abington, Mass., to whom, after due publication of the banns in church, he was joined in marriage by the Rev. Dr. Lowell, father of James Russell Lowell, in Boston, on the 5th of September, 1811. Her father, Benjamin Burrill, was a soldier of the Revolution, of whom she is proud

BIRTHPLACE OF BISHOP GILBERT HAVEN,—MALDEN, MASS.

to say: "He was with Washington that terrible winter at Valley Forge." Small in stature, but mighty in spirit, she seems even now, at the advanced age of ninety-three, to be a typical Puritan matron; one of that immortal race of wives and mothers who were equal to all emergencies, possessed of tireless energy and inexhaustible patience, and with courage and conscience enough to face the Enemy of all Righteousness in a drawn battle of a lifetime, with the firm determination to keep herself and her children out of his clutches, and bring them up to "be something in the world." It was from his mother that Bishop Haven inherited his quick wit, his cheery good-nature, his sturdy conscience, and his omnivorous appetite for hard work; while from the Haven line there descended to him much of that executive ability, and a little of that magisterial dignity, the former of which often, and the latter of which occasionally, appeared in his administration of the great affairs committed to his hands.

Four sons and six daughters were born to Gilbert, and Hannah Burrill, Haven. "They are all gone now, but Sarah and Hannah, and I shall soon be with them," said the mother; who, in spite of her venerable age, is still unbowed and active both in mind and body, still presides with gracious hospitality at her own table, and with wonderful accuracy and quickness recalls the events in the history of her house which have henceforth a place in the records of the nation and the church.

Gilbert Haven, the oldest son and fifth child of Gilbert, and Hannah Burrill, Haven, was born in Malden on the 19th of September, 1821. As a member of the Haven clan he had some of the best blue blood of Puritan New England in his veins; and there flowed through his big heart a generous tide of that red blood, still more ancient and noble, the "one

blood" of which God "hath made all nations of men for to dwell on the face of the earth."

Like certain other notables born and bred near Massachusetts Bay, he was of the caste of the New England Brahmins; but unlike them, higher in honor because his hand and heart reached lower, he claimed to belong to all the other castes, and boldly avowed his kinship to all members of that great and ancient family which we call Mankind. Herein Gilbert Haven outranked all the other aristocrats of his day.

The family were members of the Church of the "Standing Order;" but about the time of the birth of his son Gilbert, the father removed his membership to the Methodist Episcopal Church at North Malden, now Melrose; and, two years later, during the time of a great religious revival, his mother, who had been firmly fixed, as she supposed, in her church relations, followed her husband, and united with that church to which she was to give a minister, an editor, and a Bishop.

Methodism was comparatively new in New England. Its first establishment in North Malden was in 1815. Five years later the first "class" was formed in Malden Centre, and the accession of Mr. Haven thereto, under the leadership of Father Howard, was a memorable event.

According to the pious custom and the holy covenant, which was sacred to the souls of the Puritans, as well as to those of the early Methodists, all the children of the Haven household were consecrated to God in holy baptism; the waters of baptism being sprinkled upon the embryo Bishop by the hands of that well-known itinerant, "Reformation John Adams."

From his childhood young Gilbert was the chief sensation in the Haven household, as, indeed, he has been in almost every other small company he has met, and very many large

ones, since. "He was an active lad," says his venerable mother, "and though by no means a bad boy, he gave me more trouble than all the rest of my family put together. If there was anything going on, he was always going ahead of it; and what he was when a boy he was all the rest of his life." For a long time she used to take this precious young irrepressible with her to class meeting and to prayer meeting, as well as on her neighborly visits, because when she was absent "nobody could do anything with him at home." Well was it for both mother and son that she did not fall into the error of attempting to suppress the superabundant life there was in him. She had the sagacity to perceive that the trouble he gave her did not arise from overmuch badness, but from overmuch *boy*. The Bishop's last book, "A Winter in Mexico," is dedicated "To my Mother," to whom, though minister, editor, author, and Bishop, he always was "my boy." During his last sickness the venerable woman said to one of her visitors, "Oh, I am afraid I shall lose my boy." It was the delight of some, as well as the regret of others, that the Bishop never wholly overcame his boyishness, which, in the unrestrained freedom of his home, and in the presence of other intimate friends, led them to think that he must have drunk of the fountain of Immortal Youth.

Soon after his emancipation from the thraldom of girl's clothes, which even embryo bishops are forced to endure for a season, he was sent to the district school in the village, where his bright round face, merry heart, and manly spirit gained the good-will of his instructors; and he rapidly passed from class to class until he had fairly exhausted the literary resources of the institution. That he was not one of those remarkably good little boys whose final attainment of a pulpit or early translation to heaven are the two

thoughts which divide the views of all their friends concerning them, is evident from the following incident which he used to relate of his boyhood days, and from which it is also evident that he had no unusual or inspirational liking for colored people, as some may have imagined.

One day while he was playing with a party of his comrades, old "Aunty" Knight, the colored washerwoman of the village, went by. Catching a glimpse of her, he cried out: "Hullo, boys, guess it's going to rain. Black cloud just gone along."

The old woman looked at him kindly and said, "Why, Gilbert, I didn't think that of you!"

This mild reproof, implying also a compliment to his good-nature, sunk deeply into the boy's heart, and he at once replied, "You never shall hear it from me again." Afterwards he called on the old woman and made due apology for his rudeness. "That," said he, "was my conversion from caste."

He was high-spirited but good-tempered, bent on leadership but not quarrelsome, and he could readily enough forgive an injury to himself, though it was not always easy for him to forgive an injury to those to whom his friendship or his sympathy attracted him. The questions of school-boy morality which sometimes troubled him, he was accustomed to bring to his mother, by whom he was taught that it was shameful for a boy to fight; that it was his duty to suffer abuse without returning it; and that under no circumstances could it be honorable in a boy to render evil for evil. These lessons entered into the soul of the lad, who believed in his mother with a more sensible if not a more devout reverence than a papist does in Mother Church, and he sought to put them into practice; in which, doubtless, the good angels

and the good God assisted him. This repression of boyish spirit in wrong directions only gave better scope to its exercise in higher and better ones, and the boy who, when he was struck, would not strike back, was ready to defend the little fellows from their big cowardly tormentors. All his school-boy battles were sure to be in defence of the weak against the strong.

One day the schoolmaster treated very harshly a little black girl who came to the school from the poor-house. This roused his indignation to the boiling point, and after school was dismissed he presented himself face to face with his teacher, and denounced his conduct to the pauper, saying, "Because that child is poor, and because she is black, you treated her worse than you would dare to treat any of us;" his blue eyes blazing and his red hair almost standing on end with the righteous wrath that was surging through him. This matter, like the others which troubled him, he rehearsed to his mother when he came home; and that wise counsellor, having carefully examined the case, gave him the following decision:

"That little black girl is just as good as you, if she is black, and you ought to take her part."

This settled the question. From that day he took it upon himself to see that she was decently treated, and the abuse which she had suffered was, with such a champion, no longer safe, therefore it ceased; but the little cowards who dared not face the fists and the fury of this young knight, poured out their spite in jeers and jibes, which reached their climax, as they understood it, in calling the little black pauper "Gil. Haven's wife," a name by which she was for a long time known in the school and which he was too much of a gentleman to resent.

In reference to this matter the Bishop afterwards said: "My mother and my Bible made me an Abolitionist."

His father was for a long time book-keeper and head clerk in Barrett's dye-house in Malden. There was a little room in the building in which old newspapers were kept for wrappers; and here the boy was accustomed to spend hour after hour reading the papers and cutting out pieces of poetry, speeches, and such other extracts as pleased him: these he preserved in a scrap-book made out of one of the old ledgers, and which is now among the Bishop's "literary remains." The taste for reading thus indulged grew with his growth and strengthened with his strength, and it was largely to this early-acquired habit, joined to a wonderfully quick and retentive memory, that he owed his reputation as a literary man. It has been said of him that "he knew a little of almost everything," and what he knew he could instantly recall when wanted.

The curriculum of the village school was not a very extensive one, and having quite exhausted it he left his books to take up a business life as store-boy with one of the Malden traders. As his duties here did not fully occupy him, he spent his spare moments studying French under the instruction of his sister Bethia. His reading had made him acquainted with politics, and on occasions he would start an argument with the customers or loungers who were willing to spend their time in debating with a boy; whereby he acquired great readiness of speech. Those were stirring times. William Lloyd Garrison had just started the "Liberator"; Webster not long before had made his great speech against Hayne, and gained the title of "The Defender of the Constitution;" and Whigs, Democrats, and Liberty Men (called in derision the "Wool and Ivory party"), were all

struggling together, the one for existence, the others for mastery. This gave the boy a wide range, which he was not backward in using; and some of the old men who contended with him, say that the lad was able to hold his own with the best of them.

On Sundays the young clerk made himself useful, and perhaps somewhat conspicuous, as sexton and usher at the little Methodist church. On one occasion a great congregation assembled to hear Abel Stevens, who had begun his career as "the boy-preacher." Nothing particular is recorded concerning the young minister or his discourse; but tradition has preserved the saying of one of the worshippers on that occasion; who, after it was over, remarked to his mother, "Mrs. Haven, it was worth more to see your son Gilbert perform around, showing the people to their seats, than it was to hear the sermon."

CHAPTER II.

THE PATH TO THE PULPIT.—NORTHAMPTON.

As the years passed by his desire for learning increased, and having heard great things of the Wilbraham Academy, then under the principalship of Rev. David Patten, D. D., at which one of his sisters had been a student, his parents consented to his going thither, and he entered this famous Methodist school in April, 1839; being then in his eighteenth year.

He was a handsome, gallant fellow, and at once became a prominent character. He joined the Union Philosophical Society, which, with the Young Men's Debating Club and Lyceum, then, as now, divided the masculine society honors between them. He also took an interest in the Reading-Room Society, which for a long time was managed by the students, and whose meetings on Saturday mornings, after the close of the weekly declamations, were sometimes scenes of intense political excitement. There was generally an auction for the sale of the papers of the week, which gave an opportunity for the expression of conflicting opinions; the Whigs and Democrats among the boys respectively bidding for their own papers, while their opponents bid against them "for the stove," for "out of the window," and other uncomplimentary assignments. On set occasions there were great debates, open to the public, whereat questions of state were argued by the young gentlemen, oftentimes with a skill and force that promised great things for them when they should

Boarding House, Wilbraham Academy.

Academy Building, Wilbraham, Mass.

come out into the arena of the real world. At first young Haven took the Democratic side in politics, partly perhaps because his father was an old-line Democrat, and partly also on account of the influence of his room-mate, one Matthew Dooley, a brilliant Irishman of about twenty-two years of age, a splendid declaimer, a fierce Democrat, and one of the most popular men in the school. From this it need not be inferred that he had fallen from the grace of his boyhood, but only that he had, for a little while, by a strong social current, been carried somewhat out of his way.

It was during the winter term of this year that the anti-slavery agitation invaded this quiet seat of learning. Under the auspices of the Reading-Room Society a great debate was held on the question of American slavery, with the Democratic Dooley on the affirmative, and William Rice on the negative; the latter a slight young man, only seventeen years of age, a new student, and, to all appearance, no match at all for his popular adversary. But when the great debate came off, the champion of the Democratic party — the party of slavery — found himself *hors de combat*, while young Rice, the radical Abolitionist, the first ever seen at that academy, was in high favor, many of the impressible young ladies and gentlemen who had listened to his arguments having been converted to his opinions.

But, for a time, it appeared that he had succeeded too well. Not only had his terrible facts and his audacious theories stirred up the students, and won for him the first place as a debater, but they had also alarmed the Principal and his corps of instructors, the most of whom were opposed to anti-slavery agitation; and so hot did the discussion become in the meetings of the faculty, that it is said to have been proposed to expel young Rice for his incendiary abolition speech.

So much for Wilbraham politics at the time of the advent of Gilbert Haven.

He was largely devoted to society; being a great favorite, especially among the ladies, and behaving himself with such distinguished gallantry and spirit as to win the high admiration of the students, challenge the attention of the citizens, and bring himself under the careful and anxious inspection of the faculty. "He was," says one of his old friends, "a companion of the best of the bad boys;" some of whose escapades are still related by his school-fellows with that gusto which so generally accompanies the account of school-boy frolics: sins, no doubt, but sins only partly grown, which, like tiger cubs, are thought of as almost harmless and immensely amusing. Card-playing and drinking were among the besetments into which the embryo Bishop fell among these "best of the bad boys," and to such an extent had the irreligious spirit strengthened within him that, when during the month of October a revival of religion broke out in the academy, young Haven and some of his comrades attended the revival services, sat in the back pew of the church, and beguiled the time by reading novels and playing cards. After this manner he actually spent the first half hour of that very service, at the close of which, under deep conviction, he presented himself as a seeker of religion. This was on the 18th of October, 1839. In the following day he was happily converted, and from that time he steadily maintained his Christian profession.

At the close of the winter term of '39–40, young Haven left the academy, and in the following March entered the store of one Nichols, on Tremont Street, Boston. But this being too small a place to suit his ambitious views he left it the following year for the establishment of Tenney & Co.,

then the largest dry-goods and carpet store in the city. When he presented himself to the proprietor, asking a position, Mr. Tenney looked him over, and said: "I like the looks of you, and will give you a place;" and so well did he bear out the first favorable impressions, that when, after about a year of mercantile life, he felt himself called to the ministry of the gospel, his employer said to him: "Haven you have a gift for trade. No man has a gift for two things. I will fill a store for you and put you in it if you will stay." But the young man had heard the call of the Lord, and this favorable offer, from a worldly view, failed to divert him for one moment from his duty.

He was a popular clerk. His cheerful manners and ready wit made him a favorite with all with whom he came in contact; while his habit of reading everything and remembering it, soon caused him to be recognized as a kind of walking encyclopædia, and it came at length to be a saying among the boys in the store whenever any literary, historic, or political information was wanted, "Ask Haven; he'll be sure to know all about it."

Sometimes, in stormy days, when customers were few, the clerks would gather in the rear of the salesroom and talk over their prospects and intentions. Among them were several youths who have since become eminent and successful men. Those who had a special fondness for business would sometimes mark out their future path, and say, "I intend to be worth so and so many thousand dollars." But Haven would never set any such mark for himself. No number of dollars was ever large enough to satisfy his boyish ambition. He cared little for money. He was liberal to a fault, and although at first he did not exactly know what he was about with himself, he was determined to do something,

a good deal of it. He was still the champion of the weak and unfortunate. One day a colored girl came into the store; and he, having noticed that she was kept waiting while others were served, made haste to attend to her wants himself.

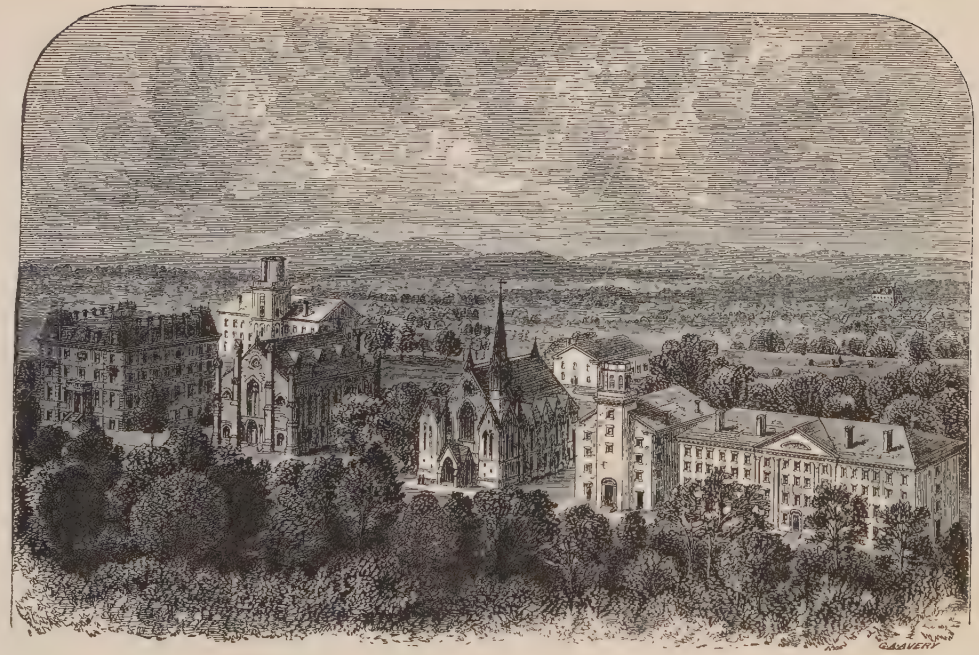
"Who was that nigger you were waiting upon so politely?" asked one of his fellow-clerks.

"She is my sister," was Haven's reply.

A second brief session at the Wilbraham Academy, where he appears as "rushing his preparation for college," enabled him to enter the Wesleyan University in the fall of 1842. He at once took rank among the first of his class, and this position he steadily maintained.

During the winter of his sophomore year, Haven taught a district school in Saugus, Mass. His friend and schoolfellow, William Rice, who had already entered the ministry in the New England Conference, was at this time pastor at Saugus; his college friend, Fales H. Newhall, held another schoolmastership near by, and these three friends used to spend their evenings together in the study of the young Abolitionist minister; whose efforts as a reformer, at his first parish in Malden two years before, had been blessed to the enlightenment of the senior Gilbert Haven in the matter of human rights for black men; in consequence of which that life-long Democrat united with the Liberty Party, and for the first time, with seven of his townsmen, cast his vote in that interest at the elections in 1842.

Memorable evenings were they that these three young men spent together; occupied for the most part with the reading and criticism of English and American literature, and with animated discussions on current topics, political and theological. Thackeray and Dickens, whose star had just risen above the hori-



WESLEYAN UNIVERSITY, MIDDLETOWN, CONN.

zon of the Eastern sea; and Emerson, whose lectures were beginning to appear; and occasionally, by way of varying their literary feasts, they took a tramp over to Boston to hear a speech or lecture by Choate or Webster or Hilliard or Rantoul.

Under these influences and in this companionship, Haven grew in the grace of Abolitionism, and his boyish rage against caste, which for a little while had been suffered to grow cool, but which had been revived by his religious experience at the old academy, now blazed up again with more intensity than ever, so that it was not long before he distanced all his co-patriots in his zeal for "liberty," and the absolute *abandon* with which he ran out to their logical conclusions the cognate ideas of "equality and "fraternity."

The following winter he taught a school at Chelsea Point, meanwhile keeping up with his class.

During his college life his private journals indicate that he was far from being satisfied with himself religiously; but the grace of God had struck deeply into him; his conversion had been genuine, and through the temptations of his four years at the university he maintained a Christian walk and conversation. He did not possess what is usually called a religious nature. He was not given to studying his own spiritual moods, but was quick-sighted concerning all that was going on around him; much more occupied with his duties and relations to the world without than with the panorama of the ever-changing world within him. As a Christian, no less than as a student, he was ambitious, — ambitious *to be*, but more obviously ambitious *to do*. His piety was of an active sort, which manifested itself after his return home from the academy in occasional visits to the prisoners at Charlestown, for the purpose of religious instruc-

tion, and which, in the last half of his college life, led him to champion every reform that looked toward raising the fallen or securing the rights of the oppressed. He was thought to be wild and extravagant in his views of human equality. That a negro could be the brother of a white man was a doctrine which, though taught plainly enough in the Bible, had not found its way into the minds of even the leading Abolitionists of New England. They were for patronizing and championing the slaves; Haven went beyond, and avowed their claim to friendship and love.

Dr. Newhall speaks of him as "strong in the intuitional faculties, always relying more upon intuition than upon reasoning. He had a broad, strong, physical basis, that made his passions strong; but conscience ever held his passions in stern control. His reading was very broad, though he had less interest in physical science than in classical literature. Philosophical abstractions and metaphysical niceties had but little interest for him. Brilliant as a writer, his conversational powers were far more brilliant, because of his personal magnetism, which was immense." *

Rev. Dr. J. E. King, another of his class, recalls "his striking figure, medium size, broad shoulders, well-knit frame, massive head, with a wealth of fiery red hair, a keen, flashing eye, a rosy, joyous face, swift of speech, addicted to debate, ranking first in his class, a great reader, apt in the use of sarcasm, loving to prick the bubbles of sophistry or vanity, with prodigious mental activity, equal to making the most of all his opportunities, hating shams, hypocrisy, and oppression, while fear was unknown to him."*

From the university he went forth a well-furnished man

* "Monograph of Gilbert Haven," by Rev E. Wentworth, D. D.

for the work to which God was calling him. He was profoundly learned in nothing; but the sum-total of his acquirements, both in quantity and availability, was such as to place him undeniably in the front rank of the scholars of his church. He knew enough of Greek and Latin to be a successful teacher of the classics at Amenia, where his cousin, Dr. E. O. Haven, then the Principal of the seminary, says "he created much enthusiasm in his classes on the style and sentiment of the ancient authors;" he was also well up in mathematics; but, in an atmosphere pervaded by the glamour of heathen antiquities, he devoted his best strength to the English language and literature, and in the midst of scholarly traditions and associations which accounted no learning as "liberal" except what came from Greece and Rome, he achieved the distinction of becoming a classical scholar who was also a master of, and not ashamed of, his own mother tongue.

To this unusual choice and judgment of Gilbert Haven the student, does the church, in no small measure, owe the brilliant career and the mighty influence of Gilbert Haven the pastor, the journalist, and the Bishop. He did not suffer himself to be educated away from the life of his own people in his own times. Neither fiction nor fashion could cheat him into accounting anything venerable which did not bear the stamp of righteousness as well as of antiquity. He had learned to look forward and not backward for the Golden Age.

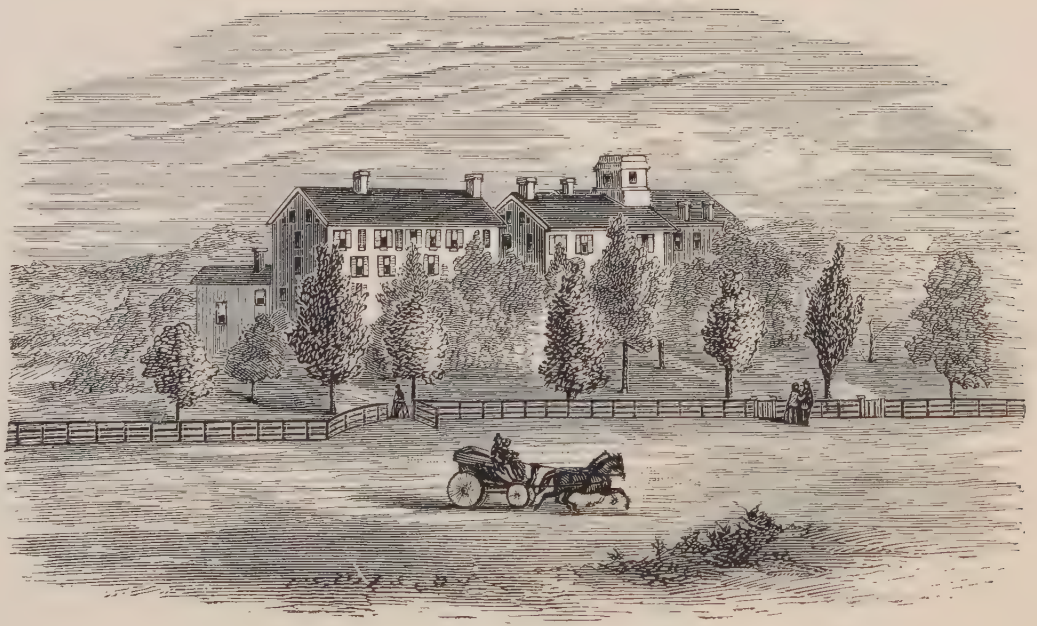
In 1846 he graduated with the third honor in a class of thirty-five. His appointment was "Philosophical Oration;" his theme, "The Identity of Philosophy." The valedictorian that year was S. F. Beach, a brother of President Beach, and the salutatorian his life-long friend, Fales H. Newhall.

Although called to the gospel ministry, Gilbert Haven, during his college life, did not make any special progress in that direction. After his graduation, in 1846, he was employed for two years as a teacher of Latin and Greek in the Amenia Seminary, New York, where he first opened his commission as an ambassador of Jesus Christ; his first sermon being written and read in the seminary chapel in 1847. His text was: "Light is sown for the righteous, and gladness for the upright in heart." Ps. xcvii. 2.

It appears that he had a humble opinion of his pulpit efforts, for in his journal, sometime during the next year, he writes: —

"I love to preach usually probably better than others love to hear, though I shrink from the title 'reverend.' Nothing but the most solemn conscientiousness and unwavering conviction of duty could have led me to the pulpit."

After two years of service as Professor, he was elected Principal, which position he held for three years. The duties of the situation were congenial to his tastes, and there were also certain reasons of a social nature which led him to enjoy it. Among his pupils was Mary Ingraham, a rare and beautiful young woman, of Methodist ancestry, blessed with admirable qualities of body, mind, and soul, in whose education he had come to feel more than a common interest. During these five years the professor became the lover, and the young lady whom he had first taught Latin was now a fellow student with her teacher in the mysteries of a more delightful learning. The love of these two persons was kept a profound secret, as seemed, indeed, to be essential to the peace and prosperity of a school organized on the Amenia plan; and when the marriage was celebrated, on the 17th of September, 1851, it was a complete surprise both to citizens and students.



AMENIA SEMINARY, AMENIA, N. Y.

The Ingraham family was of New England origin. "In the last decade of the last century Methodism was planted in Rhode Island, and Jesse Lee and Bishop Asbury visited the old town of Bristol and gathered a small society. The members of that little church were subjected to personal insults and social ostracism. At length two families, feeling that they could not longer endure the fight of affliction, sold their little property and moved to Amenia, N. Y. The names of the families were Reynolds and Ingraham. The Hon. George G. Reynolds, LL. D., judge of the city court of Brooklyn, a lay delegate to the last two General Conferences of our church, and Mary Ingraham Haven, were descendants of these families."*

The wife of Bishop Haven, as any one may see by her portrait, which adorns the Haven mansion in Malden, was a woman of rare beauty as well as of a lovely spirit. Her figure was slight and graceful, while her harmonious features, deep black eyes, rosy cheeks, and fair complexion made up a face which once seen was not readily forgotten. Wherever Pastor Haven went with his bride she was the first and chief attraction. "A beautiful woman," everybody said; and sometimes it was also said, "She is the ideal Evangeline." Her manners were quiet and gentle. She was silent rather than discourseful; but this quietness and reticence did not prevent her husband's parishioners from feeling the sacred influence of her earnest sympathy and affection. She did not shut herself up within herself for any selfish reason. It was simply the saving up of power to be expended, when called for, in love and helpfulness to the best possible advantage. The highest compliments are still paid

* Memorial Sermon, by Rev. Dr. Upham, Grace Church, Boston.

her. "She was the most beautiful woman you ever saw," says one. "Everybody loved her," says another. And her venerable mother-in-law declares, "She was just as good as she could be *all the time*." No wonder that such a woman as this, with a heart consecrated to duty and sanctified by grace, and a will fully developed and always quietly set in the direction of righteousness, should have exercised a boundless influence upon such a man as Gilbert Haven. He was able to appreciate such a wife, and she failed not to understand and honor her husband.

Pastor Haven entered the regular work of the ministry in the New England Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church; into which he was received in the spring of 1851. The spirit in which he entered the pastorate is evident in the following extracts from his journal. It appears that during the last year or two of his principalship at Amenia, he was impressed with the fact that that was not the work to which God had called him. In 1849 he writes: "How stands my soul? I sometimes fear to ask. I hope I am growing in grace. I hope I have as deep a love for God as ever. May I still find deeper holiness and happiness in Christ. I must engage in something more like my life-work than this. I must get away from this place, and then may God guide me."

In March, 1851, having resigned his Principal's chair at Amenia, and prepared to go out from this centre of learning, and, to him, of love and happiness, he records his feelings in contemplation of the important change thus:—

"Amid extraordinary sorrows and joys I have been advancing, I trust, in knowledge, holiness, practical wisdom, mental power, spiritual purity. My duties here have been beneficial. My studies have enlarged my knowledge; reflection, my ideas. Prayer and meditation have drawn me nearer to Christ. I go forth in the name of my Saviour.

Heaven is all that is valuable. Christ is all that is supremely lovely. I feel that I am willing to be anything or nothing, so that I may win Christ. My religious profession sometimes seems dark, but beyond I see light. O how I thank God for his goodness to me — for his preventing and pardoning grace! How great a sinner I am! How great a Saviour he is! May I be humble, faithful, holy, happy, now and forever! May I ever live in Christ, and may I hear at the close of my career the voice of Christ, saying,

"'Servant of God, well done.'" *

It was in the year 1850, the last of his principalship at Amenia, that Congress passed the Fugitive Slave Bill. This occasion he improved by a sermon entitled, "The Higher Law," from the text, "Render unto Cæsar the things that are Cæsar's, and unto God the things that are God's." Matt. xxii. 21. In this discourse he examined into the basis of governmental authority, declared the bill to be condemned by human instinct, conscience, Providence, and the Bible, and advised that obedience to it should be refused. This is the first of his discourses on political topics that has become famous. It heads the list in his volume entitled National Sermons. [For extracts see Part III.]

Gilbert Haven's first pastorate was at Northampton, Mass. Long years afterwards, having travelled in many lands, he gives the preference for rural beauty, to his first parish above all the rest of the world. The following letter to the Rev. Albert Gould, who followed him in that station after an interval of more than twenty-five years, was written in reply to an invitation to a memorial service at the Northampton Methodist Church:—

"New York, Nov. 21, 1871.

"Rev. Albert Gould:

"*Dear Brother*,—I should have been glad to have given you reminiscences of my pastorate at Northampton, had not sickness and the imperative orders of physicians prevented.

* Monograph.

"As your invitation lay before me, the visions of that first experience in regular ministerial work arose before me. The little cluster of happy souls gathered in that vestry of a Sabbath, and especially of a week-day night; the small, though larger congregation, in the church; the songs and testimonies and ardent prayers; the simple faith, strong and clear, of the elect few, that in poverty and social contumely, laid the foundation of our church, — these are not forgotten in my recollections, and come up yet, I believe, in remembrance before God.

"I vividly recall a prayer meeting on a very stormy night, when only six were present. Such power I do not remember to have seen and felt at any prayer meeting in my entire pastorate.

> "'God came down our souls to greet,
> And glory crowned that mercy-seat.'

It seemed as if tongues like as of fire sat on each of that little assembly.

"We had troubles, sore and thick, in those days. Troubles with creditors especially; troubles among the brethren not so peculiar; but out of them all the Lord delivered us. I trust He still delivers. I remember one incident in connection with a choir difficulty, that illustrates the influence that Jonathan Edwards still has in that town, though dead for more than a century. While we were debating how to reconcile their feuds, a young brother, a broom-maker (I forget his name), usually our most silent member, spoke and said: 'I think I have discovered the origin of evil. Lucifer was the leader of the choir in heaven. Of course riot broke out, and the fall naturally came about.' Dr. Theodore Cuyler this summer declared that that was the brightest saying he ever heard. It came from the old Edwards seed.

"So did the spiritual life and power of that little company. They too were heirs of that faith and zeal which characterized the good men of Northampton. With a less fatalistic creed, they had a greater Christian love and power. May their successors still more abound in these graces.

"The beauty of that grand old town, the most beautiful of all American towns, which are the most beautiful towns in the world, like Wordsworth's 'Tintern Abbey,' passes into the 'purer mind with tranquil restoration.' It will never leave my memory.

"I hope your success and that of your followers, and of the church, will be greater than that of all your forerunners.

It will afford me joy always to hear that this church of my first ministry walks in the truth, and flourishes in the faith of the gospel.

"Ever faithfully yours,

"G. HAVEN."

To this struggling little parish, the scholarly ex-principal of the Amenia Seminary was sent in the spring of 1851, to begin his work as a Methodist preacher; and to this parish, in the following autumn, he introduced his bride.

The hardness which this good soldier endured in this novitate has never been generally known. He kept such matters to himself, not simply for the reason that he was unwilling to have it known how small were the resources of the parish to which he had been assigned, but with a brotherly, or perhaps it were more proper to say, fatherly, regard for the feelings of the little flock over which he had been appointed shepherd. A brother, who was a member of his official board, relates that on one occasion, when they were talking together about money matters, Pastor Haven said:—

"We were speaking of salaries at our last minister's meeting. The brethren were telling how much, or how little they had received for their work thus far during the year; but they did not get any such information out of me."

That the amount he received was small enough to have given him the championship in such a contest of honorable poverty is evident from his statement, many years afterwards, to a brother who was mourning over the extremely meagre support which he received from his congregation. "You think it is small," he said; "it is three times as much as I received from my first parish." This was not, however, to be understood as an implied censure of his first parishioners. They, with him, struggled nobly and bravely through financial

difficulties which beset them, and only by the greatest self-denial on the part of both pastor and people was the unfinished edifice where he commenced his ministry saved from being sold for debt.

The veterans of the Northampton society, newly happy over its deliverance from the last of their long financial bondage, as the result of the labors of its present pastor, the Rev. Mr. Knox, now look back to those gloomy days with a loving memory of the man who led them for two years through the darkest shadows, showed them the first glimpse of hope, and the first faint prospects of ultimate success. But for him, his boundless courage, his inexhaustible good cheer, his absolute unselfishness, and the inspiration of his manly presence and Christian devotion, it is agreed that at that early day Methodism must have ended in Northampton while yet it was hardly begun.

CHAPTER III.

A REVEREND RADICAL.

These were great days in the political history of the Union; whose disruption the Defender of the Constitution thought he could foresee; and in order to prevent so dire a calamity — some said, in order to be made President of that Union by the help of Southern votes — he had so far succumbed to the slave power as to lend himself to a measure for turning the Northern States into a hunting-ground for runaway negroes; a species of game often in great request at the South. Though standing upon the highest pinnacle ever reached by a New England statesman since the days of the Elder Adams, Daniel Webster, often irreverently called "The Godlike Daniel," was now tottering to his fall. The Fugitive Slave Law, his last and lowest degradation, had roused the wrath of multitudes of his chief admirers; and the dose of political compromise he had helped to administer as a sedative had thrown that much-doctored patient, the Union, into uncontrollable spasms, which threatened the direst consequences.

The newspapers contained frequent accounts of the trials of persons indicted for aiding in the escape of fugitive slaves; the memorable case of Sims, the fugitive who was captured in liberty-loving Boston, and shipped from Long Wharf to Charleston, in April, 1851, had raised the excitement to a fever heat; the name of Rufus Choate had been blackened, and his splendid powers prostituted by aiding in the support

of this great iniquity; the Nullification Bill, into which the indignation of Massachusetts crystallized, had been reported in the State Legislature by a joint special committee; the "Liberator" and "Commonwealth" of Boston, the "Northampton Courier," and other papers, both North and South, were lifting up their voices for the rights of *all* men against the claims of the few; the names of Garrison, Wendell Phillips, Elizur Wright, Horace Mann, John P. Hale, Richard H. Dana, Jr., etc., were becoming household words in New England; being praised by the party of liberty and traduced by the party of slavery with a freedom in the use of the English language which distances even the political rhetoric of our own day. George Thompson, the fiery English radical, was pouring out the vials of his wrath, not only against slavery, but against ministers, churches, governments, and people indiscriminately who did not join with him in his vigorous efforts for universal equality; old-fashioned Whigs and sturdy Democrats were striving either to coax or bully the small but determined party of liberty into moderate measures, under the pressure of predictions or threats of destruction of the Union; anti-slavery advocates were mobbed at the North and murdered at the South, and the word "Agitator" was hurled at the heads of the reformers as the most opprobrious epithet that could be found.

Prominent among these "agitators" was the Rev. Gilbert Haven. His anti-slavery sentiments were a part of his religion. Abraham believed God, and it was accounted unto him for righteousness; Gilbert Haven believed in God, and in human equality also; but this latter faith, instead of being accounted to him for righteousness, was, by a large proportion of the good people of Northampton, regarded as an absurdity, a semi-insanity, and by some, as a political, if

not a moral, crime. At this time Northampton was a favorite resort of wealthy Southern slaveholders, who every summer spent much time and money in this cool and beautiful paradise; sometimes bringing their slaves with them; and moving with such dignity and courtesy among the select society of this Puritan town as to impress beholders with the idea that slavery was capable of being managed in such a manner as to produce the very highest type of Christian civilization.

On the other hand, there was a little company of Abolitionists who saw through this thin disguise, and whose souls abhorred the great iniquity founded on the monstrous assumption that one human being could hold property in another. With this latter company the new pastor of the Methodist society affiliated. Methodism was by no means popular in that highly cultivated, Calvinistic, New England town, and had it not been for this very condition of things in politics, the pastorate of Gilbert Haven in Northampton might have been a failure, even in spite of his persistent labor and his patient endurance; but the Abolitionists, though they cared not for his Arminianism, went to the vestry of his unfinished meeting-house to hear him preach "liberty to the captives;" which he did with the same sense of responsibility to God and obligation to men as that with which he preached any other portion of the gospel.

They were sometimes shocked at the extreme views he held; for he even taught that "God has made of one blood all nations that dwell upon the face of the earth!" and this axe he vigorously laid at and into the root of the tree, American Slavery. He was the only man of his time, so far as now appears, who was willing to accept the logical and necessary outcome of the doctrines of hu-

man liberty and equality. As he understood it, the wrong of holding a man in slavery consisted in the fact that he was *a man*, and when once the chattel, of whatever complexion, was recognized as a man, all mere distinctions of caste or condition vanished; since if a man, he must necessarily be a brother, according to the doctrine laid down in the word of God.

Some of his conservative neighbors were startled at his declarations of the "extravagant" doctrine that black men were just as good as white men, and that there was no sensible reason why the Anglo-Saxon and the African races should not intermarry. One of his Fast-day sermons especially, which was delivered in the old Congregational church, was a thorn in their eyes and a scourge to their sides; and tradition says, though on doubtful authority, that their wrath grew so hot that some of the baser sort actually proposed to give him a coat of tar and feathers.

A fellow boarder with the Methodist pastor and his wife, whose meagre salary did not suffer him to have a house of his own, tells of the sharp discussions which were had at table over the Fugitive Slave Law, the coalition between the Democrats and the Free-soilers (whereby the election of Charles Sumner as United States Senator was barely secured), Southern outrages, Northern sympathy for slavery, and other kindred topics of the times. His opponents were not unfrequently aroused to great anger by the sharp thrusts of his keen logic, and especially by the sharper sallies of his wit; but however fierce the wordy war might rage, Haven never for a moment lost his temper. He would pour out facts and statements, invective and satire, in a perfect torrent, and when his adversary had reached the end of his patience, he would turn about, and laugh his anger away; and the

man, being thus mollified, would leave the table with the impression that this wild Abolitionist was, after all, one of the very best fellows in the world.

The anti-slavery sentiment in his own church was notably stronger than in any of the other churches of the village: thus his pastoral relations were not much disturbed by his intense radicalism in politics. He stood up for Methodism as well as for liberty; and day and night, week-days and Sundays, his whole soul and body were pledged to, and employed in, the work of the Lord. In building up that little society, one of the first things required was to collect money to pay certain claims against the half-finished building; and this he did under the most unfavorable circumstances. The attendance at the social meetings of the week was small and discouraging; but the pastor made it a special point always to be present, and, with half a dozen faithful brethren and sisters, he was as ready to do his best as in the presence of a great congregation in some notable neighboring church.

"His abolitionism," says one of his old parishioners, "strengthened rather than weakened the church in Northampton." He preached politics as a part of the appropriate work of a Christian minister, always, however, from a gospel, and not a partisan standpoint; and being completely mastered by his own logic, he sometimes went to what appeared to be extravagant lengths. Among the visitors during one season was a prominent Methodist from New York city, who at home was called a "red-hot radical," but who, after hearing the discourses of Pastor Haven, acknowledged that the doctrine contained therein was far in advance of him.

Temperance also was preached in that pulpit, vigorously and successfully; and whatever else, in his judgment, had to

do with the immortal interests of human souls. His conception of the duty of ministers of the gospel was astonishingly broad and liberal for those times, and he was reckoned as a dangerous agitator. Now, there are perhaps two millions of people in America, who hold him to have been a prophet of the Lord.

"His sermons," says one of his parishioners, "were largely in the form of discussions. They were apt to be rather deep for some of us; but he was always so much in earnest about it that he generally kept us awake. They were systematic, and very carefully arranged, and he produced the impression upon us that he had ever so much to say. The drift of his preaching was instructive rather than moving. I heard him after he was made Bishop, and I thought he had become more spiritual."

While at Northampton he was elected superintendent of schools, for which office he was admirably fitted, and one that added not a little to his influence in the community.

During this first pastorate he was so deeply engaged in extricating his little parish from their difficulties and in performing his educational functions, that he had no time or inclination for authorship; and it was not until his removal to the neighborhood of Boston that he blossomed out as a brilliant and prolific writer for the press.

After two years at Northampton, which was then the limit of the pastoral term, he was, in the spring of 1853, appointed to the Wilbraham charge. When his appointment was announced, some of the more careful brethren in that excellent and steady-going society were made a little anxious by their recollections of his academic career; and it was with some misgivings, and doubtless more than ordinarily ardent prayers, that they received him as their spiritual guide.

Among other things, he had, in his student days, produced the impression upon the minds of these villagers of being a born aristocrat. He had dressed better than the other students, and had carried himself in a Bostonish style generally; but since those days these manners had disappeared, because the elements from which they had proceeded had been sanctified out of his nature, and he now returned to them with the broad charity and sincere devotion of a radical reformer and a consecrated minister of Christ.

"If you had asked me whose conversion, in the revival in which Gilbert Haven was converted, would turn out to be superficial, I should have picked him out rather than any one else," said one of the Wilbraham brethren. "But," he continued, "the next time I met him, though I had a prejudice against him on account of his former aristocratic fashions, he was so cheery and delightful that I said to myself, 'You *are* a good fellow, and I like you.'"

Pastor Haven was not long in winning the affections of his Wilbraham parish, less however by his pulpit efforts than his personal magnetism. His sermons, they say, were "the poorest part of him," a judgment in which he fully concurred. On one occasion a young lady student complimented a passage in one of his discourses, to which he responded, "Well, you are the only person in Wilbraham who enjoys my preaching."

"His sermons were divided and subdivided, like a tree, with its branches, boughs, and twigs," said one of his hearers; "but it was as if the tree were charged with lightning, for there was a sparkle at the point of every leaf."

"I was in love with him," said one of his chief brethren; "no man ever took such a hold of me as he, and I was never so afflicted at the going away of any other minister."

He particularly excelled as pastor. No matter how reticent the members of his flock might be, whenever they were in any trouble of mind, or, oftentimes, of estate, they would bring their troubles to him.

"He was," says one, "the receptacle for all the budgets of private griefs and troubles in the parish, and people would open up their hearts to him with perfect freedom, feeling that the advice he would give would be hearty and sincere." Among the children, also, he was a prime favorite, and he did for them what is so often neglected; that is to say, he gathered them into a children's class, which he led himself on Saturday afternoons; and this work the Lord owned by sending quite a revival of religion among the children, which was, indeed, the only conspicuous work of grace during these two years of his pastorate.

He was still the same radical Abolitionist, and was coming to be quite a politician. He joined his fortunes with the Free-soil party in Massachusetts, which, among other good works, elected Charles Sumner to the United States Senate; but his politics were less conspicuous in Wilbraham than they had been in Northampton, for almost all of his parishioners agreed with him, though most of them were hardly able to digest the strong meat which he sometimes set before them, more particularly his doctrine of the equality of all sections of the human race.

That notable colored woman, — one might almost say, prophetess, — Sojourner Truth, paid him a visit here, bringing two other negroes; and one of his brethren, while making a casual call upon the pastor, found him, his wife, and the three colored women sitting socially at table enjoying a cup of tea. "He looked at me with a sly smile," said the brother, "as much as to say that the situation was somewhat peculiar,

but that everything was all right, and that this was exactly the way it ought to be."

It was during his second year's work at Wilbraham that the infamous Nebraska Bill was passed. On the 25th of May, 1854, he delivered a discourse entitled "The Death of Freedom," taking for his texts the following passages of scripture: "The beauty of Israel is slain upon thy high places." 2 Sam. i. 19. "And Saul was consenting unto his death." Acts viii. 1. "There was darkness over all the land." Matt. xxvii. 45.

[The discourse appears in his volume of National Sermons, extracts from which are given in Part III.]

Dr. George Prentice, one of his literary executors, in his address at the Bishop's funeral related the following personal incident connected with this pastorate: —

"My first acquaintance with Bishop Haven was in his second charge in this Conference, at Wilbraham, Mass. He was pastor, I was student. I knew him in a passing way, as everybody knew him, and I knew his repute here and there among the citizens. But one Friday afternoon there came a tap at my door, and on opening it, to my surprise, Pastor Haven stood there, and he said to me, 'To-morrow I want you to go and preach for Brother Paulson.' How he knew that I had thought anything about preaching, I have never learned. Certainly I had never whispered that word to him or any other. I began to say: 'I pray to be excused.' 'You *must* go!' And he would not be denied. In that gentle, tender, considerate, and jocose way that he always employed to carry his ends, he insisted, until he obtained his desire, and so I went over to Monson and began preaching; and from that day it was recognized between us that that was to be my work, and he never lost sight of it.

"He was on the lookout in the same way. Scores of young men never escaped his eyes — scores of young men whose duty on that point was clear, in his mind. He saw what every man could do best, and he strove to stimulate them to take up that work and do it in the best way they could, for the glory of God and weal of humanity, and for the advancement of the church of Christ."

In the same address, speaking of his anti-slavery views, Dr. Prentice said: —

"It appeared to him that one of the worst things that could possibly happen was for the conscience of the country to get into the charge of unbelief. When he was as obscure a man in the ministry as it was ever possible for him to be, he said one day: 'We must put the gospel of Christ into all these reforms that are afloat. If the anti-slavery sentiment of the country gets away from the cross of Christ, and obtains the mastery in the political world, it will emancipate the slave politically, but it will have no benediction for his heart, it will have no salvation for his soul; and we must leaven that reform with the gospel of Christ.'"

Of his gentleness and tenderness Dr. Prentice said: —

"I have known him to keep things to himself which must have stung him to his soul's core; and when, by chance, they came to the knowledge of others, he would say: 'Let us lay all these things aside, and be faithful and true and loving. There is nothing that love won't conquer.'"

He was, by some of his parishioners, thought to be an ambitious man. Hard workers, who are bent on making the most of their opportunities, are apt to incur this censure; and, in a quiet New England village, his style of preaching, which included the discussion of current political events, did not fail to elicit the remark that the scholarly Boston boy, with the highest educational honors of the church fresh about him, was struggling to bring himself into notice. Doubtless this was true. God had endowed him with a nature which must inevitably be conspicuous, so different was it from the masses of men. If, therefore, the young pastor was reaching out to grasp the lines of power and influence, he was only following the path marked out for him in the counsels of God. It was his mission to be a leader, and a leader must be at the front.

He is remembered by his parishioners more as a man than as a minister. They say there was no ministerial style about him; no attempt whatever at clerical sanctity of manners. The form of godliness was of little account to him, perhaps too little, but for the power thereof he had an ever increasing desire. He was a man of endless perseverance, abundant in labors; not only labors in public, but from house to house. He often encountered opposition among the members of his official board or in his pastoral visits; but when he found people who differed from him in what he regarded important matters, he gave himself no rest until by persistent argument and persuasion he had brought them to his view of the subject. It was wonderful how completely this young minister succeeded in having his own way in the parish. He secured it, as his military ideal, General Grant, secured his victories — fighting it out on the same line, no matter though it should take all summer.

Pastor Haven's third charge was Westfield, Mass., — a large, strong, influential society, which gave him ample opportunity for all the work that was in him. Here his son, William Ingraham Haven, was born. The commencement of his labors here was under circumstances somewhat embarrassing; the appointment being a double one, "Westfield and West Springfield," against which two names were set down in the Minutes, Gilbert Haven and Mark Trafton. The latter having dropped into politics and secured an election by the Know-Nothings as a member of the House of Representatives at Washington, Haven was appointed as his successor in the parish, and for such time as his duties in Washington did not occupy him, it was presumed that the Honorable Reverend would perform the duties of preacher in charge at the little

mission in West Springfield. There was some embarrassment and misunderstanding connected with the adjustment of this double work, and it was some months before Pastor Haven was comfortably seated on his box, and could gather the reins into his hands. But his inexhaustible patience and good-nature carried him triumphantly through all the difficulties of the situation, of which he at length came to be the unquestioned master.

This parish was pretty evenly divided politically, though it always has been notable for its harmony in matters religious. There were, and still are, some sturdy Democrats among the chief men, who were conscientiously opposed to the form of anti-slavery agitation that then chiefly prevailed.

What was this radical Abolitionist pastor to do?

The question, which might have been a delicate one to others, seems not for one moment to have disturbed Gilbert Haven. He was not preaching to win the praise of men, but the approbation of God and his own conscience; therefore he opened his pulpit battery upon the great iniquity with great promptness, and served his guns with great vigor and efficiency.

The result was different from what might have been expected. Sometimes a gale at sea comes on so suddenly and blows with such force as to prevent the rising of the waves, and a ship caught in one of these tempests scuds under bare poles before the hurricane, over level water, which hisses like a boiling cauldron, but cannot climb into the air. Perhaps it was by reason of the very intensity of his abolition hurricanes that the waves of contention in his Westfield parish failed to rise. Those who agreed with him in part were breathless at his audacity. Those who differed from him were compelled to admire his courage; and since he was evidently preaching

abolitionism and amalgamation under what he felt to be the impelling power of the Spirit of God, they, as Christian men, could not find it in their hearts to be angry with him. He was evidently in the position of the other apostle who said, "Woe is me if I preach not the gospel." "Woe is me if I preach not liberty and human equality in its widest and most absolute meaning," said, or seemed to say, Pastor Haven; and though on one or two occasions some conservative souls were agitated, and it was proposed to shut up the church against him, yet for the most part he carried the personal good-will of all his hearers with him; and, at the close of his pastorate, some who differed most widely from him in politics were amongst his warmest personal friends.

"Mr. Haven did not quarrel with us," said one of his old Democratic parishioners; "he would say just what he was a mind to, but he said it in such a way that it did not hurt our feelings." There was no sign of malice or personal ill-will in him. After crunching their corns most horribly he would follow the action with some pleasantry, or some token of real, hearty friendliness, and bidding the victim good-by with a laugh, he would go off with flying colors.

The Westfield people remember him as rather a heavy preacher, except when he was handling without gloves some of the crying sins of the day. At such times he would throw himself like a projectile against the prejudices and sins of his congregation, and compel attention, if not concurrence, as a rattling clap of thunder compels respect.

CHAPTER IV.

LABOR AND SORROW.—THE CAMP.—THE PILGRIMAGE.

It must not be supposed that because Gilbert Haven was capable of opposing the current of popular sentiment about him that he was therefore indifferent to the opinions of his friends. Probably few persons had a more sensitive organization than he, and a cut or unfriendly criticism entered his heart and hurt him, though it was a part of his religion never to show it. One of his ministerial brethren, who knew him intimately, declares that he was one of the most sensitive of men, particularly anxious to be loved and thought well of. What a fight of afflictions must he then have kept up through all his life, to fly continually in the face of men's dearest prejudices, and bring down upon himself a ceaseless torrent of personal and professional abuse for pursuing the course which his conscience and his God declared was laid out for him before the foundation of the world! Perhaps this very sensitiveness may account for the intensity of the friendship which he manifested towards those whose hearts he could see, and whose faith he could trust. With such friends he would spend almost whole nights in heart-converse. Who can tell but that it was by this means he sought to throw off the heaviness which had settled down upon his spirit in view of the hard and harsh things that had been said of him or to him?

"We often sat up till midnight talking together," said one of his Westfield friends.

"What did you talk about?"

"Oh, everything. You can't imagine anything on which he was not posted."

His habit of "making a night of it" was, doubtless, his manner of reinforcing that fund of cheerfulness, which to the casual observer seemed to be absolutely inexhaustible, but which is known to have sometimes run low. He was cheerful, not only from habit of mind, but also because cheerfulness was his duty; and when he felt a depression of spirits he would look up some congenial companion for a chat, or rush off to comfort or assist some one whom he thought was in deeper trouble than himself. This acquired power was his salvation in after years. Without it, in the dark days that were to come, he must have been a maniac.

During his Westfield pastorate two memorable additions were made to the records of the slave power; viz., the assault on Charles Sumner by South Carolina Brooks, and the election to the presidency of James Buchanan; both of which events he "improved" with appropriate discourses, further mention whereof is made in Part III.

In 1857 he was appointed to Roxbury, now Boston Highlands. This brought him into the inner circle of Massachusetts Abolitionists. Here he improved his acquaintance with such people as Wendell Phillips, Lucy Stone, William Lloyd Garrison *et al.*, the latter being a resident of Roxbury, and editor as well as proprietor of "The Liberator," that abolition newspaper, to whose columns Haven sometimes sent a contribution. But while he was more radical on the question of human rights than the most advanced thinkers of the Boston school, he was intensely conservative on all questions that concerned the kingdom of Christ, towards which the face of his patriotism always loyally and lovingly turned; and it was

with the orthodox wing of the Massachusetts agitators that he joined himself, meanwhile opposing with might and main the "come-outism" or anti-churchism of "The Liberator" and its following. He contended with Garrison to his face. Even after the outbreak of the Rebellion he says, "I told Garrison if he did not repent of his sins in attacking Christ's church, even Jeff. Davis would stand a better chance than he of finally getting to heaven. 'You,' said I, 'have had the light, but he was born and raised in the dark.'"

In this parish he kept up his habit of making the acquaintance of "all sorts and conditions of men," and strongly attaching to himself not only the wealthy and cultivated members of his society, but also some of the wildest and wickedest of the outside world. There were many of his warmest admirers into whose hearts no other gospel minister had ever been permitted to look. Here his daughter was born, whom he named after her mother, Mary —— Michelle; a name always cherished as that of a saint in glory, whom, next to the adorable Trinity, he held in honor, admiration, and love.

It was during his pastorate at Cambridge that John Brown was captured and hanged; both of which events he failed not to "improve" from his pulpit; voicing the public sympathy, on account whereof the bells of many Northern churches were tolled on that memorable 2d of December, 1859, when the State of Virginia attempted to strangle the anti-slavery agitation within her borders by means of a rope around the neck of this singular man, who, having struck out so far beyond the vanguard of the advancing army of liberty, was captured by the enemy and hanged as a criminal, while his friends, looking on with helpless rage, across State lines, wrote down his name in history as a martyr.

These sermons, well called "National Sermons," helped to designate Gilbert Haven as the reverend radical *par excellence* of radical New England. With his ideas of the absolute equality of black men and white men, very few were found to sympathize. He was out of sight ahead. Perhaps it was for this very reason that he was tolerated by those who differed from him most widely. It was a relief to them to be able to say, "This man is so radical as to be ridiculous; his arguments are so extravagant as to be absurd; his conscience is so tender that it is morbid; and his zeal is so vehement that it will react against his cause."

There were some of his parishoners to whom this kind of preaching was insufferable, and one of them is reported to have said, on the outbreak of the war, "I wish Gil. Haven and Bob Toombs could be put off on an island somewhere and be left to fight this thing out between them; then the nation might be at peace."

His next parish was Harvard Street, Cambridge,—1859–60. Here, on the 3d of April, 1860, occurred that sad event, which was the turning point in his life. He was a very domestic man. His home was his world; his wife and children were his heart and eyes. In the bosom of his family he was in paradise. His children were his care as well as his delight. One of his parishoners tells of finding him one day with a child on one knee and his Hebrew Bible on the other; thus filling his head and gladdening his heart at the same time.

To some of his intimate friends he had opened up his dream of his future life in the ministry. He was to preach the gospel boldly and faithfully; lead his flock like a shepherd, carrying the lambs in his bosom; hold his pulpit as a fortress for the defence of the oppressed, and to advocate everything that was helpful to humanity, exercising the largest

liberty therein; bear as many burdens, and lighten as many sorrows as possible; and then, when he should have become too old to be acceptable as a preacher, he would retire with his blessed wife to a home which he had already in his eye, and pass the remainder of his days in sweet, ripe recollections of honorable service in this world, and a happy outlook towards the world to come. From all these delightful dreams he was rudely and suddenly awakened by the death of the idol of his heart.

It was shortly after the birth of their fourth child, Bertie, that the mother was laid to rest, and a day or two later her grave was opened and her baby was laid once more upon her bosom. The husband and father was beside himself with grief; had, indeed, a narrow escape from insanity; lost himself for a time; lost all his hold on this life, and spent his days and nights in hopeless wanderings and in agonizing prayers and longings to find the road by which his darling had ascended, and to follow her.

This was no temporary outburst of grief, that burns itself out with its own intensity. "Time, the Consoler," and the comfort of divine grace did, indeed, bring him power to send his love forward to those dear ones in that other life, and to endure the pain that never ceased to torture him; but Mary Ingraham Haven was always his wife, whom he loved none the less, but all the more, as the sorrowful years of absence dragged their slow length along. Death made no difference in his claim to her. When asked by strangers, "Are you a married man, Bishop?" he answered, "Yes;" and when the question followed, "Where is your wife?" he answered, "In heaven."

The outbreak of the civil war, in the spring of 1861, found Gilbert Haven unemployed. Overwork and a broken heart

had broken his health also, and he had retired for a time from the pastorate, and with his infant son and daughter had found a home at the house of his mother in Malden.

As will appear from his journals, it was not any fondness for adventure, and love for military life, or even any overwhelming tide of patriotic devotion, that took him into the war. There was, indeed, the blood of the old Revolution in him; his maternal grandfather, as has been seen, having suffered, if not bled and died, for his country, in that first American Rebellion, and his father having revived the military traditions of the family by being enrolled to fight the same old enemy again in 1812. Blood is thicker than water, and holds some very subtle elements in solution; and the blood that was in Gilbert Haven was of just the sort to be set boiling by the act of the slave power in firing upon the flag of his country that waved over Sumter.

By the help of that spirit of prophesy which he seemed sometimes to possess, he overlooked the minor question of State rights and sighted the coming overthrow of the system of slavery, the abolition of caste, and the establishment on the continent of America of the greatest nation in all history, really as well as nominally free.

Major-General Butler, of the Massachusetts militia, had set up his headquarters in Boston and begun to recruit for a three months' campaign; and Gilbert Haven, forgetting his physical ailments, and with a desperate effort to throw off his mental as well as spiritual depression, pushed through the crowd of eager patriots, and, reaching the side of this first Massachusetts soldier who had waked up to the realities of war, offered his services as chaplain, and received the first commission to that office that was issued during the great struggle; viz., the chaplaincy of the Eighth Massachusetts

Infantry, at this time quartered in that old "Cradle of Liberty," Faneuil Hall.

The following extracts from his war journals show with how great a sorrow, as well as with how great a system of sin, he was contending.

"WASHINGTON, May 6, Monday, 9 A. M., 1861.

"I have thought it best to keep a journal of my experiences and observations during my connection with the army, for the pleasure of subsequent perusal and as an aid to my memory. . . . The dreadful suffering of my soul had probably as much to do with my engaging in this service as the patriotic feeling or the desire to minister in spiritual and temporal things. For a year and a month last Friday I have felt the fullness of that experience of the Psalmist, 'All thy waves and thy billows have gone over me.' Such a life I could not have believed could be lived. I have felt like saying, in the deepest reverence, but consciousness of unutterable misery, 'My soul is exceeding sorrowful even unto death.' Had not my children — darling Willie and Mamie — my dear Mary's children — been committed to my care and my love, I should have prayed earnestly for death — to depart and be with my wife and my Saviour in that indissoluble union, which he created and which he yet, I believe, will forever bless and preserve.

"This sorrow, and its accompanying weakness of body and spirit, left me incapable of discharging my duties as a pastor. The call of my country and the sublime object to which it summonsed me seemed to be providential. I could come easier than I could do anything else. My heart was in the cause; and so, on Thursday, April 18th (1861), I called on Governor Andrew and offered my services as a chaplain. He referred me to Adjutant-General Schouler; he introduced me to General Butler, and he sent me with a letter of introduction to Colonel Munroe of the Eighth Regiment, then in Faneuil Hall. From him I received my appointment; the adjutant-general made out my commission; it was sworn to, the next day, before my father, and recorded in the archives of the adjutant-general the 19th day of April, as famous to-day as in 1775." *

* The battle of Lexington was fought April 19th, 1775. On April 19th, 1861, occurred the rebel attack on the Massachusetts troops while passing through Baltimore on their way to the defence of the capital.

On the 13th of May, after being quartered for some weeks in Washington, his regiment went into camp at Elk Ridge, Md., near the famous Relay House, the point which commanded the approach to Washington by way of the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad. It was called "Camp Essex," a name which he soon made familiar to the readers of "Zion's Herald" and the "Independent." This pen-and-ink warfare was the only actual fighting in which either he or his regiment was engaged during that mournful preliminary three months' campaign.

From one of his entries, dated Sunday, June 2d, it appears that he had exercised himself as chaplain with more vigor than was acceptable to his brother officers, whatever might have been the opinion of the rank and file. His idea of the chaplain's daily duties appears to have been formed on those of the father of a family, who, of course, if he were a good Christian, would assemble his household daily for family worship. But religion was at that time at a low ebb in the army, and Gilbert Haven was not the only chaplain who found himself unpopular because he attempted to be faithful in his work. The captains, being displeased by what appeared to them his overmuch praying, beset the colonel to order a change; and the result was, that, instead of the regiment being drawn up for daily prayers, the chaplain was permitted to hold a voluntary service before his tent each evening, — a change not at all to his liking nor yet for the spiritual health and profit of the men.

In the midst of his military duties a sense of his great bereavement would sometimes overwhelm him, and he would pour out his soul to God in strong cries and prayers; and then, as if he could not contain the tide of anguish that

surged through his soul, he would seize his pen and write such loving, sorrowful words as these:—

"Saturday Evening, 9 o'clock, June 1.

"It is raining hard, and my poor, lonely heart is out on the desolate, rainy seas. How I long to-night for a look, or word, or letter even, from my dear, dear wife! My heart must break with the longing which it hath at all times. I sometimes fear I am not a Christian — I am so sad, so broken-hearted. My life is a living death. I pine and pine and pine for her sweet voice and smile and kiss. Can she smile and talk and press her soul to mine through those sweet lips when we shall meet as heretofore some summer morning? I most heartily believe that in some ways, far richer and closer than these of earth, shall our souls rush together consciously and eternally there — ah, when? How long, oh, how long?" . . .

"Seeing my darling die was the medicine that cured me of the fear of death. At times the disease returns and my soul trembles at the thought of its weakness and distress of that hour and of the future on which it opens. I find relief only in prayer. The angel of God appears then to strengthen me. Perhaps, I often feel that it *is*, my angel wife. . . . She, perhaps, probably, has privileges of conscious visiting or communing with us, which are not given to me. She at least learns of our estate by those that go from me to her."

And again: —

"It does seem to me that I could do more for Him if absent from the body. Perhaps my mind is weak. I feel that I live more out of the earth than in it. I cannot feel it solid as I used to."

His regiment having been removed to Baltimore, he writes under date of

"Camp Andrew, July 6, 10 P. M.

"My heart is poured out like water. What shall I do? It is fifteen months to-day since I saw that precious face for the last time. We put little Bertie in her arms — O my God!

"I haven't written here for several weeks, having found that I was only writing as above. I was very willing to

leave the Relay. I had been so free in my expressions of dislike to slavery that some threatened to string me up. I don't think they would have done it, but I have no doubt they desired to. It is a pleasant place, but crouches, like Issachar, between the burdens — fear of the slave power and its contempt."

At the expiration of his three months' term of service it was evident that the army was no place for him; and, being still in infirm health, he rested until October, then preached for six months at the Clinton Street Church in Newark, N. J.; and having there finished the conference year, on the 30th of April, 1862, he took passage on board the steamer "Canada" for a tour through Europe and the Holy Land. In "The Pilgrim's Wallet" he published a record of his wanderings, reflections, and predictions, some of which latter are already fulfilled. Throughout the book the personality of the Pilgrim is prominent. He writes in a free, conversational style, as if he were talking with his readers on the piazza of his hotel after a day's stroll.

Neither the war and its excitements, nor travel and its delights, could dull the edge of his sorrow. His heart was still in the grave with his wife; or, rather let us say, in the land beyond the grave, where he hoped sometime to rejoin her. Thenceforth, wherever his wanderings might lead him, his *home* was in the presence of his wife, as it always had been, and it signified not to him whether she were here or there. The "Wallet" is full of the inspirations of his journey. In reading his pages one would think of him as a cheery, rollicking, wide-awake Boston Yankee, travelling over Europe on foot for pleasure, and to work off the superabundance of life that was in him, rather than a clergyman, laid aside from active duty by feeble health and a broken heart. In the book only the strong, brilliant

side of the man appears, while in reality he is almost like another Wandering Jew, industriously threading highways and byways to reach a place which he is destined never in this world to find. The choicest morsels from the contents of his well-stuffed "Wallet" will be found in Part III. of this volume.

At the New England Conference in 1863, Gilbert Haven having returned from his wanderings in Europe and the East, was stationed at North Russell Street, Boston. It was during his three years' pastorate that Grace Church, on Temple Street, one of the old strongholds of Boston Episcopalianism, was purchased by his society. This was his own project: he collected the money for it; large sums being given by leading Boston Methodists,—Jacob Sleeper, David Snow, Isaac Rich, Lee Claflin and others,—whose acquaintance he made, whose confidence he secured, and whose influence as members of the Wesleyan Association afterwards placed him in the editorial chair of "Zion's Herald."

The purchase of this property was a part of Haven's comprehensive scheme for Methodizing the capital of Massachusetts. Hitherto the believers in "free grace and full salvation" had been in a rather feeble minority, their only popular distinction being their representation at the Mariners' Church by that matchless sailor preacher, Edward T. Taylor.

By this time Gilbert Haven had become famous as a literary man as well as a radical Abolitionist. His sermons on the great exciting themes which were all the time challenging attention, were delivered to comparatively small congregations in his church; but when afterwards they were published in full in the "Traveller" they produced a profound sensation. His ready pen was also employed in letters to the "Independent," the "Christian Advocate," "Zion's Herald," etc., and

by the close of his three years at North Russell Street and Grace Church, his literary reputation was so great that he was offered the editorship of the Boston "Traveller," which he declined as out of the line of his mission.

In this his last pastorate his personal power over the people increased. Men of influence were studying him to see what great possibilities were in him; friends were clinging closer and closer to him, charmed by his brilliancy and warmed by his good-nature. "Gilbert Haven was," said one of his Grace Church brethren, "the only red-headed man I ever saw who never lost his temper."

The war being ended, and slavery with it, the question arose what was to become of the ex-slaves. Haven's answer was: "Educate them; carry the gospel to them; take them on to the same platform where the white man stands in church and state." "He gave the church no rest. In the summer of 1865 Bishop Ames appointed him to mission work among the *colored* people of Vicksburg. Everything was chaotic in the South. There was no law, no protection to life or property. None of these things moved him. But *this* did: to be appointed to the *colored* work, in distinction from white work. Christianity, justice, humanity, know no color lines, and he objected. Letters passed back and forth, and he refused to go on such conditions. At length the matter was adjusted, and he went to New York, against the judgment of his best advisers (men who knew his life would be in peril every hour), with the full intention of going to Vicksburg. In the night he awoke his companion, Dr. A. S. Hunt, unable to move. It was a stroke of paralysis. He was very sick, and at the succeeding Conference took a superannuated relation." *

* Tribute to Bishop Gilbert Haven. By Rev. V. A. Cooper. A. M.

CHAPTER V.

A HERALD OF ZION.

In 1867 Gilbert Haven was elected editor of "Zion's Herald," which position he filled for five years to the astonishment of his enemies, and the admiration of his friends.

"Zion's Herald and Wesleyan Journal," as it used to be called, was one of the old institutions of American Methodism. It was commenced in January, 1823, by a little company of Methodist preachers and laymen, which, eight years afterwards, became "The Wesleyan Association." The predecessors of Gilbert Haven in its editorial chair were Abel Stevens, Daniel Wise, Erastus O. Haven, and Nelson E. Cobleigh, under whose careful conduct the "Herald" had been a safe spiritual guide, cautious in its policy, as seemed becoming to a modest Methodist organ in proud, Calvinist New England, and economical withal, as was befitting its slender purse.

With the advent of Gilbert Haven came a sudden revolution. From the quiet and scholarly Cobleigh, to the radical and irrepressible Haven, was a change so complete, that for awhile New England Methodism fairly held its breath. All at once, too, the politicians became aware of the existence of a Methodist newspaper in their midst; for no sooner had Haven ascended his editorial throne than he commenced to make war on every species of State and municipal iniquity that had so long disturbed his vision and aroused his soul. Particularly was he

exercised over the popular subserviency to the rum power. He had no more respect for old brandy in cut-glass decanters than for bad rum in black bottles. With him every drink that had alcohol in it was "rum," and in his judgment rum and slavery were a span of devils that always pulled together. He was quite as much of a statesman as a clergyman, and he was more of a fighting editor than New England had been accustomed to see in charge of religious newspapers; all of which facts soon became either joyfully or painfully apparent, and before the end of the first week the sanctum of the "Herald" was invaded by anxious politicians, amazed at his audadity, and alarmed at his ability, who had come to persuade or overawe him into a more quiet policy.

The new editor heard them patiently, announced his purpose to fight for everything that was good, against everything that was bad, regardless of consequences, laughed his adversaries out of their ill-humor, and sent them away with the impression that, at last, in the office of a religious newspaper in New England, a king was come to his own. From this time till the church at large invited him to go up higher — the one step higher that the church had to offer him — he poured himself out upon Boston, and the rest of mankind, with the utmost *abandon*, startling even the most radical reformers by the sweep of his theories and the breadth of his plans; arousing the wrath of quiet, pious persons, to whom agitation was the chief social evil to be prayed against in their litany; bringing himself into the forefront of the battle for civil rights, the enfranchisement of women, the destruction of the rum power, and the overturning of every system of false doctrine which had exalted itself against the gospel, and against what was to his mind the most perfect embodiment thereof, the Methodist Episcopal Church.

To his soul it was a great affliction, as well as to his mind a great absurdity, that any of the prominent moral, social, or political reforms of the day should be led by men and women who were not believers in the great power underlying all possible reforms; namely, the gospel of our Lord Jesus Christ: and when he took up his editorial pen, it was his purpose, under the sign of the cross, to conquer oppression, caste, ignorance, drunkenness, Atheism, Paganism, and every other form of iniquity.

From first to last Editor Haven was constantly belaboring the heretics of Boston; yet, with many of their leaders he was personally on the best of terms. There was no room in him for malice against the men whose opinions he abhorred; when he faced an adversary, it was with the purpose of saving him by destroying his errors; and his opponents, while smarting under his stinging satire, or furious under the blows of his orthodox cudgel, could not help being impressed with the warm-hearted kindness of the man who was thus correcting them not only for his pleasure, but also for their good.

Forty years ago Arminianism was held by "the Standing Order" to be only a phase of Unitarianism, and one of their editors fell into the absurdity of calling the Methodists "semi-evangelical." For a long time the Unitarians were pleasant neighbors to the Methodists, whom they patronized, not because of any sympathy with their intense religious activity, their spiritual life, or their scriptural theology, but because of their opposition to Calvinism.

In 1868 James Freeman Clarke appeared at a session of the New England Conference, held in the Meridian Street Church, East Boston, with an address of fraternal greeting, in which he said: "You may not believe in the God I worship, but I believe in your God;" and then proceeded to

state the points of harmony and reasons for co-operation between the Unitarians and the Methodists. How to make answer to this fraternal overture was a difficult question; and the matter was referred to a committee, of which Gilbert Haven was a member. Their report, written by Haven himself, refers with due courtesy to the brotherly kindness of the Unitarians in sending an honored representative to the Methodist Conference, and then proceeds to state, in the clearest and most succinct manner, the evangelical theology believed and preached in the Methodist Episcopal Church. The report bore no appearance of controversy; but after that, except in such matters of moral and social reform as might properly unite all good people, there were no further attempts on the part of the semi-evangelical wing of Boston Unitarianism to court the alliance of the Methodists against what they regarded as the common Calvinistic enemy. Blow after blow did the "Herald" lay on with good-natured severity, which its Unitarian neighbor, the "Register," strove to parry or return; keeping its temper, meanwhile.

But at last the "Register's" equanimity was disturbed. Straying into a Methodist church one morning, the eye of the editor fell upon the following couplet in the hymn-book:

> "The Unitarian fiend expel,
> And drive his doctrine back to hell."

Against this the "Register" protested, declaring that it had always regarded the Methodists as generous, and, indeed, liberal, in their theology; but that this was the worst form of sectarian bigotry, put into a form for divine worship.

This was rather strong, even for the "Herald," and for once its editor was in a corner; but a bit of historic hymnology having been pointed out to him by his friend Dr.

Upham, to whom he had confided his embarrassment, his reply was ready in the next issue. The couplet, he said, was part of a hymn written by Charles Wesley against the Mohammedans, who were, indeed, simon-pure and original Unitarians; but did the "Register" really mean to take the couplet to itself, and thus make common cause with the followers of the false prophet?

To this there was no reply; but when Haven was elected Bishop the "Register" remarked that it would be "an easy thing now to edit a Unitarian paper in Boston."

Just after his election to the Episcopacy the semi-centennial of the "Register" was celebrated by a banquet at the Commonwealth Hotel, to which the radical orthodox Bishop Haven received a courteous invitation. "I should like to be with you," was his pleasant reply, "but my official duties forbid. I am glad to see that it was in your heart to follow the gospel injunction, 'If thine enemy hunger, feed him.'"

Mr. C. Henry St. John, his assistant on the "Herald," thus speaks of his honored chief:—

"He was not one of those editors who wrote simply to fill out a certain specified portion of a paper; he wrote because he had something to say — something that kept struggling for utterance. There were sentences that stuck like burrs, however hastily one might peruse them.

"I have known many prolific and rapid writers; but never met with one who could cover more paper in a given time, and that, too, with thoughts that breathed and words that burned. The flood of articles came and the rain of paragraphs descended each week on the editorial table sufficient for a paper twice the size. Scarcely a number of the paper came out that did not have an editorial on the question of the colored people, in its various phases. Prohibition was

also a staple topic. Unitarianism and Liberal Christianity were sure to receive a rap or two over the knuckles, and Woman's Rights were seldom forgotten."

On the subject of caste in all its forms he was intensely severe. Even his friends were alarmed at the fury with which he plunged into the fight for human equality. Colored ministers from the South, into which region stray copies of the "Herald" would sometimes penetrate, were frightened at the way in which he was taking their part; and some of the preachers of the African Methodist Episcopal Church (South) actually called upon him to beg him to "let up," saying,—

"We are in trouble down there over your radical ideas. We cannot come up to your standard at present. You must moderate your claims on our behalf."

"You white-livered fellows," Haven would reply; "why don't you stand up for yourselves?"

"We are not ready yet."

"Well, I am ready. I am at work for the future." Thus the fears and cautions of his dark-complexioned friends only served to rouse him to still greater vigor on their behalf.

His attacks on Universalism and Unitarianism also brought him into personal collisions. There were, of course, many families where the "Herald" was a weekly visitor, which were composed of persons having diverse views in religion; the Methodist wife, perhaps, enjoying the "Herald" editorials, while the Unitarian or Universalist husband found them as scourges to his sides and thorns to his eyes. On this account domestic quarrels sometimes were stirred up, and the indignant husband would, perhaps, rush in to scold the editor, or to demand that his paper should be stopped. He received all these visitors with unfailing good-nature, listened to their complaints, put fresh emphasis on the most offensive of the

utterances complained of, yet in such a captivating manner as over and over again sent the angry visitor away, with a smile on his countenance and a warm place in his heart, for the man against whom, a half-hour before, he was in a state of furious rage.

"In all his debates, discussions, differences of sentiment and opinion," says Mr. St. John, "Gilbert Haven was never out of temper, never 'riled,' cross, or 'out of sorts,' *never!* Never, for the five years we were together, have I seen him for a moment in that unenviable frame of mind the best of men are liable to. People came in angry and snappish, and he sent them off pleased and purring. He drew the sting from each wasp. Bitter and sweet all went into the hopper, and came out alike wholesome. One day four very indignant men came to demand a retraction. In fifteen minutes all were laughing together. In thirty minutes the four had out their pocket-books, and insisted on subscribing for "Zion's Herald," there and then. They were not Methodists, by any means; but they were converts to the 'Herald' after that."

"The bulk of the editorial writing and book notices came from Gilbert Haven's pen. He frequently filled five pages, and could as easily have filled five more. It was in the long inside editorials that the hard fighting was done and the ponderous blows dealt. It was in those articles that the enemies of Orthodox Christianity, prohibition, the full rights of the colored people, were handled in no gingerly fashion. He tore the mask off infidelity, and showed the death's-head beneath,—showed how cold and soulless was the most elegant and cultured Christianity without Christ. He made no apology for his zeal; nor did he apply either plaster or salve to the wounds of his opponents.

"His writings were far from being sedative or soothing. They were such as provoked reply and rejoinder. He touched the quick, and people winced and cried out. The necessary consequence was, that during his management of 'Zion's Herald' few contemporaries were more widely known, or their ideas more fully canvassed. The attacks on him in the papers, however, only afforded him amusement and weapons, and he judged the force of his blows by the violence of the rebound."

To the same purpose was his remark, on exhibiting to a friend a bunch of clippings from the newspapers that had been denouncing him. "Feathers, feathers!" cried he, jubilantly. To his mind these tirades of abuse were only evidences that his shots had hit the game.

It was his purpose to make the "Herald" the leader and standard-bearer of all true progress, and for this purpose he desired personal acquaintance with all sorts of active and thoughtful people. Accordingly, a large upper room was fitted up, which came to be the resort of numerous visitors, both clerical and lay,— editors, poets, artists, reformers, and not a few Bohemians,— "all," says his assistant, "buzzing around the general editor like flies around a pot of honey. Men and women of all shades and complexions; of all beliefs, and no belief; people who were diametrically opposed in every way to Gilbert Haven, as well as those who almost agreed with him. I say *almost* advisedly; because there were none who seemed to measure themselves exactly to his standard. There would be a misfit, a lapping over, somewhere. But all were received in the same sunshiny way. This contact with live individuality gave him live ideas, and occasioned live articles. He did not receive the opinions of his opponents, or those who differed from him, second-hand.

"He didn't expect that people would or could agree with him in all his ideas; but he never for a moment doubted his own position, or that ultimately people would come around to it. 'To this complexion must they come at last,' was constantly on his lips. He lived long enough to see a verification of the saying in numerous instances.

"He took an almost mischievous, but playful delight in plaguing a peppery opponent. He went even to the 'southward of south' at such times; as when I once heard him remark, to the infinite disgust of his more conservative interlocutors, that 'The time may come when a *woman* will be President of the United States;' and capped the climax by adding, 'A black woman!' Of course much of this was in jest, but a kind of jest that lay in the line of his ideas. It was utterances of this sort that raised the breezes of controversy, and caused 'Zion's Herald' to be quoted right and left, and that made the air blue around certain editorial heads, North as well as South; so that the meek and mild 'Herald of Zion' became a mitrailleuse, a Gatling gun, in his hands;—a transformation that was more acceptable to the young than the old—to those who were equipped for the battle, rather than those who were sighing for rest and peace."

It was but natural that such a man should have the warmest friends, and the most bitter enemies. He was at once the best loved and the best hated man in the Methodist Episcopal Church. In his own Conference there was a circle of which he was the centre, a party which acknowledged him as its leader; the existence of which party implied also the existence of a party in opposition. Thus not only Haven's doctrines, but Haven himself, came in some sort to be a line of demarcation in the Conference. That they who were for

him were more than they who were against him, appears from the fact that he was elected a member of the General Conferences of 1868 and 1872.

During his editorship of the "Herald," Gilbert Haven, in connection with Hon. Thomas Russell, prepared the biography of Father Taylor, the sailor preacher, in which volume the quaintness, brilliancy, tenderness, and spiritual power of that marvellous son of the sea were charmingly set forth.* The theme was a congenial one, for of the two religious wits in New England, Father Taylor was one and Gilbert Haven the other.

A single flash of his Damascus blade will be enjoyed on one side and pardoned on the other. One Monday morning, at the Boston Preachers' Meeting, at which he was the leading spirit, a Baptist minister announced that he had come out from the delusions of Close Communion and wished to be received into membership, and at length into the ministry of the Methodist Episcopal Church. This event the "Herald" chronicled with a note of satisfaction over the improved condition of the brother; but what was the chagrin of its editor to learn, during the following week, that the brother had been beset by some of his Baptist friends, persuaded of his error, and induced to recant. In setting forth the fact the following week, the "Herald" concluded the account with these words: "He only came up long enough to blow."

It was during his editorship that the plan for the establishment of the Boston University took definite shape. This institution, over which Haven had dreamed, was, by the munificence of Isaac Rich, and further benefactions of Lee

* The first edition of The Life of Father Taylor, appeared in 1872, from the publishing house of B. B. Russell & Co., Boston.

Claflin and Jacob Sleeper, at last definitely realized. Different views are entertained concerning his influence upon the mind of the chief patron of this great institution; but it may be said, without injustice to any, that Gilbert Haven was one of the first and chief promoters of the Boston University, and that but for him the munificent bequests by which it was established would doubtless have been made in other directions.

The office of the "Zion's Herald," under Gilbert Haven, came to be the headquarters of the Methodist army in New England; not an army encamped, but an expedition in the field. He appears to have regarded his editorship as a providential appointment. Once, when his course on the Book Concern controversy led to an attempt to frighten him into resigning, it was represented to him that his course would not leave enough income to the paper with which to pay his salary; but this had no terrors for a man who had been happy as a pastor on two hundred dollars a year, and he declared he would edit the "Herald" for one-third of his present salary if necessary, provided they would let him have a pastorate also.

He was once offered the editorship of the "Independent," with a salary nearly three times that he was receiving from the "Herald;" but though it was a great attraction, he firmly and finally refused it, saying, half jocosely, half sadly, "Except these abide in the ship, ye cannot be saved."

CHAPTER VI.

ANOTHER PIONEER BISHOP.

The Methodist Episcopal Church honors the name of the immortal Francis Asbury, who comes down the century with the title of the "Pioneer Bishop." As he scouted over mountains and through forests, marking out the path for the ministry and the Church, so Gilbert Haven, with equal enterprise and superior courage, pushed forward his radical ideas, himself oftentimes out of sight ahead of the rest of the ministry and the Church, but never for a moment doubting that they would follow his footsteps and occupy and hold forever the advanced positions he was surveying and preëmpting.

At the General Conference of 1868, some effort was made to secure his election to the episcopacy; but the Church, as represented in its chief council, seemed to be of the opinion that it was quite enough that Gilbert Haven should occupy the editor's tripod, without lifting him to the episcopal throne. If he made such a shaking among the dry bones by merely prophesying upon them, what would he do with those same bones if they should come to be a great army under his command? This Boston Yankee; this radical of radicals, who was even guilty of the absurdity of ignoring distinctions in sex, race, color, rank, and, indeed, every natural and traditional distinction which throughout the ages had robed the the rich and the mighty and had robbed the lowly and the poor; this man who avowed his belief in the amalgamation of all races as a means of reaching the ultimate physical per-

fection of mankind; who belabored magistrates when they abused their office; who despised governments when they were despicable; who goaded the Church when it was laggard in its duty; who danced at the funerals of obstructionists and shouted over the graves of defunct dignitaries who had been false to liberty and disloyal to God; whom no fear could deter, no favor persuade; who had literally taken his reputation and his life in hand, ready to sacrifice them both to the ideas he represented, — to have such a man for Bishop, was to the majority of this great council an unthinkable thing, and they no doubt breathed more freely when it was determined that no Bishop should be elected.

Four years later, at the General Conference of 1872, held in the city of Brooklyn, this radical, grown more radical, this reformer grown more oblivious of respectable errors, this quintescence of extravagance, this personification of every form of absurdity, this dread of conservative souls, was elected a Bishop of the Methodist Episcopal Church. How his election was brought about; how the colored delegates to that Conference carried their petition to Heaven on his behalf; how some of the members of his own Conference fought against him with might and main; how he was wounded in the house of his friends, who praised his brilliancy but believed him a dangerous man; how his published writings were culled for startling statements which, without their proper connection, were put together in a fly-sheet and circulated among the electors; how some, for whose promotion to office he was working, were found among his bitterest opponents; how the older Bishops and those just elected watched the balloting with alarm, lest this man who had turned the world upside down should come into the episco-

pacy also; how his friends, who, as the phrase is, "were ready to die for him," rallied to his support, while he, with either a sublime faith or a marvellous indifference, refused to lift a finger in his own interest, or yield a hair's-breadth of his position on any of the great questions of human rights, cannot now be fully set forth. These are matters, which, if treated at all, should be given *in extenso*, with ample documentary support, a method of treatment that is out of the question here.

When the vote was announced that placed the mitre on this massive head, his friends were almost startled by their success; his enemies — that term is used advisedly — were amazed as well as mortified; his colleagues trembled, and the Church at large were either inclined to fear that, in this instance, wisdom had departed from the Methodist General Conference, or to fall back on the hope that an overruling Providence had roughly revolutionized its judgment and mysteriously asserted the Divine will.

"His election," says Bishop Foster, in his memorable funeral oration, "was not only a surprise, but it awakened a question and doubt in many of the purest, best, and greatest, whether it was wise and judicious. Thank God he lived eight years to demonstrate the wisdom of that action."

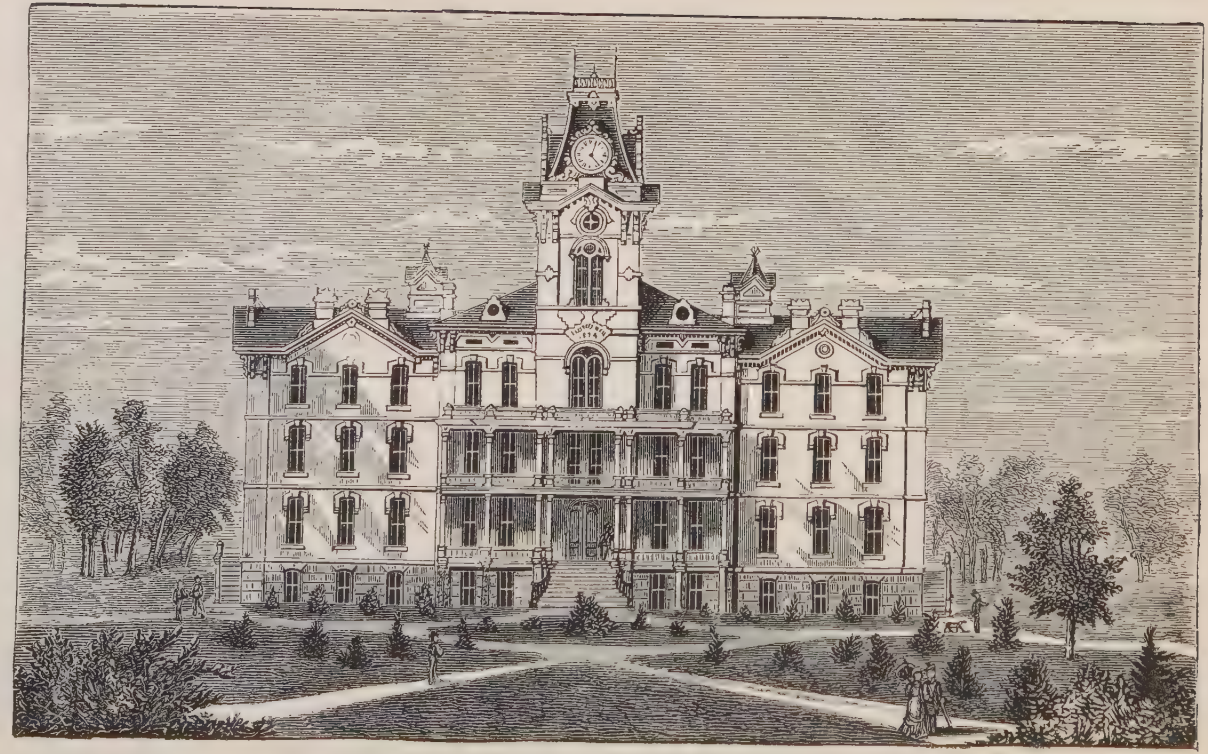
Soon it began to appear to those eyes which were willing to see it, that Gilbert Haven was a man with a mission, a prince and a prophet sent of God to be the champion of the African race in America. He was capable of being serviceable as well as delightful to all classes and conditions of men: thus, during the session of the Brooklyn General Conference, he on one occasion dined with a party of the most distinguished literary and clerical ladies and gentlemen in that literary and clerical centre; in which brilliant assem-

blage he was confessedly the leading spirit, the centre of interest, and the soul of the occasion; yet from such social mountains he could instantly descend,—not thinking it, however, a descent, since, according to his ideas, men and women were all very much alike,—to the company of those who had only a short time before been sold like horses or oxen, and reckoned in tax-lists as merchantable property; and it was difficult to determine in which society he shone most brilliantly, or was the most admired and loved.

There were many to whose sober judgment it appeared a mistake to allow such a journalist to lay down his pen, even to assume the functions of the chief office of the great Church of Protestant Christendom. Gilbert Haven solved that problem by taking the crosier and keeping the pen. He needed both for the accomplishment of his divinely appointed mission, and during the eight years of his episcopate he probably wrote more, and was more widely read and quoted, than any other man in America. With him expression of his thought by writing for the press was essential to his peace of mind. In no other possible way could he work off the ever-accumulating force, and make room for the teeming multitude of projects and reflections that surged through his vigorous brain.

If he had performed only the customary work of a Bishop, he would have been great in that office, partly by reason of his singularity, and partly by reason of his energy; but when to his full proportion of the care of all the churches is added his voluminous writing, sufficient to make, if gathered together, a very considerable library of history, theology, and politics, the labors of this Providential Bishop appear to be prodigious.

By the vote of the Conference, the newly elected Bishops



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were to be located at or near certain cities, one of which was Atlanta, Ga., and in that Southern centre, with the South still seething from the heat of the war-fires which were still smoking and smouldering, this radical Abolitionist, this amalgamationist, this chief human abomination in the eyes of Southern piety and chivalry must needs reside. Timid persons who loved him, bade him good-by, expecting that in a short time he would join the noble army of martyrs. Cautious people were ready with their advice, that if he expected to survive in that latitude, it would be necessary for him to abate some of his zeal for the social equality of the black man, and confine himself to purely religious questions; while some of his brethren in high official station, fearing that his episcopal robes might be soiled with spots of commonness, urged upon him the necessity of greater dignity and decorum, which, in their view, were not at all compatible with the blunt, outright, downright forms of speech with which as editor he had been accustomed to express himself. One of his venerable colleagues even objected to his style of dress, and during the interval between his election and ordination advised him to buy a new hat.

Taking off the comfortable head-gear which was his customary wearing, and looking it over, he replied: "Why, Bishop, this is a good hat. This is almost a new hat. I paid three dollars and a half for this hat, and I bought it since I came to Brooklyn."

A man so utterly oblivious to suggestions of personal dignity had to be left to his own devices in respect to apparel as well as opinion, and thereafter he wore his soft felt hat, no one molesting him, no one making him afraid.

His arrival at Atlanta produced a great sensation. The comparatively small outpost of the Methodist Episcopal

Church which had been planted in this Southern city, arranged a reception for him at the chief hotel in the town; but when the Bishop presented himself, what was their consternation at seeing him enter arm in arm with a negro. This was more than they had bargained for. They were mostly Northern people, anti-slavery people; they believed in the rights of the freedmen; but this colored brother, like all the rest of his race, had been overlooked in the invitations on this occasion, and to be thus reminded of their omission by the honored Bishop himself, was somewhat annoying, if not humiliating.

From this little circumstance at the outset, his career as a citizen of Atlanta and a Bishop of the Methodist Episcopal Church may be understood. It was not long before he repeated this object-lesson before the eyes of another assembly, — this time at a private residence, where he had been invited to meet a distinguished company, and to which, also, without invitation, he brought one of his dusky protégés, and insisted that whoever was introduced to him should also be introduced to his negro companion. Again, with one of his children, he was seen riding through the streets of Atlanta in company with another member of the "peculiar race," a well-known professional man, indeed, but so much "off color" that hitherto there had been a great gulf separating between him and his Caucasian neighbors.

This gulf, however, was not so great in the eyes of Bishop Haven but that he could readily leap over it, in which exploit he seemed to take a particular delight. He had preached in anti-slavery Boston the doctrine of universal fraternity, he had declared that a black man was the brother of a white man, simply because he was *a man*, and now it behooved him to be as good as his word; therefore, as in duty bound, from first to last, in spite of scowls and scorn, he

ignored all distinctions of race and color on all his journeys and at all his conferences and receptions.

In one of his letters he speaks of an episcopal tour over the Blue Ridge, and gives a characteristic incident of his journey down the mountains.

"That ride I dare not chronicle. It was relieved by the companions of the stage, two gentlemen of color, going to Warm Springs, and a rebel lady with her two babies, wife to a Union lawyer, thoroughly reconstructed. She, however, sung with great glee, and a certain tone as if the reconstruction was susceptible of deconstruction, some old war songs, such as 'Wait for the Wagon, the Old Southern Wagon,' and "I am an old Rebel, that's what I am." In return she was given the John Brown song, including, 'We'll Hang Jeff Davis on a sour Apple Tree.' She had never heard this John Brown song, and was greatly taken with it, so we exchanged melodies, and made the mountains echo to our strains, which began and ended in the common harmonies of Sankey and Salvation."

As a matter of course, such conduct roused the wrath of his Southern enemies to a still higher pitch. The Southern newspapers, religious and secular, boiled over with rage and fury; the "Atlanta Constitution," for instance, prefacing a vile communication with the startling head-line: "The Bloodhound of Zion Flayed by an Alabama Methodist." In the article itself the writer calls the Bishop "a rancid old ecclesiastical goatherd," and declares that "his utterances are not worth the denial where he is known and the truth respected." Such a communication, so prominently published in a newspaper of the city in which he resided, must have been a great annoyance to the Bishop, if he had not long ago learned to expect evil-speaking as one of the penalties of telling and acting the truth.

The "Richmond Christian Advocate," one of the official

papers of the Methodist Episcopal Church, South, in its issue of Feb. 26, 1874, said:—

"We have a proper Christian regard for the Bishops of the Methodist Episcopal Church, except for Gilbert Haven, and he won't allow us to have, by reason of his persistently offensive conduct and language." In the next paragraph the editor calls him an "ecclesiastical vulture." "Such a man," he continues, "cannot claim, cannot expect, the commonest courtesies of life from those whose history he falsifies, whose characters he defames, and whose misfortunes he delights to behold." "Instead of healing wounds, he stretches out his talons and tears them open afresh. Instead of seeking to throw the mantle of charity over the faults of his fellow-men, he rubs his ecclesiastical palms together and says 'Ah, you rebels, you proud aristocrats, you deserve all you have suffered, and a thousand times more.'"

Then, after referring to some of the scriptures he has quoted against them, the editor continues:—

"Will Gilbert be good enough to tell us how the Lord punished his Yankee ancestors who opposed the closing of the slave trade because their ships were in the traffic, and who sold their negroes to the South when they cutely discovered that barren New England was not the place to work them with profit?"

Bishop Haven was no man to cloak his own sins or the sins of his neighbors, and he frankly admits, in one of his articles in the "South-western Christian Advocate," that "the North is the seat of the sin of caste, as the South was the seat of the sin of slavery." "The question," he says, "is simply and solely whether the Bible doctrine of the absolute oneness of the human race is true or not?" "Anti-slavery means anti-caste."

According to the suggestion or prediction of the "Advocate," above quoted, Bishop Haven failed to receive from the church it represented, as well as from the outside Southern

world, "the common courtesies of life." About a year before his death, he stated at the Boston Preachers' Meeting, that not a preacher of any other church but his own, and not a Southern man of any prominence or influence, had crossed his threshold during all his residence at Atlanta. It was not to be expected that they would; but if they had done so, they would doubtless have found a similar experience to that related of the angry visitors to the "Herald" sanctum. Instances are not wanting of such conversion among Southern gentlemen whom he accidentally met. There are many who can win friendship; few like Bishop Haven, who might almost be said to compel it.

During his first episcopal tour, in the fall of 1872, he visited some of the Indian tribes of the North-West. His views on the Indian question are given in a nutshell, as follows: —

"It is the business of America to treat these natives no longer as wards, but as citizens. They are responsible. They are privileged. They can have every right; they must have every obligation. They should vote. Let the politician sue them for their suffrages. Every office-seeker will be at his Ojibwa or Dacotah. He will scatter his shirts and calicoes. He will smile his smilingest. If Mr. Greeley would only tour it in White Earth [the tribe he was visiting], beam benignantly on this brotherhood; if Henry Wilson would follow with his equal blandishments, they would each do one good thing—elevate their oldest American brother, if they do not get another, their own elevation."

Having established himself in his appointed place, after a general survey of the Southern country, he writes, under date of "Atlanta, June 6, 1873": "I have been going and coming for eleven and a half months, with not so much rest as Noah's raven, who did not imitate Poe's in that particular, 'still is sitting.' I have been over the whole length and

breadth of this land and got a glimpse thereof. Big field here. I enjoy it; though it is not Boston."

One of his earliest episcopal explorations was that of Mexico, which country he visited for missionary purposes in 1874, successfully planting the Methodist Episcopal Church in one of the very finest locations in the heart of the Mexican capital, giving thereby to our own church a leading, and not a little envied, position of advantage. His book, entitled "Our Next Door Neighbor," was published in 1875.

In the autumn, after holding his Southern conferences, which at that time included all the work of the Methodist Episcopal Church in the South, though the old caste spirit was manifested by the widest separation possible between black preachers and white, he thus exults over his inauguration of his policy of entirely ignoring the question of color in his episcopal administration:—

"I had a rich time here at the Tennessee conference, on caste. I met it square. A brother who had lived as a slaveholder with a colored woman, had eight children, got converted, took her to Mississippi and married her, came back to Nashville and was prosecuted. Before the case was tried she died. He was up for admission on trial. How the fur flew! They got up a talk of bolting. I told them we would fill their vacant places with Northerners in six weeks. Time came and they laid the motion to receive on the table quicker than a flash. I read him (the rejected candidate) out as a supply under a black presiding elder. I understand they threatened to petition for Bishop M——.

"I mixed everything,—ordinations, laying on of hands, opening services and all. The benediction was pronounced by a negro. Still, the white chaps and I got along first-rate. They talked freely with me, and I went on a tramp with them to a cave after conference adjourned."

Just before starting for the Pacific coast, via the Black Hills, he writes to a friend, under date of Atlanta, June

15th, 1875: "The devil is all abroad here, only waiting for a Democratic Prex to strike. That Black Hills you see is in my line — the color line. Black, whether of hills or men, is the gold line. Mark it."

Again, writing from Grenada, Miss., where he was holding a colored conference, he says: "You ought to have heard the cheers and amens over your poor black brother, G. H."; thus not only remembering the ex-bondman as bound with him, but the colored man as black with him.

The news of the course of the Bishop at the Tennessee conference flew like wildfire over the South, and his coming to the three other mixed conferences was looked forward to with great excitement; the black ministers being jubilant, and some of the white ones sullen.

A fortnight afterwards he writes again:—

"I have had a great time on these four conferences. Holston got it (that is, negro equality) before they knew it. Tennessee was mad, fearfully, but will get over it. Georgia took it easier, but not easily; and Alabama was stunned. The idea of negro equality had never got in there. They looked on them as pious mules. But I put through my alphabetic ordinations, and asking black presiding elders to assist in ordaining white ministers; and it was like an electric shock to an ox — he don't know the why, or where, or what, except he is immensely stirred up."

The action of the General Conference of 1876, relative to the organization of colored conferences, he could not abide. It was as gravel to his teeth. A few days after the adjournment he writes from Virginia,—

"Dr. Fuller is my companion, and the General Conference battles are rebattled. He whipped me on the color line, but we will conquer yet.

"I have to scold both sides of the church and carry both sides. That is the way my mother had to handle her boys."

In the "Christian Advocate" he refers to the same topic, and says:—

"We have not dared to do right. We are persisting in recognizing a wicked spirit of caste, which God has everywhere and always in his word and his dealings with his church declared to be against the whole letter and life of his gospel. We presume to distinguish between his children on account of certain shades of complexion or sources of distant origin. We are attempting to organize colored churches after the old God-accursed and God-chastised pattern.

"*The only right and successful way is to entirely ignore the idea of color in the organization of our churches and conferences throughout the whole land.* We should say, there and everywhere, a redeemed soul is our brother; one called of God into his ministry is an equal and companion, and no act or thought of separation from him on account of these unrighteous distinctions should find the least place in our hearts. No more *caste* in the membership of the Methodist Episcopal Church."

While busy in looking after the churches and schools in the Southern section of the country, he had a sharp eye to the political condition of affairs. As is well known, the slaves had a kind of underground telegraph, by means of which they communicated with each other over long distances with astonishing rapidity. Perhaps they admitted their "colored Bishop" into the mysteries of their private news association. At any rate, he was the best informed man in all the South concerning the political disturbances which in 1874 were rife in certain regions of the former slave States.

Writing from Columbia, S. C., under date of July 8, 1874, he says:—

"The North is befooled. The air is full of blood. If the North drifts as she does now, then blood will come. You ought to see the rabidness of the press. It is awful. And it is all based on 'anti-nigger.'"

Three months later he writes from Chicago :—

"Dear Brother H. : — Have no fear but that your letters will find me. Though I take the wings of the morning they will get there, too. Horrible times in Mississippi ; worse in Georgia. Only Grant will save us."

Bishop Haven was among the chief admirers of General and President Grant. One evening, after returning home from a lecture which he had delivered, he said to his son and daughter, who had accompanied him, "I have given this lecture before the two greatest men in the country, — Ralph Waldo Emerson and General Grant."

He looked to the "man on horseback," "the silent man," as the only one who either could or would defend the liberties and redress the wrongs of the ex-slaves, whom he declared were, in spite of the war and its results, still substantially under the tyranny of their former masters. It was a frequent prophecy of his that "what the South have failed to gain by the sword they will attempt to gain by politics ;" and when the political murders in Georgia and Arkansas, and the horrors of the "Mississippi plan" startled the nation, he pointed out the terrible events as the fulfilment of his own dire prophecies, and called in the clearest tones he could command for the exercise of the power of the national government to stamp out the last remains of the slaveholders' tyranny as well as the slaveholders' rebellion. This was the reason of his appeal to the Boston Preachers' Meeting to pray for the re-election of General Grant.

This address, on Monday, the 6th of December, 1875, in the presence of what was left of the weekly ministerial assembly, after the benediction had been pronounced and a part of the body had dispersed, was flashed over the country and published by the Associated Press as a "third-term speech." It

was widely assumed that he had made a great argument for a third term of President Grant; that the Boston Preachers' Meeting had enthusiastically endorsed the idea; that the Bishop was in favor of Cæsarism; and these misstatements, with all sorts of variations, both in Republican and Democratic journals, kept the country in a state of excitement for weeks together. What he actually did say on the occasion, the Bishop himself recounted as follows:—

"I spoke of the loyalty of the men of color to our nation, of the large membership of our church in the South, of our duty as a church to be true to these our brethren, as they would be to us. I quoted Mr. Wilson's dying remark, that 'the next political battle would be fought not on the common issue of finance or schools, but on the same questions as before,—Liberty and Union.' I then added, if we throw over our present ruler, who has saved us once, we should rue it. I did add, what was the only peculiar remark that I uttered, 'Pray, brethren, for the renomination of President Grant.' That was all I said. I never renominated him, as the papers had it. I asked the brethren to pray for the renomination. This I had a perfect right to do; a right as a citizen, as a Christian, as a minister, as a man. The brethren made no such stilted response as is represented. Some responded, Methodist fashion, by amens; some by the less Methodist fashion of stamping and clapping. How many responded I know not."*

In a letter written shortly after, in which he refers to the tempest that his Preachers' Meeting talk had raised, he says:—

"It was because this nation is so perplexed, so anxious to see the right way, that the call to prayer will yet strike deep into the Christian heart. Drunken wine-bibbers at Philadelphia are not to settle this greatest of problems, how to save our poor brothers at the South. Politicians at Washington are not to settle it. The key of this whole question is the oppressed and hated man of color. It is the four or five mil-

* "Buffalo Express," Dec. 31, 1875.

lions of such, whom we all cruelly hate and despise, who are left to their pursuers to do with them as seemeth good or evil in their eyes. God, the Lord Jesus Christ, who loves them more than he loves all the rest of us to-day, will compel this nation to do them justice, or will scourge us yet more with bloody rods. . . . I shall say so still, and everywhere, by the help of God."

He was particularly grieved over the censure of some of his Methodist brethren for this particular bit of politics, but *per contra* he writes to a friend,—

"The other side has been comforting. I have received lots of good words, especially from colored brethren. 'We are praying for you,' they say; and how they do pray! How mad these —— are. They would kill me quick, and may yet. I feel all the time the air full of possible bullets. I go to Alabama next Sunday, up in the woods. Not a very safe place; but duty calls and I obey. I shall be glad if I get safe across the Potomac."

In January, '76, he writes: "I want to get my affairs all straight, as decapitation is threatened. . . How they hate the colored equal here! They are murdering them all the time. They say a thousand murders occurred in Mississippi this fall; and yet the 'Tribune' praises Lamar, the heir of Jeff. Davis and his bigger double!"

Again, in August, '76, writing from Salt Lake City, he quotes from a Southern paper this item: "That old reprobate, Bishop Haven, sneaked into Newton County [Ga.] last week and preached to the colored people." He is not insensible of his danger, but proposes to keep right on. In a private letter he says:—

"Dr. —— tells it that the Indiana boys had a game as to who would pull down the biggest hornets' nest and get away first. He thought that I beat any of the boys at that game. But I go and pull down another one when the first is well scattered, while —— has gone north to escape their stings."

On Sept. 26, 1874, he refers to the excitement "down South" against him, and says: "What a hell is boiling down there. You ought to see some of the papers on me. They threaten my life in words and in spirit and intent."

In the presence of Southern audiences he sometimes discovered men who were evidently watching for an occasion to kill him. At such times he himself confessed to a sense of mortal fear; but so strong was his sense of duty to God and his cause that he would not abate one jot or tittle of the words he had intended to say, but would bring down the lash of his logic on the prejudices of men who were ready to assassinate him; meanwhile grinding his teeth and clenching his hands to keep himself from trembling visibly as he was conscious of doing inwardly.

It has been said that Bishop Haven had no fear in his nature. That is not true. There was a good deal of that nervous trepidation in him which leads men to shrink from danger; but in spite of it, continually struggling not to be overcome by it, he habitually and persistently looked death in the face. That was brave to the last degree. Common men, if they had been half as much afraid, would have skulked or run away.

Why he was not murdered at the South is a mystery. It may be said that he bore a charmed life. Let it rather be said that the angel of the Lord encamped round about him to deliver him. "A good man is immortal till his work is done."

CHAPTER VII.

TO HEAVEN BY WAY OF AFRICA.

"GILBERT HAVEN was," said his friend Dr. William Rice, in his letter read at the Bishop's funeral, "no tardy convert to the anti-slavery cause. He enlisted in the war for freedom when the army was small and despised, and he lived, through defeat and obloquy, to see the final and glorious triumph. His interest in the colored man ceased not with the termination of the institution of slavery. His labors with voice and pen have been energetic and persistent throughout these later years, to secure for the negroes the full recognition of manhood in church and state, and to develop in them the intelligent self-reliance and self-assertion which will successfully vindicate their claim to civil and social equality. His name is universally known among them; they know him to love him as their friend, and a wail of grief will come up from all the South when his death is known among them."

Yet it is well known that Bishop Haven at first took no special interest in Africa. It was Americans of African descent who chiefly attracted his sympathy. A short time before the General Conference of 1876, he writes to a friend, urging the election of a colored Bishop, on the ground that it is necessary to "put somebody in Africa." "No one of us," said he, "will reside there; no one can travel there. My Africa is here." The African mission was no more interesting to him, as a mission, than others. He used to say that he cared no more for the African in Africa, than for the Chinese

in China. It was only when the African became an American citizen, and was not equally treated, that his heart was stirred in his defence.

During the General Conference of 1876, in arranging the plan of episcopal visitation, the name of Gilbert Haven was set down for the Liberia Conference, an appointment which, to some of his friends, who knew the weaknesses of his physical constitution, seemed like an unwarrantable tempting of Providence, some said a useless sacrifice of life. But it was not according to the traditions of Methodism that a man should shrink from his appointment through fear of sickness and death. Obstacles have been regarded either as opportunities or as special means of grace.

In June, 1876, Bishop Haven writes: "As to Africa, I like the idea more and more. I may make a good thing of it for the church. I would not give it up now."

And again, to a friend who was anxious for his safety, he says: "As to Liberia, don't fret. Out of that nettle, Danger, I trust to pluck the flower, Safety. I should not wonder if I circumnavigated Africa, and went from Zanzibar after Stanley, and the Victoria and Albert Nyanza. Who knows? You know I always do more than anybody expects, or wants. I mean to know Africa as I know Mexico; as I would know India if I went there. God has laid Africa upon my heart, and now, if he wishes to complete the sacrifice by laying my bones in African soil, His will be done."

It was his wish, however, to prepare himself by special study, and perhaps by some hygienic precautions, for the memorable journey; but in the estimation of one, at least, of his colleagues, the King's business required haste; accordingly, on the 1st of November, 1876, Bishop Haven sailed from New York for Monrovia, in the brig "Jasper," and

arrived off the coast of Liberia on the 14th of December. Four days afterwards the Liberian Conference assembled at Monrovia, and Bishop Haven had the honor of seeing, and being seen by, that little body of twenty Methodist preachers, at the very ends of the earth, to whom the face of a Bishop had become a sight exceeding rare.

The session was appointed for Monday, Dec. 18, 1876, at 10 A. M.; but the Bishop complained that when he entered the church to take the chair, there was no one present except the janitor. After awhile the preachers began to straggle in, though it was nearly noon before the exercises were fairly under way. This instance the Bishop cites as a specimen of the manner and spirit of Methodism, and indeed of every other movement, physical, social, educational, and religious, in that little African Republic.

The Liberian Conference, he says, is "substantially independent." A number of the members had served one charge four, five, seven years; and one local preacher had served one charge twelve years. He complains that America treats Liberia as a purely mission field, and supplies her with everything, from parsonages to preachers. "Only one church," he says, "supports its preacher. No collections are taken. Church houses drop down unless kept up by missionary help." He draws what poor comfort he can from the fact that Methodism is "like all the rest of the churches in Liberia." "Indeed," he says, "the Methodist is the leading church in the Republic yet, in enterprise, as well as in numbers;" but he mournfully adds, "scarce nought is done for the heathen beyond. With three excellent properties at its command, it has no training school for teachers and preachers. Ten or fifteen schools are supported; not by the state, however, for all state schools have been suspended, in con-

sequence of the late war [with the natives in the bush] absorbing the income appropriated to their support, and private schools assume their place."

In a letter to the "Independent," of April 5, 1877, he describes the struggling little settlement of Monrovia, "with paths zigzaging over the hills in the spaces marked out for streets;" whose people are "too poor to have horses or oxen or carts, and where human labor is so cheap that beasts of burden are almost ruled out by competition of human muscle."

All his conference duties having been performed, Bishop Haven determined to make some little explorations of the country; in which work he occupied about a month, spending in all forty-six days in Africa, preaching and visiting, traversing the forests, boating on its rivers, studying its physical as well as its social and religious peculiarities; during which time, he says: "I never experienced any sickness of any sort. I was as well when I left Sierra Leone, as when I reached Monrovia."

In recalling this tour, he says: "It was done as well as it could have been done by this servant of the church, not hastily or carelessly. It was done successfully as far as health was concerned." Nevertheless, Africa had made her mark upon him; the fever had crept into his bones. The native missionaries, alarmed at his apparent recklessness, gave him fair warning that the fever was waylaying him, and ready to leap on him unawares; but he saw and felt nothing of it till, on the homeward voyage, the subtle enemy claimed its prey.

The first attack he realized after landing at the port of Teneriffe, when, on awaking at night, he says;—

"A pillar of ice had erected itself inside my spine." "It must be stopped, or it will be sheathed in ice, and then in fire, until the twofold process of congealing and cremating reduces the castle and expels the soul." "I arise, hunt for

the 'pain-killer,' get a stiff dose, and such extra clothes as are in the room, and get back into the cot. A violent perspiration breaks forth, but the ice column does not vanish away. I am not unlike a lump of ice in a summer sun — wet with its own perspiration without, as cold as the North Pole within." "My only duty is to keep the ice-bolt from taking possession of the whole body. This I cannot do by any power save that of the will. Will that do it? I can try."

"It is daybreak: the ice-shaft has not increased nor diminished. I cry aloud and spare not. My companions, after due and undue screamings, come over the way. More hot stuff is poured down and piled on, and in half an hour the ice-pillar is dissolved. I arise and take breakfast, and am off, with companions and Consul for a three days' trip to the peak of Teneriffe, as unconscious of chill as though the ghost had not stood up inside my frame, a skeleton of death in the living skeleton, all that long and horribly frightful night."

"What was it? The fever? No change of pulse. A scare? Never a child fell asleep more sweetly. No dreams before it came, nor nightmare, or other horse of any revelator sort had been its *avant-courier*. It was a reality, whatever else it was. That is what I know, and all I know, of the beginning of the 'malaria.'"

From the time of his return to his native shores it was evident that Bishop Haven's episcopate was drawing to a close. Of his condition he says: —

"The first night on the American shore this chilliness in a subdued form took possession of my flesh generally. A low murmurous shiver; hardly a chill, only a child of a chill. That never left. Sometimes it felt like a cool breeze on a hot day blowing through the centre of the bones. Sydney Smith's wish was realized without taking off the flesh. I could sit in my bones with the cool east wind blowing gently but steadily through them, as one feels such a breeze on the coast on a hot day."

Every possible treatment only mitigated his suffering. Africa was too strong for him; and though he was not destined to lay his bones on that dark continent, it had taken a grip upon him which it would never let go. From October of 1877, to April, 1878, he describes his condition thus: —

"I wandered lonely as a star, and idle as a leaf. No deed or word scarce escaped my lip or pen. Deathly sinkings followed each other in regular nightly, daily, and sometimes hourly succession. Cold ran up and down the nerves,— streams of granulated ice. I trembled at my own shadow. Slowly and feebly I got me to my home, and there sat and shivered, and lived and sunk. . . . . I wonder why the Prayer-Book litany begs away from sudden death. It seems far the best way to step out of life,— not time even to say 'good night.'"

October 18, 1877, he writes from Clifton Springs: —

"'Still restless nature dies and groans.'

"That's me. Dying and groaning at the same time. I rest very reluctantly. Doctor says I must stop six months or forever. Doubt if I do either. He proclaims liver, stomach, kidneys, spine, head, — and I don't know what else, — out of order."

From this condition, rousing all the force of his will, which, more than all the skill of physicians, put him on his feet again, he set his face "duty-ward," and held the Northern New York and the Vermont conferences; and thence South again. Like his great predecessor, Asbury, there was so much life in him that death, fighting with some of its best weapons and having its victim at a continual disadvantage, had a long, hard struggle in killing him.

The space allowed to the first part of this volume admits of only reference to many of Bishop Haven's great political speeches and his prolific journalistic writings. Among the best of the former he held his address on the Chisholm Murder. [See Part III.]

In the fall of 1878, Bishop Haven's conferences were, Central New York, Genesee, Austin, Southern German, West Texas, and Texas. In writing of the State of Texas, which he calls "Our Empire in the South-West," he describes it as follows: —

"The country is vast, expectations vast, operations vast, results semi-vast. Ten Ohios, six New Yorks, forty Massachusetts; yet the diamond beats the anthracite. I shall go from end to end of the work if my health holds." This is the shout of a man who knows himself to be steadily and inevitably dying.

In 1879 he made a grand episcopal tour through what he calls "Our Empire of the North-West," exploring the North-Pacific Coast, and sending out his inquiries into that *ultima Thule*, Alaska. Throughout this journey, as aforetime, he abated no jot of his literary work. His series of letters to "Zion's Herald," "From Boston to Portland," show how carefully he conducted his observations, and how delightfully he could describe them.

In this tour he studied the politics of California, that "land of monopolies;" while a sharp glance at Mormonism calls forth from his pen a diagnosis of this "American ulcer."

This last grand episcopal tour, "from Atlanta around about into Walla Walla," he says, "is a distance, as travelled, of over five thousand miles." Rolled about on the Pacific or pounded on the wilderness roads, did this indefatigable pioneer Bishop pursue his way; now burning with fever, now freezing with chills; with disease of the heart, cancer of the bone, and incipient dropsy reinforcing the attack upon his life; and yet, with a death's head continually staring at him, and a descent to the grave which could be marked by daily stages, he not only kept up his activity but his cheerfulness.

The last sight the church at large had of him was at the session of the General Missionary Committee, in November, 1879, in whose discussions he took the liveliest interest; rejoicing in jubilant fashion over the appropriations to the work in Bulgaria, and for an exploration for a mission in

Alaska; which two projects he affectionately called his "twins.'

It now began to be whispered about that he could not be relied upon for work during the next quadrennium, and others, still more closely questioning his condition, declared that he was not long for this world. On the 18th of November he reached the old home at Malden, quite exhausted by his labors at the Missionary Committee, but bent on attending the funeral of his old friend Gershom F. Cox of Salem, Mass. On the following evening he lectured at the People's Church, Boston; an enterprise in which from the first to the last he had taken an especial interest, and whose heroic pastor he had constantly aided, not only by generous subscriptions himself, but by persuading others to subscribe. On Sunday, the 23d of November, he attended public worship at the Methodist Church in Malden, where, during the service, he was seized with pain in his hands, which crept up along his arms, and pervaded his body, until, in unutterable distress, he left the church for his mother's residence, only a few steps away, and passed over its threshold never more to cross it till devout men carried him to his burial.

Six weeks of suffering and wasting sickness followed, during which time great supplication was made to God to spare his life. How could the church afford to lose him? How could the schools for the colored people, which he had commenced, and some of which, it might be said, he was "carrying on his shoulders," spare him? How could his colored brethren of the South spare him, while yet their equal manhood with white Methodists was practically denied by separation from them in conferences and churches? How could his family spare him in the very climax of his glory, and the very flower of his age? But God seeth not as man seeth.

When it was evident that he was about to depart, one of his intimate friends sent him greeting on this wise: "You must not die in Malden. The rounding out of your career demands that you should die by a bullet in the South, rather than of a pain in the stomach, in the house of your mother."

But perhaps it was not necessary to the winning of a martyr's crown that he should die by violence at the hands of his enemies, who had so often threatened his destruction. Let us rather thank God that by his good providence such a tragic taking off was not permitted,— a taking off which, for years, seemed imminent, but which must have caused an awakening of the fury and vengeance that has slept during the killing of thousands of his weak and inconspicuous friends. Vengeance belongeth unto God.

On Friday, the second day of the New Year, 1880, after a period of comparative relief from pain, he had a violent attack of distress for breath, and begged his physician, Dr. Sawtelle, to remain with him until he was better. About midnight he awoke from a troubled sleep, and said, "Thank God, the storm is over! Doctor, you can go home now. My good brother [turning to his nurse] and I will fight it out on this line to-night."

The family having retired, exhausted with long watching, and the doctor taken his departure, he called to his faithful companion and said: "Now, Brother Griggs, tell me about Grant's movements to-day. Will he get safe through the South? Thank God that he will not accept a reception when the black man is ignored." Next he asked about the state of things in Maine. His companion reminded him of their agreement not to talk about that exciting subject, to which he replied, as if with clear consciousness that this was his last night on earth: "I must know to-night all there is to be

known. The will of the people must not be thwarted." He was informed that that election had been referred to the Supreme Court, whereupon he turned his thoughts to other pressing matters.

About five o'clock he turned his face to his friend, and said: "Do you think I am dying?" and on receiving the answer "No, Bishop, but I think this is the beginning of the end," he asked:

"Do you think the physicians have given up all hope?"

"I fear they have," was the reply.

"Is that so?" said the Bishop. "What had I better do? For the sake of the Church I am not willing to die until every means is exhausted. Call my sister and my son. Let us have a little consultation, we four."

Even in such an hour as this his old, buoyant, jocose spirit did not leave him, and when his son and sister entered the room, and the names of three physicians were mentioned by his nurse, whom he knew had been serviceable to the Bishop in other attacks, the sick man said cheerily, "We shall have three horns to our dilemma." One of these, it was found, could not possibly come. "That leaves us two," said the Bishop. One of the two was thought to be too far away for any reliance to be placed on him, and to the last one a messenger was at once despatched. He was bent on "fighting it out" to the last.

On Saturday morning, the 3d of January, 1880, his regular physician, Dr. Sawtelle, in making his usual early call, noticed that during the night a great change had taken place in the condition of his patient. This was, beyond a doubt, the day on which Bishop Haven must die. The fact was communicated to him, and he again sent for the family, and, on their appearance, he said, with characteristic spirit: "There! It

is just as I told you. I am like the Deacon's one-horse shay, all broken down at once."

For weeks no visitors had been permitted to enter his room; but now his longing desire to see his old friends was granted.

The telegraph summoned those who were in Boston and vicinity, and presently his neighbors began to come in; to all of whom he spoke in the manner of a man conversing with his guests, rather than of one in the very clutch of death. His mind was perfectly clear and his voice natural, though speaking with some difficulty, and for nearly eight hours the dying Bishop held what may properly be described as a death-bed levee. The room was filled with the glory of God. "It was," says one, "more like a reception than a death-bed scene."

About nine o'clock his friends from a distance began to come in by the morning trains, and his last words to them were more after the manner of a man stepping on board a steamboat for a business journey or a pleasure tour, than of one stepping down into the valley of the shadow of death. Old-time reminiscences, politics, church-building enterprises, and other practical and even amusing topics, held place along with final hand-shakings, tearful ejaculations, joyful hallelujahs, and final good-bys. He had done his praying while he had been doing his work, and now it only remained for him to die cheerfully, bravely, heroically, as a Methodist Bishop should.

His love for his native New England flamed up during the last morning on which he was to be a citizen thereof, and he laughingly referred to a conversation with his colleagues sometime before, at which he had recommended a friend from Massachusetts to some vacant post of duty. "Bishop

Harris said, at our last Bishops' Meeting, that 'If a man was wanted to make a new archangel of, Haven would undertake to look him up in New England.'" "And," he added, with his cheery smile, "I would find him, too."

One of his friends went close to him and whispered something in his ear, upon which he shouted, "Hallelujah! Praise the Lord!" Those who stood by took it for granted, from his response, that the whisper had contained some word of Christian consolation; a scripture promise perhaps. No. He was announcing to the dying man a generous subscription to Clark University, Atlanta, Ga., one of the colleges for the education of the colored people, on which the Bishop had spent so much care and labor, and to whose funds he had himself made very large contributions. Thus, in the very beginnings of death, the good of his people was the joy of his soul.

When his old college classmate, Dr. Newhall, entered, the meeting was tender and affecting. Doubt had been expressed whether it was safe to trust this brilliant, broken man in the presence of his dying friend; but the shock, though a severe one, did not unhinge his mind, and the two talked naturally and tenderly, but with very little death in the discourse.

"I have beaten you just a little this time," said the Bishop. "I thought you would have gone before me." Then referring to the mental affliction which his dear brother occasionally suffered, he said, "There has been a little darkness over you, but there is light ahead."

When this visitor was about to retire, the Bishop asked him to pray. Of only one other — Rev. J. W. Hamilton — did he make that request. With a look of surprise and almost childlike simplicity, his friend, as if conscious that he was walking along a mental precipice, turned to the sister of the

Bishop, the real house-mother of the Haven mansion, and said, "Shall I?" and she assenting, though with some misgivings, he knelt down, and poured out such a supplication as was said by those who heard it to have been "like the speech of one who was looking straight into heaven."

To his friend, Dr. Mallalieu, with whom he had taken sweet counsel, and fought side by side in many a battle for the oppressed, he said: "My dear brother, you and I would not have this so, but it is all right; God knows best. We have been living in great times. But greater times are coming. Stand by the colored man when I am gone." In giving directions about his funeral, he said: "There is brother Mars" (the only negro member of the New England Conference; now a feeble, tottering old man); "he must speak at my funeral. Let some of my colored brethren also help to carry me to my grave."

Many times during the day he recited these words to himself: "And he shall never see death." And then he would break out with "Praise the Lord!" and once he said: "I see no dark river. I am entering the gates of Paradise. Now I know what the book means when it says 'They shall never see death.' There is no death here; it is all glory, glory."

To his physician he said: "I have not preached this faith all my life to be deprived of its consolations now. My hope is a blessed one, and big with immortality."

Among his visitors was a relative of the family, Mr. O. B. Brown, a professor of music, to whom he said, calling him, as he was wont to do, by his initials: "O. B., I am glad you came. 'And they that play on stringed instruments shall be there.' Music was first made in heaven. I will meet you there."

"Through all his sickness," says Dr. Pierce in "Zion's Herald," "he has conversed with his son about dying and heaven, as one would speak of taking a journey to a familiar place upon earth."

To another he said: "The first Sunday in the new year I shall spend in glory." So real was this "glory" to the man who was so soon to enter it, that he and his widowed sister, Mrs. Haven, spoke together of the message which he was to take from her to her husband.

"Gilbert, you know what I told you to tell Wilbur."

"Yes," was his reply, "I will remember it all, and will deliver your message."

As time drew on, he remarked that he had in the morning sent for Dr. Garratt, who had promised to come to him at four o'clock that afternoon. "You will countermand the order to Dr. Garratt," he said; "I have no need for him. I am going where the inhabitants shall never say, 'I am sick.'"

To his friend Dr. Upham he said: "Preach a whole Christ, a whole gospel, a whole heaven, a whole hell, a whole Bible." To another he said: "Stand by the Old Church."

Then, referring to his own experience, he said: "It is so delightful dying — it is so pleasant — so beautiful — the angels are here — God lifts me up in his arms. I cannot see the river of death — there is no river — it is all light — I am floating away from earth up into heaven — I am gliding away unto God."

One of his friends inquired of him: "Is it all right?"

"Yes," said he; and again, "I have not a cloud over my mind; I believe the gospel *all through*," with a characteristic emphasis on the "all through."

It was now four o'clock, and the sun of that winter day

was going down; but to him there was no darkness. The last of the throng of visitors at this strange "reception" was Professor Lindsay, to whom, when taking his leave, the Bishop said: —

"Good evening, Doctor. When we next meet it will be *good morning!*"

After all his visitors had retired, he said: "Now we are alone, and must have a little time with our own family. Here are my two sisters, my two children. Where is my mother?" And when she was brought in, they stood in a circle around his bed, in order that he might see them all. But his sight was failing, and, looking around the circle, he said: "Are we all alone?" And on being satisfied upon this point, he gave the last of himself away to God, and to those on earth whom he loved the best; taking their hands one by one and saying, "This is my dear, dearest mother; Mamie, my little sunbeam — dear, pretty one; Willie, my noble son;" and then recurred the name which he was ever whispering in the intervals of conversation, — "Precious Jesus; Blessed Jesus."

There was another name also — the name of her who had been a constant presence in his soul, though for twenty years she had also been a presence among the angels of God.

On the night before his election to the episcopate, being in the company of a few choice friends, he said: "I would willingly start and make a pilgrimage around the earth on foot to spend one hour with my Mary;" and when he knew he was about to die, he said, as if overwhelmed by the weary labors and journeyings through which and over which he had dragged himself, in spite of sickness and sorrow and pain for all these long, lonesome years, he said:

"After I have seen the Lord, I shall want to rest for the first thousand years with my head in the lap of my Mary."

In the soul of this man there was not, it would seem there never had been, any distinction between the love which we call human and that which we call divine. He loved his poor, oppressed, degraded black brethren with some of the very same love wherewith he loved the Lord; and in the heart of this triumphant Christian Bishop, about to be translated, about to lay down the mitre and put on the crown, his wife and his Saviour dwelt side by side.

The following note from the sister of the Bishop, though not written for publication, shows how heartily the family share his faith in the re-union of loved ones in heaven:—

MALDEN, Aug. 20, 1880.

REV. W. H. DANIELS:

You ask for "the date of the *death* of Mary Ingraham Haven." She entered *life* eternal April 3, 1860.

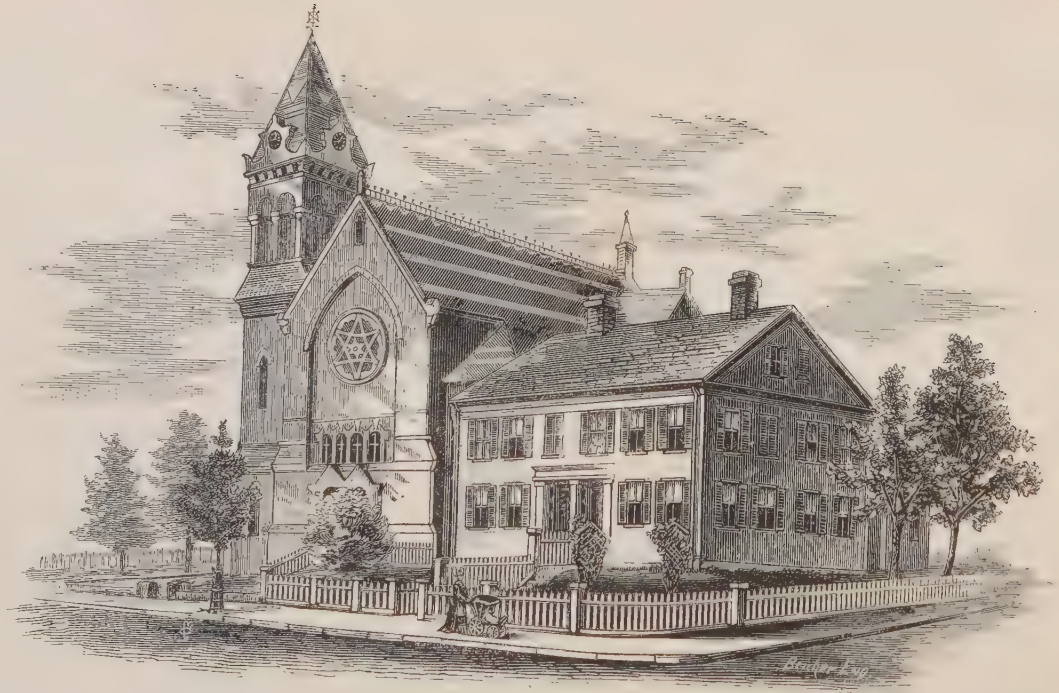
When our loved ones pass safely, yea, triumphantly, to the heavenly home, I never like to write against their names, they *died;* and dear sister Mary was one of those choice spirits that, when the summons came for her to depart this life, had nothing to do but cease living *here*, and commence living *there*. I should write against the names of dear Gilbert and Mary,—

SEPARATED, Tuesday, at noon, April 3, 1860.
RE-UNITED, Saturday, 6 o'clock evening, Jan. 3, 1880.

With respect, yours,

HANNAH B. HAVEN.

On Tuesday, the 6th of January, 1880, the funeral of Bishop Haven was celebrated in the spacious and beautiful Methodist Episcopal Church of Malden. It was about the hour of noon, after the home rites of the funeral had been solemnized, with prayer by Dr. Peirce, Editor of "Zion's Herald," that the casket, containing all that was mortal of Bishop Haven, was taken to the church near by, and placed



LATE RESIDENCE OF BISHOP GILBERT HAVEN, AND CHURCH FROM WHICH HE WAS BURIED,—MALDEN, MASS.

within the communion rail before the altar. On his face there was a look which that great multitude will not forget. All traces of pain and sickness had disappeared, and those florid features were radiant as if with a reflection from the upper glory into which his soul had passed.

Like that memorable death-bed reception, his funeral was a solemn festival. It seemed as if the Bishop, instead of being the mere occasion of the great assembling, was himself the chief and most vital presence in the throng. The New England Conference were present in a body, with almost full ranks. There were also large delegations representing the General Missionary Society, the New York Preachers' Meeting, the Philadelphia Preachers' Meeting, the Wesleyan University, and the Eclectic Fraternity, of which society the Bishop was a member, and whose badge, the scroll key, exquisitely wrought in white flowers, was among the most conspicuous of the profuse and appropriate floral decorations.

Bishops Foster of Boston and Harris of New York, the Rev. Drs. Loranus Crowell, S. F. Upham, W. F. Mallalieu, George Prentice, Daniel Steele, the Rev. J. W. Hamilton, and the venerable Father Mars took part in the solemn service, under the direction of the pastor of the church at Malden, the Rev. Dr. Joseph Cummings. A letter from the Rev. Dr. William Rice was read; and music, not dirge-like, but suited to the coronation of a kingly soul, was rendered by organ and choir.

All over the Church funeral services were held in his honor, and both at the North and the South there were friends, who scarcely knew him by his face, whose love and homage found expression by arraying themselves in garments of mourning.

Was it Gilbert Haven's death they were celebrating? Nay,

rather, but his entrance into life; for, not only had he joined the company of the immortals, but he had also found at last a higher, kindlier, more adequate place in the judgment of multitudes who had not loved him, and had now been raised to a position in the Church of God from whence he could speak the more impressively, now that his voice seemed to come from the sky.

Let those who have failed to understand or appreciate this exceptional man, dwell for a moment on the thought that he was God's especial gift to the African race in America; a prophet charged with the reiteration of the Bible statement, so long and so generally overlooked:

"ONE IS YOUR MASTER, EVEN CHRIST, AND ALL YE ARE BRETHREN."

How could the Divine Disposer of events have produced a human being more perfectly adapted to that peculiar work?

If, then, this man were God's ambassador for such a purpose, does it not follow that, in those things pertaining to his mission on behalf of human brotherhood and Christian equality, all his adversaries were in error and Gilbert Haven was right?

PART II.

EULOGIES AND TRIBUTES.

EULOGIES AND TRIBUTES.

When death has taken away the substance of a friend, leaving only the form, loving hands are wont to bring choice flowers wherewith to grace its burial. These, by cunning arts, are sometimes kept from fading; a faint suggestion of the memory that overlives the grave.

In like manner have been here preserved some of the tributes to the memory of Bishop Gilbert Haven, which in such great profusion, from far and near, have been brought to adorn his burial and set forth his fame.

I.

FUNERAL ORATION BY BISHOP RANDOLPH S. FOSTER, D. D., LL. D.

Brothers, we stand to-day in the presence of a great sorrow, in which, I am sure, if we could follow the dictates of our feelings, silence and tears would take the place of speech. That has happened to us which, but a few days ago, seemed impossible to our affections.

Bishop Haven, your friend and mine, is dead. His body lies in the hush and stillness of the casket before the chancel. The blow that has fallen so suddenly, so unexpectedly even, with all the preparation we had for it, falls not alone upon New England. It smites wide and deep over the broad surface of this entire land. A great Church stands mourner

here to-day at this bier; the Church at home, the Church throughout the mission fields in the four quarters of the globe. Not figuratively, but literally, hundreds of thousands join the obsequies of this moment. All abroad among the different races and different denominations and types of Christians, there is a deep, sympathetic sorrow at this moment. And it becomes us, however difficult the task, to discipline our hearts to calmness, and our minds, to acquiesce in this strange and mysterious providence.

If our brother has gone away from us, we are called to remember to-day that it was his Lord and our Lord, his Master and our Master, that has called him away. Mere sullen grief or idle lament would ill become the sacredness or greatness of this hour. He would reprove the one, and the great Master would reprove the other. If it is inevitable that we should weep, that our hearts should be broken — and there are many broken hearts here to-day—it is just, and right, and worthy, that our words should be words of courage, of rejoicing, and of triumph.

Did I say Bishop Haven is dead? I take back that word. He is not dead; he can never die. He has but passed on. He has vanished from the house where we knew him, to take possession of another house "not made with hands, eternal in the heavens." He has surrendered an inferior for a superior life. He has indeed gone away, and we shall not see him again — *now*. We shall not communicate with him as aforetime, upon the earth; and no mortal can tell what has gone out of earth and life with his departure. There is no mortal can tell what he contributed to the life of the world, and what he will continue to contribute to the life of the world, to the end of time. For, though he has ceased to be a visible factor, his words, his thoughts, his deeds, will live on in the

lives and characters of men so long as the world shall stand. For Bishop Haven was no ordinary man. Among the multitudes he was an inevitable factor of great power, and he was a conspicuous personality, a highly-individualized man. His life has cut a deep impression upon the souls and minds of men in his own time, and through the influence exerted now will still give impression to the latest generation of the world.

In speaking of him whom you loved, and whom I loved, so much and so rarely, brothers and friends, it is proper that I should consider well the words I am speaking; that I should not indulge in any extravagant and indiscriminate eulogy; that I should not draw a picture, unreal, of the departed, but one that will stand the test of criticism and awaken admiration with all candid and honest minds the more perfectly it is portrayed. It is not for me to speak to-day — and you will not expect it in detail — of his life and of his childhood. We stand in the very shadow of the roof-tree under which it was spent; in the midst of the people who knew him from his infancy, and the beginning and dawn of his manhood to his departure from you. It is not for me to speak of his early school life, of his student history. His classmates and his co-collegians fill this room. Others will furnish personal reminiscences that relate to these early periods of his formative life. You will not expect me to speak of his relations to you in his early ministry, which will always be your pride and joy; nor yet of that growing power which placed him foremost among you in official responsibility, as the editor of your Church paper. Rather you will expect me to speak of those things which are more immediately related to myself and my colleagues in his episcopal office, covering the last eight years of his life.

Bishop Haven, I have said, was, in a remarkable degree, an individuality, a personality. It was impossible that he should be present, even for a few moments, in a narrow or a great circle, upon the platform of an important occasion, or in the deliberative councils of large assemblies, or anywhere else, without making himself known and felt in his personality. He would inevitably and irrepressibly come to the front in the revelation of his own inward thought and life. He was by nature a strange contradiction, — a radical of radicals, a conservative of conservatives, — taking the extremest views, and pursuing the most radical forms of expression and action in matters in which human interests were at stake, where justice revolted and interposed itself against oppression and cruelty, and in every form in which he could personally affect the life and action of society. In principles he was fixed as the eternal mountains; conservative, even beyond what seemed to be demanded, in all his views of truth and righteousness. He was established upon firm and unchangeable foundations.

He entered upon the period of his active life in the most eventful crisis in the history of our country, in the most exciting and ardent period of New England life, in the midst of that great fray which agitated the continent and world — the contest between New England anti-slaverism, and Southern organized pro-slaverism. By instinct and education, and the atmosphere in which he was born and reared, he immediately, even in the formative period of his youth, took sides with the oppressed against the oppressors. While yet the dews of his youth were upon him, he marched boldly to the front in that great combat, and stood in the narrow circle of ten or twelve of the chief men whose words will go down to posterity.

It is not saying too much of Bishop Haven to say that he was conspicuous among those champions, and that his words were the most telling and effective blows; that he was an agitator, a disturber, an irrepressible radical until the wrong, which was the agony of his heart, which haunted him and made his life wretched, was destroyed from the face of the earth. His name will stand high in the records of that great contest to the end of the world. And it was given to him to be and to do what was denied all his peers and co-laborers, even the most distinguished of them. Those who spoke the most profound words, and who by tongue and pen contributed most largely to the result which was finally accomplished, were not permitted, as was our dear Bishop, in the history of their lives to work such a work as was given him to perform, and to give such evidences of fidelity and courage to the cause which seemed to be the cause of their hearts as he was permitted to give. Genial in a wonderful degree, generous, great-hearted, cheerful amid all circumstances of depression and of trial, witty, educated, full of knowledge, full of the life of the world from its beginning, rich in its historic acquisitions, peculiarly, uniquely rich in his acquaintance with the men of his own time, with the history of his own country, with the influences which were everywhere moulding and ploughing up society, with an unforgetting memory, with a vivid power of perception, with great imagination, with strong self-assertion, with irrepressible love of justice and liberty, he was a power in every place, and will be a power forever.

It is safe to say that when he entered upon the General Conference of 1872, already rich with an honorable fame, especially loved and esteemed in New England, especially despised and hated in the South, with questions of doubt and

misgiving in the mind of the middle portions of the country — when he entered the General Conference of 1872, to be a conspicuous member of that important body in its most important session in the history of the Church, it is safe to say that the thought had never entered the large part of the Methodist mind that, in Gilbert Haven, there was a future Bishop of the Church; that whatever was the judgment of those who stood nearest to him, who knew him best and loved him most, he would go away from that great gathering clothed with episcopal honors and with episcopal responsibilities. Beyond all question, his election was a surprise to the Church; and considering his well-known and pronounced radicalism for so long a time and of so conspicuous a type, and the readiness and promptness with which he always pronounced his convictions (for he had the bravery of his convictions; he could not conceal them even on occasions when prudence would seem to require that they should be in abeyance), it is safe to say that his election was not only a surprise, but it awakened a question and doubt in many of the purest, best, and greatest, whether it was wise and judicious. Thank God, he lived for eight years to demonstrate the wisdom of that action! He has furnished the proof that it was no mistake or misjudgment, that Providence, which had so strongly presided over the destiny of our Church, and to so large an extent governed and controlled in a matter of so great moment, did not forsake it in this instance.

As a Bishop, our colleague became greatly endeared to the entire Board, winning session by session, year by year, upon every heart in the college, until, I am safe in saying in the presence of my revered colleague [Bishop Harris], he stood, in our love and in our confidence, in the very front, and had developed peculiar adaptations, where we did not expect to

find them, for that office which he filled with so great honor and to so great acceptation; carrying to the chair of the conference a reserved force of dignity which made him a model presiding officer; familiar with the questions that might arise in the body; a ready and acute judge of law; holding the conferences, in whatever excitement, in whatever discussion, in calm and unperturbed equipoise; maintaining order and discipline to a high degree; carrying nothing of a radical or extreme or injudicious rashness into his administration; impressing the humblest member of the body with a sense of the equality of his rights, and maintaining them. In the cabinet he was a careful and earnest student of the interests of the churches and of the interests of the preachers. We know that he was a great friend; that friendship, personal love, glowed in his heart like a sun; that whom he once loved he never could forget; that he carried an elect circle closeted in the inner sanctuary of his soul, never forgetting them in his wide wanderings, and always anxious for them. But we know this, too: he had this peculiarity,—that while he studied to do all in his power for those he had known longest and loved best, he was careful to consider his most recent friends, and he would not permit an injustice to be done to the humblest or to the most obscure; for that was a conspicuous attribute of Bishop Haven's character—a sense of fairness, a sense of right, that sent him into the defence of the defenceless, and made him strong in the cause of the oppressed. That sense of justice made him equal and honest in the administration of his office.

In the important bodies with which we are connected in our office, it is not doing discredit to any of his colleagues to say that he was most far-seeing, most enterprising, most prolific of devices for the enlargement and expansion of the

Church, and most courageous and most alive to every great and grand movement. No mission-field failed to elicit his interest. He was especially concerned and greatly potent in the affairs of the Italian mission, and in the affairs of the Mexican mission; in planting and protecting and defending and extending the interests of these missions. In the administration of the missionary branch of the Church, his counsels were heard reverently always.

Sometimes his views were in advance of his times, and extravagant in the estimation of his brethren; but he had this marked peculiarity, which I have found in no other man, — that, while he had the bravery to put forth any judgment, any opinion, in any presence, anywhere, in the most pronounced and positive manner, he never became troubled, or reserved, or disturbed, or angered by its not being accepted. If his measure failed, he quietly smiled, and let it pass, to bring it up again. It was sure to be brought up, and in a very unexpected moment, when it would awaken a smile upon the faces of those who were amused, but who were also delighted, with his pertinacity; it would come out again and again until it finally triumphed, and all said his advice and action were wise and judicious, though at first they may have thought them unwise and injudicious.

I have seen Bishop Haven, I dare not say *where*, I dare not say *when*, I dare not say *how*, when any other man would have burned with indignation, as calm and placid as the May morning. Loving his friends with an intensity of love, I have heard it said that he had the power of hate. I never saw it. I never found the occasion when he indicated it even against those who seemed to have wronged him and most persistently to have entreated and obstructed him. I never saw the indication of the slighest ill-will or malice; constantly

forgetting, he would pass by offences that would certainly overthrow all power of self-government that grace or nature have ever given me. I am glad to speak of this noble and wonderful trait of his character.

And now I recur (for I am reminded that my time is nearly passed — that others are entitled to speak upon this occasion) to the one great trait, the love, of his life — his interest in and love for the African race. Not because they were Africans; not, in my judgment, because they were black; but because they were oppressed, because they were down-trodden, because they were friendless. And he had the bravery to stand for their defence anywhere, and everywhere, and at all times, carrying it to what sometimes to us seemed to be almost a fanaticism, a frenzy, but which proved to be a divine passion glowing in his soul; carrying it up to the gates of death, and making it survive him on this very platform. It was Bishop Haven that said: "Father Mars must speak at my funeral. Some colored man must be a pall-bearer;" going personally to show that the love was strong and triumphant in him to the very last moment of his life, and bequeathing it as a heritage to the Church.

Bishop Haven was loved in New England, loved wherever Methodism is known, loved by the generous and brave of the entire land, loved by the wide circle all over the world, and honored — a noble character; yet never was one so especially hated and odious in the region where he lived; and I refer to it, not to call up an unpleasant recollection, nor to allude to what is grievous to us all, but to speak of the conspicuous personality of his character, his great, brave, unflinching courage in the midst of the greatest trial.

There was not one of us, in our Board, who did not feel many times that Bishop Haven went into his Southern home

at the peril of his life; that any day it would have been no surprise to hear that he had fallen in that field. We knew that he went there with that feeling himself; and he stood like an iron wall, firm, unflinching, uncompromising, and pronounced, in Charleston, in Atlanta, in New Orleans, in the hottest and fiercest furnaces of Southern sentiment, with the same placidity and boldness, speaking the very words he would speak in the Preachers' Meeting in Boston; joining hands with the oppressed race — I am glad to say here — not in a manner degrading or discreditable or dishonorable to himself, but creditable to his piety and charity and great sense of justice; making himself the acquaintance and friend of the colored people everywhere, wherever he went; so that I am safe in saying, among the few names of the generation passed away that have cut themselves deepest in the African mind and heart, and that will live the longest, and among the few names at the front, will be the name of Bishop Haven along with that of Abraham Lincoln! They will always remember him as their defender and friend.

I happened to be present at a moment when he said to a bosom friend, and one who stands nearest to him, "I know" — it was less than three hours before his spirit stood before the Throne — "I know the Lord will not find fault with me for my work in the South." He carried the conviction with him to the throne of God, that in the sincere devotion of his soul to that great branch of our church work, he would not only have the approval of the Church, but of God.

But I may not enlarge further upon this important branch of his life, nor, indeed, upon anything further. He has gone from us! We shall not see him any more — *now*. To some of you he was more than a brother; to all of us he was a brother. Shall we crown him to-day? Shall we turn this

moment of mourning and grief into a moment of triumph? Shall we rejoice in his great light? May I say in this presence, there is not an act of his life that I call to memory, and not a word even, that now, in the light of his victorious and triumphant departure, I would have erased from his record? Let it stand there in its fulness! Let those who will criticise, criticise. To us it is a joy forever that Gilbert Haven has lived in the world; that he has been our friend and brother; that he has filled the important and conspicuous place he has in the history of the Church, and in his great episcopal position.

Glory be to God that his life was permitted to go out in brightness, not in darkness! I presume it was the first time in forty years (it was when he was dying), that he shouted. I sat by his bedside, when, after many beautiful sayings, he said, looking up, "Glory! Glory! Glory!" having reserved to him for the last, for the completed and victorious triumph over his latest foe, a shout of victory.

He has gone home! I will not stop to give you the lessons that come to us, brothers. Bishop Haven was a Methodist. He was no bigot. He was positive. He was a Methodist in every atom of his consciousness. He loved his Church. He loved its order. It was not in his mind an unchangeable order. It was not an idol. But he loved its order, and he loved its prosperity. He loved in his heart of hearts its doctrines. He could not conceive of the possibility, for himself, of changing them in their expression. He accepted them in their simplicity. He was a Methodist. He was a great, generous-hearted Christian.

As I held his hand in mine, when my heart broke, he said, "Bishop, I love you a great deal;" and I knew it. "God bless you! God bless my colleagues! Give them all my

love. God bless the preachers! God bless everybody!" It was the utterance of the great, glorious, but now glorified heart, that has passed into the heavens.

[The funeral oration of Bishop Foster, here given, is from the stenographic report by the Rev. W. D. Bridge, of the New England Conference, furnished to the columns of the "Christian Advocate," New York.]

II.

MEMORIAL SERMON BEFORE THE BOSTON PREACHERS' MEETING.

PREACHED AT GRACE METHODIST EPISCOPAL CHURCH, BOSTON, JANUARY 19, 1880.

BY REV. GEO. M. STEELE, D. D.*

IN the eulogy on Bishop Ames, delivered in Boston by Bishop Haven, less than eight months before his own death, he began with the following words: —

"Can it be possible that he whom we have, as ministers, so often seen and heard; whose clear thought we have so greedily devoured; whose sharp wit has bit into so many a folly, to our intellectual delight, an acid that easily consumed the error, — is it possible that his voice and form shall be heard and seen no more among us? It is impossible says every voice of nature within us; impossible says every voice of reason; impossible say evolutionism and skepticism; impossible say heart and mind and will. Yet against these clear and positive and unquestionable impossibilities stands Fact. It is so! Skeptic and evolutionist; reason and nature; heart, head, and will, all deny in vain. Death enters and there's no defence. He seizes the victim and a great ransom cannot

* In this and other eulogies, those portions which are simply biographical are omitted; their repetition being unnecessary in this collected form, though essential to their completeness on the occasions of their delivery. For the most part such portions stand by themselves, and their absence leaves no gap. When they are inwrought into the text they have been reproduced, in some cases several times over, but always for evident use. — ED.

deliver him. It is the miracle of the universe. The one stupendous, unassailable wonder. The one inexplicable, undeniable fact."

If this was true in the case of Bishop Ames, the impossibility, or the unrealizable character of the possibility is even greater in the case of Bishop Haven. We need to say again and again that *he is dead;* and yet it seems like a fictitious utterance. The death of such a man, so many-sided and so many times repeating himself in the esteem and admiration and hearty affection of so many men, and in his own unbounded utilities, seems like the death of a multitude rather than of an individual.

To a superficial observer, who only saw him in society or among his intimate acquaintances, Gilbert Haven might have been regarded as a man—certainly of larger than ordinary mould and of more than ordinary character; an enterprising, energetic man of affairs, which he managed at comparatively little expenditure; a jovial, witty, brilliant, companionable man, taking the world comfortably on the whole and making it serve him somewhat largely; with no obvious vices certainly, no conspicuously advertised virtues, and no very palpably displayed saintliness;—but an honorable, hearty, manly man of the world, and most likely of the kingdom of God. But this, as many of us know, is only a miserably meagre account of him; the real treasures of his character were only to be revealed to such as knew him better. Not that these were difficult to ascertain, for he was a frank and outspoken man wherever the occasion required these qualities, and the occasions to him were neither few nor infrequent.

It is not easy to decide at what point to begin the description of a character so varied and full and complicated. But if we start with *his religious life*, there will be at least this

logical fitness about it, that it was the fountain of all the great activities which characterized him.

There was never any mere sentimentality about him, — no gushing enthusiasm, no cant, — it was not in his nature that there should be, nor could he have affected it and been himself. Nor was there ever, at any time, any putting on of a religious style. You might even have thought him undevout, or at times irreverent, — though in this you would have been mistaken; or you might have judged him to have had too little religion. But to those who really knew him there was sufficiently evident a profound and unwavering religious purpose, and it was always operative and without compromise. It meant business for God; the doing of the divine will at whatever cost; a determination to act under the direction of the great Captain of our salvation. His ethical ideas were all grounded in his religious faith. The careless looker-on very likely would have failed to observe the depth of his spirituality and the connection of his moral conduct with it. It might have been doubted whether this man, so utterly free in his handling of all sorts of topics and all sorts of words, might not be a law unto himself, and whether this law might not tend to unlimited license. But whoever went far with him would have early discovered the mistake in this respect, and most likely would have been brought up with a round turn of sharp rebuke for some common breach of Christian principle or any indulgence of evil inclination. Some of us have had experience of this kind of reproof; not given sanctimoniously, not always designed for ears polite; but after a thoroughly human fashion, in words idiomatic rather than clerical or classical.

Those who knew him best, and to whom his whole heart was open and his whole life manifest, know better than others

the depth and potency of his religious convictions. The thoroughness of his sincerity went without saying it. I do not think he often took the trouble to profess it. Men do not spend much time in asserting their most characteristic virtues — it is the excellence we are ourselves somewhat dubious about that needs the most frequent reassurance of our own energetic testimony.

There was with him no accommodation of the truth to human tastes or human lusts. To any suggestions looking in such directions he gave place, no, not for an hour.

He had entire faith in the fundamental doctrines of the Bible, not as they are glossed over and adjusted to modern philosophic systems or to the tastes and dispositions of modern society, but in their obvious and manifest meaning. It had been to him, as he expressed it on that last great day of his earthly life, "A whole Bible, a whole Christ, a whole hell, and a whole heaven — no half-way arrangement." He had no sympathy, and very little patience, with those who, under the style of progressive thinkers, virtually give us an expurgated Bible. He did not believe in a mutilated revelation, nor yet in one in which divine truth is mixed up with human traditions and superstitions, with no means of distinguishing them save our fallible human judgment. He accepted the whole as the utterance of the Divine Mind and as binding in every part upon all to whom it was uttered.

Thus, also, did he accept Christ; not as in some qualified sense divine, but as embodying the very fulness of God — as the Infinite coming into conditions of suffering and sacrifice — the supreme, incarnate Deity. He believed in the actual and personal presence of the Holy Ghost in the world, and its regenerating and sanctifying power was to him as real as any other fact in the universe. He believed in prayer in its

obvious and natural sense, and not in such refinements of philosophy concerning it as despoil it of all its actual power and efficacy.

The supernatural was to him as real as the natural, and the divine personality as actual as any human personality. He gave no sanction to the intermeddling of scientists or sciolists with matters too high for them. Once, when unexpectedly introduced to a noted scientific writer, of pronounced skeptical views, which had been largely ventilated, he said: "Professor ——, I am happy to make your acquaintance. I don't know any more about science than you do about religion."

Yet these old doctrines were accepted by him in no narrow or sectarian sense, or as elements of a creed to which, having assented, he felt bound to adhere to and defend for consistency's sake, and make the best possible of it. But they were convictions wrought in his soul after much reading and thinking on all sides — for he was not a one-sided reader or thinker — and with a desire and a determination to get at the truth. They belonged to the solid conservatism of his character; for this fiery radical was, as Bishop Foster has well said, at bottom one of the most conservative of men. It was this that gave him security when venturing out where other men have lost themselves; and it was this which rendered his ideas and projects safe, which in the hands of others have been either doubtful or disastrous. He was anchored to the eternal verities. More than this, these great abiding truths were the inspiration of his energetic outgoings along all the lines of his human action. He demanded their application to the uttermost.

To him the word of God signified "the removing of those things that are shaken as of things that are made, that

those things that cannot be shaken may remain." This conviction of the wide application of the principles of the gospel to the wants of the world made him an inevitable reformer. To him it meant every possible good to the human race, temporal as well as spiritual, secular, civil, political, social; and he scorned every form of it that did not admit of this application. I know of no Christian thinker of this century who has carried his Christianity out so thoroughly to its logical results. Jesus Christ was the Alpha and Omega in all his plans and movements for the amelioration of suffering humanity. Intemperance, race-prejudice, the disabilities of women, the growing looseness about marriage, the degradation of laboring men, despotism and oppression of every sort, as well as all ignorance, superstition, and vice, were to be overcome, if at all, by the blood of the Lamb and the word of our testimony. He meddled, as men said, with politics — and he certainly did have much to do with them in the press, in the pulpit, in interviews with public men; but it was in the name of the Lord.

It was this that underlay his whole system of mental culture. He carried it into all his studies of philosophy and history, and literature, and the arts. Said he to an eminent artist who had done some work for him, and who had already attained honorable fame, "I see there is a certain something your work yet lacks, a touch which you have not gained; that will only come when you let in the Divine love to your soul."

His zeal in certain great moral enterprises brought him into strange companionship occasionally. He deemed it not inconsistent with his religious purposes to work in any good cause, and for any good end, with men of any belief or disbelief. He early apprehended the danger of the withdrawal

of the Church from moral enterprises in which heretics or even sinners were taking prominent part. He discerned in it one of the great tricks of the devil — one, too, in which he has had large success — to frighten the disciples of Christ out of the most needful moral undertakings, because vicious and bad-principled men had gone into them. He believed that God carries out his plans by all sorts of instrumentalities, making "even the wrath of man to praise him." But in all this active co-operation he never compromised his Christian character, nor concealed his religious convictions. Every bad man knew where to find him, and bad men never made the mistake of taking him for one of themselves.

That his adhesion to the old, primitive doctrines of Christianity was no mere partisan love of a creed or of established dogmas, because they are established, but a rational conviction, is evident from his readiness to accept any new development of Christian doctrine when fairly made. He fully recognized, — not a progressive revelation, — but the progressive influence in the world, of the revelation in the Bible. Notably was this seen in his views of the moral condition of children and their relation to the Church. On this, and a few other subjects, he felt that the Arminian theology had not till recently become fairly adjusted to itself.

With these strenuous notions of the integrity of the Christian scheme, as set forth in the Bible, coincided the integrity of his Christian character. He gave himself wholly to the one purpose of Christ's service. He did not undertake to live an artificial religious life, nor after an unnatural or unhuman fashion, but in a thoroughly natural and manly way he served his generation and honored God.

Of the *mental character* of Bishop Haven there is much to say. That he had extraordinary natural ability in many

directions is obvious. This is independent of cultivated scholarship. He early evinced remarkable business aptitudes — a command of details and an easy comprehension of any number of them, both in their facts and in their relations, together with a quick and ready insight, as well as clear apprehension of the drift and bearing of events and discernment of character. While acting as a clerk in Boston he gave such promise of success as induced a flattering proposition for his services. Had he not decided upon a student's career, he might, no doubt, have been numbered among the merchant princes of Boston. As a student in college, he had great penetration and still more breadth. The records of the college show him to have been one of the very best scholars, if not the best, in one of the most noted classes of his *alma mater*. He had singular intuitive energy; and the same qualities which have been alluded to as indicating great business aptitudes, characterized him as a student. With remarkable power of analysis, his sharp discrimination was joined to great constructive ability. He quickly discerned all the parts and bearings of a subject, and rapidly became master of whatever attracted his attention. A varied and most extensive reader, with a remarkable memory, he could readily command vast literary resources. There came trooping to his call poetry, philosophy, history, romance — whatever could illustrate or fortify the point or position under his eye. From his youth he had fastened upon the profound thoughts of the great thinkers, ancient and modern. Bacon's essays he preferred to take *clear*, as he expressed it; that is, undiluted with annotation or commentary. Even in his undergraduate days he would walk miles, after the completion of his day's work, to attend upon a course of lectures by Emerson; so strongly

did that unique but marvellous thinker appeal to him. With such writers as Wordsworth he was enamored long before the men of his own age could find any attractions there.

After his graduation he still gave himself diligently to earnest study and wide reading, both while teaching and after his entrance upon the ministry. For some years there was a little company, composed first of three and then of four, of which he was the vital and powerful magnet, which met occasionally to read Hebrew David and Isaiah and Moses, and to compare them with Greek Homer and Demosthenes and Plato, and not merely to put the thoughts of all these, and of Paul and John, into English, but think their thoughts after our modern methods. These were not always occasions of grave and solemn deliberation, nor even of dignified decorum. The importance and extent of this association were sometimes facetiously and fantastically exaggerated by its members, and made to assume proportions with which the facts did not exactly coincide; still it was one of those small things which are nevertheless great in their ultimate influence.

Besides these, he was always among the first to get hold of whatever was stirring in the world. The magazines, the reviews, the newspapers (secular, religious, and irreligious), all sorts of new books which the publishers were perpetually putting into his hands, were run over with that wonderful glance of his which instantaneously detected whatever was worthy of attention in the whole sweep of current human thought. The latest outcome in theology, or any new movement in ecclesiastical relations, were discerned almost as soon as visible. Movements in the arts, in moral enterprises, and in literature seemed to reveal themselves to him as if especially commissioned for this pur-

pose. In politics, every phase of the shifting panorama caught his attention; he knew of every movement and its signification. The questions agitated in this field interested him so deeply, not as a partisan, though you might have thought him one of the most intense of partisans, but only in their bearing upon the moral destinies of the nation and their relation to the kingdom of God.

His friends, too, all knew that his powerful and brilliant intellect and versatile intelligence comprised only a fraction of his character. His sensibilities were as deep and tender as his intellect was lofty and strong. What a broad, true, and hearty sympathy he had, some of us know better than others — a sympathy all the more valuable that it was unobtrusive as well as delicate. He had his own great sorrows, but they were not put on public exhibition, and only his most intimate friends had intimations of them. I have seen this strong man shaken when the hand of God was upon him as a tree shakes in a great storm. It is terrible to see such a man weeping as I have seen him — it is a great mourning, "like the mourning of Hadadrimmon in the valley of Megiddo." It was in the early April days, and I well remember how almost desperately he caught at the thought and uttered it, "This is the week of our Lord's passion," as if this Divine sympathy must be his, and the only thing that could any way meet the case.

As a writer, all those marked intellectual qualities of which I have spoken were found in him in full play. He was rapid, ready, brilliant, profuse, full of ideas, full of his subject. His early writings were criticised by his friends as obscure. This came, doubtless, partly from the abundance of thought and the exuberance of his fancy. But this characteristic early disappeared; and now, for many years, when

Gilbert Haven has written anything for the public, the public knew what it was about and what it meant. Carlyle, many years ago, gave this advice on the subject of poetry: "Never write poetry unless you can't help it." It would almost seem as though Bishop Haven followed similar advice respecting the writing of prose. He was full of thought struggling for utterance, and it was sometimes more painful to restrain himself than to write. It was like fire shut up in his bones. He drove right at his subject. The mere graces of rhetoric he could not stop to cultivate. He was bound to get his ideas into other people's minds, and this he usually did, whether in accordance with the conventional rules or not; and it was often the case that these rules were almost recklessly ignored. He had no exactness of style or method. Yet there was always something powerfully attractive about his style, and not unfrequently a beauty which fascinated the most cultured. Comparatively little of the vast amount he published was written in the seclusion of the study or with the leisure which most scholars and *littérateurs* think essential to such work. Much of the most important of it was done in the oddest intervals and in fragments of time — when travelling on the cars or steamboats, waiting in depots, staying at the house of a friend, even in the conference room while committees were reporting, and especially in the middle hours of the night after busy and exciting days.

As editor of "Zion's Herald," he almost immediately became famous; and with the higher classes of the editorial fraternity throughout the country, though by many of them by no means praised, he was respected, and his power acknowledged as that of no other editor in our denomination ever has been. So great did his reputation become that he

was offered the editorship of the New York "Independent," then at the zenith of its popularity and power. But though the eminence of the position was itself a temptation, and the opportunity to exert a wholesome influence was most promising, and the salary two or three times as great as he was then receiving, he felt that it might interfere with the grand purpose of his life, and he declined it.

Previous to his accession to the editorial chair, the Methodist journal, like Methodism, had been regarded by the prominent Boston sentiment as very good and praiseworthy, and as, in fact, really admirable — for Methodists; and from rather a lofty height the entertainers of this sentiment had smiled down upon and patted and encouraged it to a degree that seemed to reflect no small credit for charity upon its patronizers. The new editor marched right in among this company and made himself at home. He had known them from babyhood and was familiar with all their strength and all their weakness. He did not apologize for his Church, nor try to convince anybody that it was at least as good and respectable as any other, nor did he even take pains to announce this fact; but went straight out on the hypothesis that everybody knew it, or if they didn't, that they ought to. He early attacked with unsparing hand something that he considered a public wrong, and in doing so must needs severely criticise a public officer whom for many things he greatly admired. A leading writer of the class of whom I have spoken undertook to set him right and to rebuke his presumption. The exceedingly free handling which he gave his mentor astounded that worthy beyond measure, and had a powerful but wholesome influence upon the whole class. Henceforth there was no patting of the editor on the head and calling him "a good man — but," etc.

He laid about him in every direction. His theory was, that a religious journal, like a religious minister, has a vocation to meddle with everything which has any sort of relation to the kingdom of God or the welfare of humanity. With him the Church was not a mere mutual aid society, but a combination as well for active aggression on the kingdom of darkness. Wherever the devil showed himself or any of his agencies in this world, he believed that he ought to be attacked with all the available force of the church militant. Hence, intemperance, the liquor-traffic, slavery, and that which was the one great bulwark of slavery, race-prejudice, political subservience to corrupt but popular vices, the disabilities of woman, — all these claimed and had his attention.

I have the impression that many of our friends in the country, as well as in the city, — possibly the average layman everywhere, — were bewildered and made uncomfortable by the unprecedented contents of their family paper. They could hardly get the run of the editor's ideas, and were sometimes utterly at a loss as to what he might do next. Still, the power of the editor was felt in almost every corner of the land. Other writers assailed his positions and secuted his judgment and maligned his opinions; but they quoted his articles that they might assail them, and so in this way they were often read, at least in part. Some tried ridicule, but that was for the assailant a dangerous weapon with which to attack Gilbert Haven; for more often than otherwise the enemy's guns were turned on himself, and instead of an exultant victor he found himself a pitiable victim. Even the secular press was compelled, against its will, to attend to this bold adventurer. Some used remonstrance and dissuasion, some were bitter in their opposition and vehement in their denunciation. But however otherwise affected, they came to

respect him; and it is pleasant as well as singular to-day, to read the handsome things which have been said by nearly all, except the more malignant foes, not more of himself than of the views which he represented. Some of his most pronounced antagonists speak with high appreciation of his manliness.

After he left the editorial office his literary work knew no abatement, if, indeed, it did not increase. In all his extensive travels he was noting and gathering up for publication all sorts of facts, mingled with all sorts of reflections, on all sorts of subjects.

His *ministerial career*, of course, deserves our attention. He was not an eloquent man, in the ordinary sense of that term, nor, in the earlier part of his pastoral work, could he be regarded as an attractive or popular speaker. Full of sound and wholesome thought, expressed in remarkably well-chosen words, and in a dignified and scholarly style, though with great simplicity, there was yet a something lacking which conveys to the heart of the hearer the thought and feeling of the speaker. Yet even then, when his soul was stirred with some great moral conviction, or aroused by some manifest public wrong, he correspondingly moved and interested his auditors. As time went on this ability greatly grew, and in the later years of his pastorate there was probably no man in the Conference whose occasional discourses attracted more hearers than his. This has been especially the case during his episcopal career, and few of his colleagues, or of our other public speakers, have, whether in the pulpit or on the platform, commanded greater attention than has Bishop Haven.

He was a diligent and careful student of the Bible, and the fresh suggestions of wholesome doctrine which he was continually finding there, whether in the original or in the ver-

nacular, were a frequent surprise to his friends. A thorough thinker, and heartily fond of his books and his study, he was diligent, faithful, and considerate in his pastoral work as well as in all other duties of his office.

His influence in the Conference early began to be widely felt. While but yet young in the ministry, his seniors in the service and his equals in education came to him with their difficulties and sometimes with their grievances. We remember how, in those years, he honored the venerable men of our Israel, not because they were old men or influential men — for some of them were not the latter especially — but for their work's sake.

It was not the worship of the past. The weaknesses of his predecessors, where they existed, were as palpable to him as those of his contemporaries. He took both as very much a matter of course; and could, without malice, as many of us know very well, amuse both himself and his friends with them.

He has been called a bigot; but never certainly by any one who knew much about him. He was by nature a partisan in the better sense of that word. With whatever party or society he allied himself, if it came into any legitimate rivalry, competition, or even in antagonism with any other, it found in him a zealous and valiant champion. He enjoyed defending his own, and heartily fought for it, without hatred to others or bitterness toward any.

He believed in Methodism; not with any blind idolatry, but because of its common-sense, of its marvellous popular and providential adaptations, and as a system that had far more than vindicated its claim as one of the mightiest moral forces in operation in the world since the days of the Apostles. It was as natural that he should maintain and defend it, as

that he should love his own family better than those of his neighbors, or that he should honor his mother more than the mother of another; and this, too, without hating any other family or having any contempt for another man's mother. He was on kindly and intimate terms with very many of other denominations; and pastors and conductors of church enterprises, and leaders in their great undertakings, sought his counsels and prized his advice. There has been no man among us of broader charity or more generous consideration for those who differed from him than he.

In the financial interests of the churches his judgment was of the highest order. That natural business ability, of which I have before spoken, came to his aid and the aid of the church in this respect. He was far-seeing, comprehensive, sagacious. A liberal soul, he devised liberal things. Very likely, sometimes, he was too liberal in his devices for those of weaker faith and narrower vision, and so failed, not from the fault of his own plans, but from want of the co-operation of others. This was characteristic of him throughout his ministerial and official life and in relation to all the enterprises of the church. He believed in great undertakings, in attempting large things and then trusting in God for the means to carry them on.

Here it behooves me to say, that, though he brought rare business abilities to the aid of the church, he never turned aside from his work to use them for his own advantage. He made no investments, entered into no speculations, and spent no time in securing a competence for himself. His income, aside from his regular salary, was large, and out of it he might have secured a fair fortune. He was not prodigal nor loose about his pecuniary matters, but kept them as became a minister of the gospel, easily under control. He was a generous liver, but a more generous giver, and it is almost incredi-

ble how lavish were his charities towards all sorts of benevolent enterprises — amounting of late to thousands of dollars annually. It is nearly certain, that aside from his life-insurance policies he left not a dollar that he had laid by out of his own revenues.

The election of this man to the Bishopric was one of the most remarkable events in our denominational history. It indicated the long moral distance the church had travelled between 1836 and 1872. In the former year, the General Conference sitting in Cincinnati had condemned the agitation of the slavery question by Northern preachers, and had censured two of its members who had the courage of their convictions, and participated in an anti-slavery meeting. In all that General Conference there were only *eleven members* who voted against this resolution. In 1872 the General Conference in session at Brooklyn, N. Y., elected to its highest office a man not only whose abolitionism had been of the extremest type, but whose pronounced and irrepressible opinions on the same lines were of a character which would have made the most advanced radicals of that earlier day catch their breath. It is true that almost the whole church had now embraced what was then deemed fanaticism, but which was now regarded only as respectable conservatism; a long way in advance of which the new candidate had gone. Even now the thought of such a Bishop was to some a joke too gigantic to be all taken in at once; to others it was a possibility frighful to contemplate. Still there were hundreds who would have rejoiced beyond measure to see him in this high office, but who felt in their hearts that the intense though unjust prejudices against him would render any effort to elect him hopeless. They knew, too, that no utterance of his would be made, nor any suppression of conviction would be

allowed, to allay this prejudice. He could not be a trimmer; and it was not even in his nature to hold himself in reserve long enough to permit the subsidence of any feeling against him. But after what had seemed like hopeless wishing for an impossible thing had existed for some time among his friends in all parts of the country they at last ventured to compare notes. There was mutual surprise at the large prevalence of this desire. When the project began to be openly agitated, of course there was fierce opposition. To many it appeared like the very acme of absurdity; to others it was like flying in the very face of Providence, which they were sure would never allow so impious a thing to be done. At the Conference it was found that not only those who sympathized with his opinions, but many others who were attracted to him personally, and believed in his sincerity and integrity, his generous and genial spirit, his vigorous enterprise and his comprehensive ecclesiastical views, were drawn to heartily support him. Meanwhile his editorials were ringing out with the same clear and certain sound. He abated no jot or tittle of his purpose to apply the gospel to the wants of the down-trodden and despised, to honor all men, and to demand their equality before both civil and ecclesiastical law, whoever might be disgusted or offended. In the Conference itself he stood, as ever before, in the imminent deadly breach, provoking all sorts of anathemas from those who could never see God's opportunity in preference to human expediency. While many of his friends were exerting their influence after the ordinary human methods, and putting a considerable amount of work with their faith, to effect his election, the colored people had prayer-meetings, in which the burden of their petitions was, "O Lord, grant that Gilbert Haven may be elected Bishop." There was earnest opposition by those who were

sincere and conscientious in their action. Others, more bitter and less sincere, circulated handbills containing disconnected quotations from his writings, representing the most unpopular of his views. To all these he was silent. He concealed nothing, conceded nothing, pledged nothing, but the old, undying hostility to that race-prejudice which he felt was still the bane and the curse of the church.

His record as Bishop is fresh in all our minds; for it has been neither slight nor obscure. It is no doubt too recent for us to estimate the fulness of its influence; for he stopped in the midst of his great work, and the mighty tide of that influence will not for some time reach its flood. Some have suggested that his election took him out of the editorship, where he would have exerted a more powerful influence. But this is an obvious mistake. It is doubtful if, as an editor, he could have written more than he has as a Bishop, while his opportunities have been vastly more effective. It is not improbable that he has written more, on the average, since his election than any two editors in the church.

There are two kinds of work which a Bishop has to do. One is, in conjunction with his colleagues constituting the episcopal college, to devise methods and agencies for carrying forward the work of the church. While this function is not obvious to the public eye, it is possibly the most important part of the official duty. The hiding of the church's power is sometimes there, and the secret of its prosperity is frequently to be traced to this fountain. The testimony of Bishop Haven's colleagues gives us conclusive assurance of his power here. The breadth and clearness of his views, his ready conception of the points involved, and the quickness with which he could adapt means to ends, made his counsel valuable, and his influence commanding. As I have said, he

was wont to devise liberal things, and he no doubt proposed enterprises which at first seemed startling if not impossible, and from which even his colleagues shrank, and to which, perhaps, they did not accede till long after, but which time and the event justified.

The other function of the Bishops is to travel at large through the connection and supervise the work. This may be confined to presiding in the annual Conferences, and attending to the business implied in that, or more or less naturally connected with it. But, as matter of fact, very much more than this is generally done by our superintendents. Their influence is expected to be felt at various and numerous points, even where no strictly official functions can be exercised. There are churches to be dedicated, debts to be cancelled, lectures delivered, local gatherings to be made attractive by their presence, camp meetings, missionary meetings, district associations, and manifold other ways in which the enterprises of the church are to be forwarded. It will be doing no one any injustice to say that none of Bishop Haven's colleagues, nor any of his predecessors, within the last half century, have been so indefatigable in this respect as he.

Almost every important locality in the land has felt the pressure of his foot, and his voice has gone out through them all. He has been in every part of the South, from Virginia to the very frontiers of Texas, not only preaching and lecturing and giving counsel, but making himself minutely acquainted with the exigencies and character of the work, and its condition throughout the whole region. He particularly interested himself in the needs of the Freedmen, considering this as a burden especially laid upon him. More than is yet known did he exert an influence by means of the educational plans which he devised or co-operated in devising, the full

results of which will not be seen for years to come. Much of the great labor he performed was in this behalf, and it was in the very midst of carrying out one of his comprehensive schemes of this sort that he was called away from earth. Indeed, I think the very last public address he delivered, was in aid of this cause. But not in the South alone; in the East, in the interior, in the North-West, on the Pacific coast, among the Rocky Mountains, and in the Sierra Nevadas, was his intense activity continually displaying itself. It was not only that he was perpetually conveying the church's message to uncounted localities, whether in the populous city or in the wilderness; but he was as perpetually reporting all these to the church and to the world at large, by his letters to the journals, like leaves from a forest, or, as he sometimes termed them, "feathers from a flying wing." By means of his pen, every point in all our spiritual domain was put in communication, if not communion, with every other; while the service rendered was not only great to the religious world, but to the secular as well.

In his relation to philanthropic reforms, it has already been stated that his action was inspired by his religious convictions. There has scarcely been a reformer for a hundred years who has been so eminently Christian in his methods. One great principle actuated him; namely, the *sacredness of man*, created in the Divine image, and made of one blood, however diverse in nationality or condition. It is true this religious principle coincided with a natural love for justice and hatred of the opposite. It was in him when, a school-boy, he defended the friendless colored girl whom he thought to be treated inhumanely by the teacher. In his young manhood, while Principal at Amenia, there was some controversy among the trustees or patrons of the school, respecting the presence of a

colored student. He said, "If you dismiss him you dismiss me." From his entrance into the ministry, the wrongs of the colored race were the cause of burning indignation with him. He was an Abolitionist *religiously*, not merely so far as the exigencies of politics or social expediency might admit. His *National Sermons*, written, some of them, before the physical conflict began, and nearly all of them before it closed, abound in the clearest views of the nature and bearing of the contest. They abound, too, in utterances, which, at the time, no doubt, to some seemed mere extravagant fancies, but to which the events have given the verisimilitude of prophecy. In the sermon on the Assault on Charles Sumner in 1856, he said: "If we postpone our political reformation to the presidental contest of 1860, there will be civil war." In 1859, on the day of John Brown's execution, he said: "Ere long slavery will lose its Waterloo. Within this first century of our national life it will disappear." Says Dr. Daniel Steele (Methodist Quarterly Review, April 1870, p. 191), reviewing these sermons: "So marvellously have these prophecies been fulfilled that we should be tempted to the skeptic's resort of asserting that the prediction was made after the events, did we not know that . . . . these predictions were printed at the time of their utterance."

The period of the bitterest persecution against those holding such sentiments as his, had passed before his advent. Still he incurred much hostility and greatly perilled his popularity. High officials in the church thought him a rash, and perhaps mischievous young man, and as his power grew, their disapprobation grew into fear and their fear became alarm. It was only that marvellous power of his to draw even his antagonists to him that gave him his great influence and leadership. Many of those in his charges who were naturally most decided

against his views were among his warmest supporters and cherished friends.

The overthrow of slavery as a political institution was in no sense the goal of his efforts. He still steadily demanded that there should be perfect equality before the law, civil and ecclesiastical, of all men, black and white. He insisted that Christianity meant not an iota less than this, and that whatever religion fell short of it lacked so much of being genuine Christianity. He felt, too, that only the spirit of Christ could cleanse our modern American society of this damning sin of caste. He abhorred the "color line" in our Conferences from the beginning to the very last. In a Fast-day sermon preached seventeen years ago, before the New England Conference in Charlestown, he said: "We should abolish every colored church. All should melt into each other. All ye are brethren." "We must expunge the word 'colored' from our minutes. It ought never to have found a place there. How abominable that epithet must appear in the eyes of the Saviour. . . . He does not write it in the Lamb's Book of Life—the heavenly minutes of his church." Every recognition of this in the regulations of the church he regarded as an ungodly as well as an inhuman prejudice.

For this reason, too, he took no stock in the sentiment about "fraternity" with the church South. He believed that there were good and sincere men in that communion, and he honored and even loved them as such. But he believed that church, as such, to maintain a moral position which is utterly at war with one of the most essential principles of Christianity. It was not merely that it had been one of the chief moral bulwarks of slavery, with all that it implied; but that it still pertinaciously held to the same principles, and was obviously actuated by the same spirit, and that it virtually

demanded of Northern Methodists a suppression of any principle or sentiment in antagonism with this. This is evident from the fact that, all through the recent infamous persecutions of the colored race, and of all in the South who have befriended them; the disfranchisement of hundreds of thousands of them; the murder of scores of our own preachers, largely because they were our preachers; the burnings and hangings, and other atrocities practised upon unoffending persons, because they held to principles which our church now holds as among its essential ethical and religious ideas,—there was scarcely one organ of public opinion in that communion which gave more than a mild rebuke, while in the great majority of instances they either tacitly or expressly sanctioned the crime. The profession of fraternity in such a case he felt could be little more than arrant hypocrisy.

We all know very well that Bishop Haven never shrank from any logical result or application of his principles. He treated his colored brethren, always and everywhere, as brethren; in the South as well as in the North. He invited them to his house; he went to their houses whenever occasion required; he ate at their tables and refused to recognize any degrading distinction. It was this more than anything else that drew upon him the wrath and obloquy of Southern men. Those who had these people about them all the time; who were associated with them not only in all possible legitimate and decent relations, but in some relations that were neither legitimate nor decent; who really had no sort of objection to the closest intimacy with them, only provided the stamp of servility was recognized, were horrified that a Christian Bishop should dare to outrage the proprieties of Southern society by eating bread in the house of one of his brethren in the ministry who had some of the servile blood in his

veins. He refused to pay any deference to a usage of such intrinsic hypocrisy. This was no eccentricity or sensationalism on his part, nor was it any affectation of a vulgar democracy, or any low inclination. He was by nature a man of nice and delicate, and even fastidious tastes, tending rather to exclusiveness except as he suppressed his constitutional prejudices. Nor was there in his action any condescension or patronage.

The malignity and vituperation which were manifested toward him in the South, he took as a matter of course. None of these things moved him. It was a wonder that he was permitted to live and travel at large as he did. But God preserved him by making men afraid, and stopping the mouths of the lions. But if he was hated, he was also loved all through the South; and his name will be held in affectionate remembrance and reverence as no other will be, in the years to come, by the multitudes whose cause he espoused, and for whose sake he suffered obloquy, reproach, and much malediction. It will be remembered, too, that in the service of the same race were sown the seeds of that disease which brought his earthly career all too early to a close. For it was in the visit to the coast of Africa to investigate and plan for the furtherance of the work of Christianizing that great continent, that he incurred the malady which hastened his death.

In *social life*, his large intelligence, and that, too, in matters of universal interest; his ready command of language; his sense of the fitness of things; his perception of the peculiarities of those in whose company he was, made him one of the most talented and agreeable of conversers. He stimulated every one, and called out the best there was in all who came in contact with him. The wit that is wisdom and

which conveys truth sometimes when no other process would answer; the wit that, without much positive wisdom, often pricks the bubble of conceit, scatters a whole brood of errors, and annihilates a humbug as a hand might brush away a spider's web; the pleasantry that enlivens intercourse; the dash of thought; the startling simile; the flashing repartee; the humorous anecdote; the ingenious argument; the ready objection; the well-aimed extravaganza, and the hundred other resources of a charming, instructive, and inspiring talker, were his; — and when, as was sometimes the case, the hard hitter was himself hit, none enjoyed his own discomfiture more than he. How easily, too, he adapted himself to all sorts of company, and to all kinds of men; treating each always as a man, no matter what grade in society he held, yet seldom deceived in the character and motives of those with whom he had to do. He could deal frankly, and severely enough, if necessary, with pretentious and conceited coxcombs and human frauds everywhere, and bad and vile men, if they ever approached him, as they were not very likely to do. But to all others the tide of his good-will and kindness was as strong as it was unostentatious. His *benevolence* was just what the word itself most naturally means, and nearly all men felt it who came within the sphere of his influence.

Not these qualities alone made his society desired. The genuine sympathy of which I have spoken, the advice and counsel in emergencies, the sound judgment which almost from the beginning characterized him, caused him to be sought by many in their need.

What he was as a *friend* I cannot undertake to tell. Language is not competent to show the wealth of that companionship. We were not afraid of him, for there is even a human love that casts out fear. What freedom there was in our inter-

course with him! How sharp sometimes his rebukes; how he hurled the javelins of his wit in among our follies and conceits, while at the same time he held himself open to all such treatment as he gave to others; and yet how faithfully he held us all in his great heart! He was about as much at home in some of our houses as we were ourselves, and we were the more at home for having him there. It was about the sincerest, freshest, most disinterested friendship I ever knew. It is true that this closer and warmer intimacy was limited to a circle, large indeed in itself, and yet small compared with the great range of still earnest friendships which characterized his intercourse with acquaintances in every part of the land, and, we might say, in every quarter of the globe.

No man in our church, I venture to say, and perhaps no man in our country, has died within the last quarter of a century, on account of whose death there has been, in so many instances, a sense of personal loss. The mourning is wide-spread and very great.

There are many other characteristics of our honored friend which, had we time, it would be pleasant to contemplate. Of one more brief mention must be made. It is the generosity and magnanimity which he unfailingly manifested towards not only those who differed from him, but many of those who were bitterly hostile to him. I think it doubtful if any one ever saw him animated by a vindictive spirit toward those who had treated him most unfairly, or even meanly. On the contrary, many a time have we known him to say and do the kindest and most helpful things to those from whom he had received most evil usage.

The life that after all these words has been only partially set forth, was surely one of the grandest that any of us have known. It was a great, round, full life. We mourn because

it closed so early. But if "men live in deeds, not years," then was his life one of the longest. Looking up through our tears, and from broken hearts, we thank God for it. We thank God, too, that it had so grand a going out. It was better than those who loved him most had dared to hope. That day of his departure was like the departure of Socrates, only grander than that, inasmuch as the triumph of Christian faith is grander than the supports of the purest and highest pagan philosophy. He might not like to have us compare him to Paul. Yet he might also say, in his measure, as the Apostle had said before him: "I have fought a good fight; I have finished my course; I have kept the faith."

"As some great ship that through the weary days
A patient exile on the stocks has lain
Beneath the shaping hammer and the plane,
Complete at last glides smoothly down her ways,
'Mid joyous crowds that cheer her while they gaze,
Knows through her heart of oak the ripples thrill,
And feels the breeze her snowy canvas fill —
The seaward breeze that scorns the placid bays,—
So thou, grand soul, whom now we bid farewell,
Upon that infinite which is thy home
Art launched before us. Joyfully we tell
Thy slow receding signals o'er the foam,
Till lost — the while our harbor-lights burn wan —
In the bright track of the eternal dawn!" *

* Mrs. M. A. P. Stansbury, Appleton, Wis.

III.

BISHOP HAVEN.

REV. C. H. FOWLER, D. D., LL. D., IN "THE CHRISTIAN ADVOCATE."

BISHOP HAVEN is dead. A great brain has ceased to work. A great heart has ceased to beat. A great and good man has gone to his rest and to his reward. Though we as a church have been hanging over the sick-bed of this chief pastor, watching for the end, yet the blow comes with a shock of suddenness, and we feel our bereavement, and in our sorrow look about for comfort.

On every side we feel our loss. There is not a field of helpful activity that does not miss this manifold worker. The council, the press, the school, the cabinet, all are called upon to pay many talents of sacred treasure to the king of terrors. Few men in the land would be missed more than Gilbert Haven. While the church has suffered a great loss, every needy cause, as well as every oppressed people, has lost a friend and advocate.

How mysterious are the ways of Providence. Only a few weeks ago, after the meeting of the Mission Committee, on his last visit to this city, the Bishop came in the evening to our house, then called upon Dr. Dashiell, who was spending his first night in the hospital. He spoke rare words of comfort, and left him, praying for light to rest on the sick man. Little did we think then that the Bishop would be the first to enter heaven.

Bishop Haven died in his mother's house, in the very scenes of childhood, in Malden, Mass., Saturday, January 3, at six o'clock P. M. It is not too little a thing to awaken our gratitude that this itinerant, after a life of world-wide travelling, after the conflicts of a stormy life, was permitted to return to the home of his childhood, and to the house of his aged mother, and there, holding the hands of his mother and of his children, to pass down to the limit of mortal companionship. The proud and sorrowing mother, with streaming eyes, said to Bishop Harris, "I am afraid I shall lose my boy." It is difficult to tell exactly what overcame him, on account of the number of diseases that were besieging his constitution. There had been a deep scrofulous current in his blood, which caused the death of his sisters. The African fever, contracted during his official visit to Liberia in 1877, had been burning in his veins ever since his return. These evils were reinforced during the last few months with cancer of the bone, which made its appearance on the right thigh. He also had to contend against dropsy, which greatly hindered his breathing; and against Bright's disease; and against a serious heart disease — fatty degeneration of the heart. Either of these maladies would have terminated his life in the near future. All combined, and inflamed by typhoid fever, made the work of dissolution certain and speedy. His unbending will and exhaustless courage enabled him to keep his troop of mortal enemies at bay so long, that we almost hoped that his genius, which never failed him in any emergency, and Providence, which never forsook him in any peril, would set these enemies to preying on each other, while he made his way up again to activity. As a wise general, having to take a strategetical stronghold, marshals his forces to strike at every exposed point, so Death, having a great soul to capture,

marshalled his forces from every arm of the service, to make certain his victory.

Bishop Haven went through this mortal conflict with a calmness and serenity that could come only from the planes of heaven. In full assurance of faith, with the eternal capital in view, he went down, like the "Cumberland," with colors flying, sending up out of the gurgling waters the shout of victory.

A friend writes us that the Bishop, resting in the arms of Dr. Mallalieu, said, "I am borne up; I am floating; I am surrounded with angels!"

"Glory to God for such a salvation!" "There is no river here; it is all beautiful." This brave and wonderful soul, that was always so earnest, and yet so full of life, and so jolly and companionable, goes up with a shout, with a triumph that skips over the dark river without even seeing it, and calls back to his friends, "There is no river here; all is beautiful."

He was born in Malden, Mass., Sept. 9, 1821, and grew up in the nervous, restless atmosphere of Boston. He was converted while attending Wilbraham Academy in 1839. He is a trophy of the wisdom of our fathers in creating schools that should be nurseries of sound doctrine and deep personal experience. These church seminaries and academies have furnished a great army of ministers for the defence of the faith. Children grown in environments favorable to Methodism, where our church, and doctrines, and usages, and terminology, and experiences are defended and revered, are quite certain to be true to the faith, and useful in the church.

He went from Wilbraham Academy to Wesleyan University at Middletown, Conn., where he graduated in 1846. He was distinguished in college days, as since, for his big

heart and active brain; a good scholar, a jolly companion, always ready for a good time that would neither impinge upon the moral law nor upon the comfort of others.

After graduating in 1846 he went to Amenia Seminary as a teacher of ancient languages for two years, when he served the same institution as Principal for three years. This drill in the classics was of great service in polishing his pen. He was here so grounded in substantial scholarship, that he found himself ever afterward a master in the field of letters.

In 1851 he joined the New England Conference, and preached for two years each in the following stations: Northampton, Wilbraham, Westfield, Roxbury, and Cambridge. In 1861 he took a supernumerary relation, intending to visit the Old World. But the firing on Sumter gave him another call.

He was commissioned as chaplain of the Eighth Massachusetts Regiment. His commission was dated April 18, 1861, *and was the first commission granted to a chaplain after the war began.* He cherished this honor more gratefully than any other honor he received. The colonel of the regiment, having skeptical notions, scouted the idea of having any chaplain. Gilbert Haven, feeling called to do what he could for the race whose cause he had always espoused, was not the man to be headed off by an average colonel. He went up to General Butler's headquarters, pushed through the throng of excited men who were making haste to get into the field, and presented his case to General Butler. General Butler stopped in the midst of his work and said: "The 'Mayflower' was a prayer-room. Plymouth Rock was first pressed with the knees of prayer. Our patriotic sires prayed their way through the fires of the Revolution; and in the name of the God of battles we will set up

our standards." Then picking up a piece of wrapping paper from the floor of his temporary office, he wrote with a full, bold dash an order for Gilbert Haven's commission as chaplain of the Eighth Massachusetts Regiment. There are two strangely united names, Haven and Butler, on that scrap of brown wrapping paper. Possibly those two names, meeting on the common platform of patriotism, have been cursed and hated by the rebels more deeply and savagely than any other names known to American history. While these two men had little in common, save great ability and love of country, yet they comprehended the problem to be solved, and understood the people to be encountered, as few others have ever been able to do.

Broken health compelled Gilbert Haven, after a short pastorate at the Clinton Street Methodist Episcopal Church in Newark, N. J., to seek for rest in wandering over Western Europe, Egypt, Palestine, and Greece. This journey repaired the damages which overwork had wrought upon his constitution, and which for a time threatened the most serious results. It also furnished the material for that pithy, sprightly volume, "The Pilgrim's Wallet." Returning from the Old World, he was appointed pastor of what is now the First Methodist Episcopal Church in Boston.

In 1867 he was elected editor of "Zion's Herald," and entered upon a life of work and growing fame that cannot yet be measured. In this field he was distinguished. So marked was his success, he was offered the editorship of what was one of the most prominent non-Methodist papers in the land, with a salary nearly three times as large as he was receiving. But he declined the offer, saying, "Except these abide in the ship." He believed in ideas. He created ideas. He sent them forth to live or die on their own merit. His

business seemed to be to send forth these burning messages to the people. Soon the dome of the temple at the head of his "Herald" was seen by all eyes. Politicians raved, enemies threatened, friends trembled; but Gilbert chatted and joked and laughed and wrote, and let things work out results.

All the conditions were favorable for the usefulness and exhibition of his peculiar and brilliant genius. The public caldron was ready for anything except stagnation. Its greatest need was to be kept boiling, and from the New England materials, which are always combustible when struck against any public sin, he could easily throw on the fuel. He demonstrated that he was a supreme and superb agitator. Often have we seen him, with his pockets full of clippings from every sort of paper, abusing him for some of his speeches. He would take them out, saying: "Feathers! feathers! It must have been a good shot!" With a constituency that never dodged their own logic, he found himself transformed into a regular swamp angel, with nothing to do but to throw the heaviest shot with the accuracy of leisure. Sometimes the conservative men in the church were certain that he had completely overturned the ship of society; but he never hesitated. He believed that God could sail a ship masts downward just as well as any other way, if his cause could be served thereby.

Gilbert Haven will long be remembered as an editor who easily held the first rank. He had the courage of his opinions. Having the most advanced ideas on all social questions, he stood by them. He was an original Abolitionist, always defending the highest claims for the negro, equal rights everywhere. He insisted on the immediate and unconditional emancipation of all slaves, because slavery was the sum of all

villainies, and was hated and forbidden by God. He could conceive of no compromise that would make God encourage sin. He demanded equal social rights for the colored man. He was unsparing in his denunciation of caste. He believed in the right of the whites and blacks to intermarry, if any were so disposed. While he stood almost alone on this subject, so far in advance of his brethren that old-line Abolitionists used his utterances on this subject against him when his friends were presenting his name as a candidate for the episcopacy, he still proclaimed his convictions, determined to go up or down with them.

He believed in woman's right to the suffrage. Though this cause often brought him into undesirable associations, he never flinched, saying, "No good cause has ever been able to select its advocates." He was a strong advocate of prohibitory temperance laws. On all the great reform movements he fought on the picket-line; but in church polity and doctrine he was a Methodist of the good old style. He never apologized for being a Methodist. He put on his spurs and rode rough-shod over the conceited, skeptical, culture-spoiled autocrats of Boston. They soon became aware of his existence. This knowledge ripened into hate, then into fear, then into respect, then into admiration. He preached a supernatural religion that was an offence to the rationalism of Boston. He avowed faith in a literal fire in hell, preferring in an unknown field the word of Jesus to the sentiment of Parker. This jarred on the delicate sensibilities of Boston sinners who had secured no insurance against those fires. He preached a gospel that can save sinners, and a Methodism that has saved ten times more souls than any other ism in the world for the same period of its existence.

Of course he was hated and slandered and abused, but

these only encouraged him in his convictions. "Cursed are ye when all men speak well of you." was not written of Gilbert Haven. Indeed, it is never written of any good man in this crooked world. When we see a man stoned and clubbed on all sides, and see him still going steadily on in his work, we may know that the adversary has some reason for wanting that man put out of the way.

In 1872 Gilbert Haven was elevated to the episcopacy, and selected Atlanta as his residence, and the South as his special field of labor. He knew that he had only one thing to do, and that was, push the interests of the Methodist Episcopal Church in the South. He kept his face toward the future. He never deserted his old friends — the negroes — in any vain attempt to curry favor with their old masters. He had a full comprehension of his situation. While the ku-klux-klans were shooting, hanging, and assassinating white and colored Republicans all about him, he kept steadily about his work, never abating one jot or tittle his utterances concerning the crimes that were being constantly committed all about him. After three years' experience in the South he said, "I am often surprised, when I hear a rifle or pistol shot, *that I heard it.*" He travelled extensively throughout the South. He was familiar with the great destitution, ignorance, and prejudices of the mass of the people; and he never lost an opportunity to speak for their education and elevation. In his hurried trips through the North we have been permitted to talk with him more than one night till the coming of the morning; and he seemed too full of this great work of elevating a race to rest. Often he has seemed like the Master in his earthly work, gentle as a girl, and almost broken-hearted over the sufferings and deprivations of the poor people at the bottom in the South; and, like the

Master in his treatment of the Pharisees, unable to find language with which to express his righteous indignation and wrath at the cruel and bloody villains that planned and instigated the crimes, and were able in any month to stop them.

In his office as Bishop he visited Africa. This trip he did not covet. He had a presentiment or fear that it would prove fatal. But when, in the counsels of his colleagues, it became his duty, he went to his appointment as faithfully as the humblest preacher. He said: "God has laid the African upon my heart; now if he wishes to complete the sacrifice by laying my body down on African soil, his will be done." Again: "Whatever of opportunity for work I have, I owe it to my great conviction for this people; it may be well for me to return it to them with usury." Bishop Haven wanted to live for the work he could do; but if he must go, and could have been permitted to select the cause for which and the means by which his death should be accomplished, we have no doubt he would have chosen the way that was appointed.

In 1851 Gilbert Haven was married to Miss Mary Ingraham, with whom he lived in the most exalted affection nearly ten years, till her death in 1860. He was a lover all these years, and after her death he never abated or diverted his affection. He regarded himself as a married man, and during the twenty years of his solitude, after her departure, he never allowed his affections to stray from her. She left him two children—a son and a daughter. These he has reared with the utmost care. The son is a graduate of Wesleyan University, and is now a student in Drew Theological Seminary. The daughter is a student in Boston University.* Each year, as the anniversary of the death of his wife came round, he

* Graduated in the class of 1880.

wrote a letter to each of his children, telling them about their mother. With the mind of a truly great man, with a genius that was easily seen from any spot on this continent, loved and hated as no small man can ever be, he was yet so gentle and tender in his great heart-longings. He would once in a great while, in the midst of his talks about his work, in the short hours that usher in the morning, open his weary, waiting heart and talk about that wonderful woman that had gone into the excellent glory to watch for his coming. Once he said, "When this great battle is ended, and the Master lets me into the city, I intend to lie down with my head in my wife's lap and rest for a thousand years." It is enough to make one's heart ache to see the weariness of these great souls that carry the sorrows of this world's helpless children.

Bishop Haven was an important factor in the history that was made in this land during the years of his activity. He had opinions concerning every public man and measure, and his opinions were not without force. Once in a private gathering of his fellow-preachers he said, "Brethren, pray for the nomination of General Grant." The words fell upon the public ear like blows from a trip-hammer. The politicians began to vociferate and the pious people began to apologize; but the words were out. Time only can tell whether they were the words of a prophet or of a philosopher, or of both.

He was a great writer. He had that peculiar witchery in his writing that characterizes the words of the true orator. One cannot cease reading till he ceases writing. Our columns have too often glowed with his productions for us to pause here to eulogize his pen. His books are: — "Pilgrim's Wallet; or, Sketches of Travel in England, France, and Germany": "Occasional Sermons": "Life of Father Taylor, the Sailor's Preacher": "Our Next-Door Neighbor; or, a Winter in

Mexico." Add to these works many articles on every variety of theme, published in every sort of publication, and you have a glimpse at his labor.

He wrote because he was full, and must find utterance. He would throw off an article in a few hours that was rich in the treasures of knowledge, brilliant in its execution, gleaming like a scimitar, genial and jolly in its wit and humor, and crowded with wise and profound convictions. A struggling paper in the South, with only a few subscribers, would receive as noble a product of his genius as he would send to the proudest or greatest periodicals of the day. He wrote, as St. Paul preached, because he must.

He was a marvellous student. He seemed to require but little sleep, and to be oblivious to weariness. He would talk with his friends where he stopped till it would be cruel to keep them up longer, however much they might be charmed by his brilliant conversation; then he would go to his room, and read or write by the hour. He was familiar with everything in respectable literature. His memory recalled whatever he read with great accuracy. Some of his articles seemed to have been wrought out in the library of a student of leisure. Yet that was all in the seeming; for they were written on scraps of envelopes and bits of brown paper and margins of newspapers — written on his knee in a railroad car with a stub of a pencil. When once they had passed the type and came to the public, they had the finish of some ancient classic. Some of our readers will recall an article from his pen concerning his voyage to Africa, in which he traced a parallel between his doubt of the existence of any land ahead and the doubt of the skeptic about the promised land. It was full of arguments and facts and quotations, yet it was manufactured out of what he carried in his head. It seems great praise, yet

we are constrained to say that, among all his other knowledges, he had more knowledge about books and literature than any man we ever met.

It is hard to analyze Bishop Haven's character; he combined so many divergent and often apparently contradictory traits. He seemed the most extravagant radical that one could ever fear to meet. Single sentences may be selected out of his writings that are of the most amazing character. Yet he was a cautious and conservative man in action and under responsibility. He would fly his kite over a gulf, and men standing outside of his brain would think it a foolish waste of string. But soon the finer cord would draw a heavier one, till in a little while a great suspension bridge of steel and iron would span the gulf, and all the dull commerce of common minds would be riding over the gulf as if it were the most natural and commonplace thing in the world. He was conscientious to the last point, avoiding always the toning down of his moral sense. Yet he was utterly devoid of cant or mock reverence. He was brave and generous. He treated his enemies in the most magnanimous manner. He was genial, yet dignified. He had that geniality that never patronizes nor seems to stoop to its surroundings, but acts from genuine oneness of feeling. His dignity was not that dignity of carriage which familiarity overcomes. We never long respect mere corporosity or stateliness, or assumed reserve. All these makeshifts for true dignity of character, which consists in a regality of soul, lose their value whenever they are thrown into the crucible of intimate contact. He was, indeed, a grand soul, sent into the world on a grand mission. Wise in counsel, he was full of plans for the promotion of the work of the church. In the counsels of his colleagues his voice

was often heard and always heeded. He brought his full share of suggestions for the solution of difficult problems.

We have had with us a grand, genuine, genial soul. His words live with us, and his memory shall not fade out of the church. He said, "I used to think I would like to write this on my tombstone as my epitaph: '*Graduated.*' But since the church has trusted me with one of her chief responsibilities, I hope to make it: '*Graduated with honor.*'" Surely that will be the verdict of the church, and of all who knew him.

The church is full of sad hearts to-day; hearts that are sad because we shall no more hear the clear voice of this man, no more look into his speaking eyes. We shall not soon forget his broad shoulders, his massive head with its thick auburn hair, his large and fine features, his remarkably clear and lustrous eye that flashed the inner fires of his genius, and his steady and measured walk — walking as one does who carries a heavy and precious burden. He has gone from us! We have his work, his example, and his charge. The truths he defended must still be defended. The poor he befriended must still be befriended. God will raise up some stalwart souls, that do not fear abuse, nor desertion, nor loneliness, to take up the great ideas he labored to promulgate, and to defend the rights he never deserted, till, in the near future, the church shall see the land redeemed from ignorance and oppression.

IV.

GILBERT HAVEN:

Bishop, Emancipationist, Leader of Men.

AN ELEGY, BY GEO. LANSING TAYLOR, D. D.

I.

Brave, brilliant, battling spirit, rest at last;
A conqueror, crowned with well-won laurels, rest!
Green grow the sod above thy pulseless breast,
Unthrilled—how strange!—by shrillest trumpet blast.

II.

How strange to think that fiery heart is dead,
'Mongst living millions erst the most alive;
Instinct with all for which earth's noblest strive,
Vital and valiant soul, strong hand, clear head.

III.

Ah, we shall miss him in the vanward fight,
Where clashing hosts hew out man's upward way,
Where evermore toward purer, brighter day,
Rolls on earth's age-long battle for the right.

IV.

No knightlier soul e'er wielded battle-brand,
Nor drove couched lance through steel-clad ranks opposed;
And when in righteous peace the conflict closed,
None stretched to vanquished foe a knightlier hand.

V.

Long years he bore reproach for Freedom's cause,
With that brave few who suffered for the slave;
Saw cowards cringe, fools scoff, and tyrants rave;
Stood up! spake out—man's rights, God's changeless laws!

VI.

Stood firm, spake boldly, conquered, mounted higher,
Not by base arts, by impudence and guile,
By bartering plots, nor demagogue's deep wile;
But truth, that maddened foes, set friends on fire!

VII.

And so, with pen, tongue, deed, in manful wise,
By noble work he won a noble place,
To guide the Church, to lift a downtrod race,
And preach the grace that gladdens earth and skies.

VIII.

At last complete he stood, enriched with lore,
With feet that knew the paths of many a clime,
With eyes that saw Art's meaning: soul sublime,
Poet and prophet, trained to toil or soar.

IX.

With knowledge ripe that compassed all his age,
With wisdom bold beyond the Present's sight,
With wit that flashed a keen but kindly light,
And broad, warm humanness, a laughing sage;—

X.

All gifts in one, a gracious, manly *man*,
He stood among us, conscious, full, and strong;
A feared and hated foe of every wrong,
A trusted champion in Right's conquering van.

XI.

Ay, thus in polished panoply he stood,
Broader than sect or sacerdotal vest,
'Mongst all the brightest, keenest, boldest, best,
In equal and acknowledged brotherhood.

XII.

The friend of all who earned or needed friend,
With crest that stooped to none, nor eye that quailed,
And dauntless faith in truth that never failed,
But gazed right onward to the far-off end.

XIII.

Grand, loyal soul! struck down in manhood's might,
Far out on Progress' thinnest skirmish-line;
What voice shall ring her watchword clear as thine?
What arm so proudly rear her standard bright?

XIV.

And so he fell, with all his armor on—
With great plans teeming in his restless brain,
By which old realms and lands untrod shall gain,
And unknown races bow to kiss God's Son.

XV.

Hark! from seven-hilled, eternal Rome a cry!
From Mexic Montezuma's crumbling halls!—
And Afric's far-off shore re-echoing calls,
To hail his hero-spirit to the sky.

XVI.

But Douglas flung the heart of Bruce full far
Amid the Paynim spears; then charged amain
Where Bruce had led, the casket to regain!
And so shall Haven's heart still lead the war.

XVII.

Ay, crown him victor, hero, patriot, seer!
Let sword and crosier cross above his breast!
Let broad, kind Nature fold her child to rest,
And friend and foe above him drop a tear.

XVIII.

Tears for ourselves, not him. He saw the strife
Of Freedom's agony in glory end;
He heard the clang of broken chains ascend,
And saw dark millions leap to new-born life.

XIX.

He saw, did well his part, and in full prime
Lays down the battered blade for crown and palm,
And enters—passing strange!—that endless calm,
Unshocked for aye by all the storms of time.

XX.

O stormless calm! unvexed by strife and wrong,
Serene and smooth abyss of love and light;
When shall we, too, lay down earth's weary fight,
And wake in thee, and join the endless song?

BROOKLYN, Jan. 6, 1880.

— *Christian Advocate.*

V.

EULOGY DELIVERED BEFORE THE PHILADELPHIA PREACHERS' MEETING,

On Monday, January 12, 1880.

BY HENRY W. WARREN, D.D. (NOW BISHOP WARREN).

In common with Methodist preachers throughout the Connection, we desire this morning to drop a wreath of affection into the still open grave of Bishop Haven, regretting that no flowers of earth or of speech seem beautiful enough for such an offering.

We get our most vivid conceptions of life from living men. We cannot make artists by theorizing to them about art. We put tools in their hands, show them the Apollo Belvedere, and the human form that is diviner, and tell them to reproduce it. For this reason we, whose object in this life is to acquire the perception, habits, and reality of eternal life, are set to study embodiments of eternal life. Our Divine Teacher puts all of that life that is possible into lowliest men, and raises them thereby into a succession of greatest heroes, and thus makes the way to the highest plain to the lowliest, even the wayfaring man and the fool. Then he embodies in the one perfect man, Christ Jesus, all of eternal life that humanity can bear, till it breaks out from looks, words, finger-ends, and the hem of his garment, transfiguring all with radiant light, and finally wrecking that human organism by its out-

going emotions of forgiveness and love. This perfect example of highest living, lifted up on the mountains of earth, on the mountains of thought, on the cross of voluntary sacrifice, and, far above all heavens, on the throne of the universe, draws all men unto him. And once there, the highest men see heights that are summitless, and an example of human possibilities that draws like a spiritual gravitation.

Not only has God done this in the past, but he does it in the ever-living, changeful present. He sets all his imitators to be living epistles, known and read of all men; all mothers, lovers, and friends to illustrate by their love the love that is higher; and then, when they are interwoven with every heart-string, lifts them up on high, to draw all men by the gravitation of love.

We desire to still hold in our view and hearts one who has companied with us in the flesh, fought hard in the good fight, kept the faith, and received the crown of glory which the Lord will give to us if we are also faithful.

The parents of Gilbert Haven were earnest, consistent Christians of the Methodist type. His father was one of the recognized leaders of his denomination. He held the responsible position of keeper of the treasure vaults in the Boston custom-house for many years. His mother still lives, at the age of ninety-three years.

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Before he was sixteen he became a clerk in a dry-goods store in Boston, with one who is now the leading merchant of the city. He here showed an aptitude for selling goods surpassed by none in the establishment. A prosperous mercantile life opened before him, but he began to feel it to be his duty to get an education. It cost him many a struggle to turn his back on the wealth and fame that he saw so plainly within his grasp. But he determined to go.

The very day of his leaving was marked by an event highly characteristic of him. The store was full of customers, when he, observing that a colored woman had stood a long time without attention, went to her, attended to her wants, assisted her slow comprehension, and, when asked to wait on other ladies, replied that he was busy with this lady. At the close of the day some of the clerks rallied him by asking, "Who was that nigger you were giving so much attention to?" He replied, "She is my sister." By taking up the shame and making it a glory, all criticism was silenced. This ability to get in a determining blow at first, followed him through life. He was one day introduced, in the most elegant book-store in New York, by the proprietor, to a noted scientist who was constantly attacking religion. "Ah," said Haven, "I am glad to meet you. We are somewhat alike, for I am as totally ignorant of science as you are of religion." The store rang with laughter, and the man treated Haven with the greatest deference thereafter. This is ever the way of true genius. When Dumas was at the height of his fame as a writer in Paris, a supercilious aristocrat, addressing his son, said, "Is not your father a mulatto?" "Certainly," said the son. "And what was your grandfather?" "An ape," said the younger Dumas; "my family line begins where yours ends." When haughty Pharisees sneeringly said of Christ, "a friend of publicans and sinners," he accepted the scornful title, changed it into glory, and said he came to seek and to save the lost. There is no glory like that made out of the world's shame; no victory like that won out of defeat. When character is grand enough to transmute the world's hot scorn into glory, it shows that that character is sublime.

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In 1851 he joined the New England Conference, and was

stationed at Northampton, Mass. Here it was my pleasure to know him. I was teaching school there, and was very often in his genial company. We sustained the same relation at Wilbraham, his next appointment.

At Northampton, he that had turned his back on the clear prospect of the largest wealth, served a poor society of obscure people, who had no parsonage or furniture, and could not give him salary sufficient to meet the weekly board bills of himself and wife. The society was too poor to pay a sexton, and Haven and I swept out the church. That cloud of dust that then encircled him has always appeared to me to be changed to a nimbus of glory by the smile of the Lord, saying, "Well done." The church was heavily in debt, and the pastor went to New York and Boston, among the prosperous merchants of his former acquaintance, and begged, in the face of coolness and sometimes insult, the money to pay the debts.

Northampton is famous for being one of the most beautiful towns in New England. He said to me one day: "When I go through these beautiful streets and see these elegant homes, it takes a clear vision of the eternal mansions to keep me from being discontented. But when I do see them, I say, 'I have a better house up there than any of these.'"

In 1860 his beloved wife Mary went up to glory, but not out of his sight. I have found him, in subsequent years, in a kind of exalted, holy hush on the third day of April, and he would say, "This is the memorial day;" and I knew all too well what he meant, and one day said to him—

> "Sustain that exaltation,
> Expand that tender light,
> And hold with lover passion,
> Thy blessed in thy sight."

He answered, "That is just what I constantly do."

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He preached his last regular sermon in the pulpit of the Arch Street Church, Philadelphia. He soon after arrived in Boston, went to the house of a brother preacher, said he was "infinitely tired," but begged this preacher to go with him to Salem to attend the funeral of one of the oldest members of the New England Conference. There he offered a prayer full of the most touching tenderness, and closed with a petition that all might be ready to follow,—"for the feet of them that shall carry us out are at the door." He died in Malden, in the home of his youth, Jan. 3, 1880, aged fifty-eight years.

We will now consider his later life and its glorious close. He was a constant advocate of the broadest culture of all the faculties of the soul. While yet a clerk in the dry-goods store, he acquired from one of his artist acquaintances such a knowledge of the fundamental principles of art, and such a cultivated discernment, that he became a discriminating art-critic in his subsequent years. Of the comments on the pictures of the annual art exhibition in Boston, none had a higher value than those of "Zion's Herald" when he was editor. He was thus prepared to enjoy that wonderful display of art one sees in the Old World, and that far more wonderful realm of color and form of which God is the artist — an artist who now continues, in every morning's dawn and evening's close, to exercise his power and ask his children to admire.

In the department of literary culture Bishop Haven was a marvel. That training in the classics, by so many years of study and teaching, gave him a rare delicacy of style, precision of speech, and forceful utterance. How often have I seen him on the hills about his early appointments, with a pocket edition of Plato or Paul in his hand, luxuriating in their master-pieces of thought.

In poetry he was thoroughly at home, acquainted with the works of all the crowned singers of all ages. From Homer to the poets of to-day they were his familiar friends. His memory could be trusted to reproduce much of their choicest works without the lapse of a single word, or the marring of the flow of their rythmic measure. The choicest gems were set in all his writings, and even irradiated the backs of postal-cards. He wrote his review of Mrs. Stowe's work on Byron far from all books, quoting from memory long extracts from Byron's principal poems, and published it with no opportunity to verify his quotations, and, as it afterwards proved, without any need to verify them. He wrote an appreciative review of Wordsworth, early in life, and declared, long before the critics had agreed upon the fact, that Lowell had the most penetrative vision of any poet that our country had produced.

His familiarity with the hymnology of the Christian ages was great. He could quote the rarest hymns by the hour, and give the name of the author of almost any hymn in use. One of his favorite stanzas showed the range where his mind delighted to revel:

> "Thy temple is the arch
> Of yon unmeasured sky
> Thy Sabbath the stupendous march
> Of vast eternity."

He was perfectly familiar with all that modern culture had to offer. An ardent admirer of Emerson and all the new lights of the modern school of the gospel of culture, he accepted all the good they had to give, but perpetually saw beyond, a higher region where they had not entered. By speech and pen he constantly offered this new realm to those arrogant, self-styled apostles of the new era, but offered it only on condition of humility and faith in the despised Nazarene.

No man ever more resolutely beat the outside veneer and varnish of a Christless culture into resounding its own hollowness. No one ever told its disciples more emphatically, "Except ye repent, ye shall all likewise perish." The writhings of some of these men, when impaled on his editorial lance, strikingly remind one of the rage of the Scribes and Pharisees, when Christ called them whited sepulchres and graves that appear not.

He had an abiding faith in principles. He recognized them to be the laws of God, and that God still lives in them. He ever held that one man with God, against the world, was in the majority. His first published sermon, uttered in his young manhood, before he had joined conference or had a charge, is devoted to enforcing the higher law. It was preached on the occasion of the passage of the Fugitive Slave Law, and declares that men are not only to refuse to assist in its execution, but are to oppose the ungodly decree. "If this be treason, make the most of it." It is allegiance and loyalty to the higher law of God.

He decided questions concerning his own interests on the same ground of principle. He talked with me about an invitation to the editorial chair of the "Independent." It was the great religious paper of that day. The salary was three times what he was receiving. Here was a grand opportunity for a Methodist to help mould the religious sentiment of his own generation. But he said no, at once. "The church is the one great thing in this world; success must come along church lines. My being there might injure my own church papers." And applying a sentiment of St. Paul to himself, said: "Except these abide in the ship, ye cannot be saved."

Let us remember that Gilbert Haven came to his intellect-

ual kingdom in a peculiar time. Forty years ago there was an astonishing agitation of mind in Massachusetts. The air was electric with ideas. Everything went into the crucible of reason, and was tested by both logic and experiment. There were communities formed to try the principles of Communism. Fourierism was best known in 1843. Transcendentalists published their organ, — the "Dial." Second Adventism began in 1849. Massachusetts entered on the first stages of its long fight of legislation prohibitory of liquor-selling, by its fifteen-gallon law, in 1838. Dr. Cheever published his "Deacon Giles's Distillery." Dr. Graham insisted on vegetable diet, and gave his name to a sensible bread. Dr. Thompson propagated his system of fire in medicine; Preissnitz, his of water; and Hahnemann his of infinitesimal doses.

Massachusetts did not simply argue these questions, but, true to the Methodist idea, and the idea at the bottom of all the progress of the nineteenth century, insisted on experiment and experience. There were three enormous institutions for water-cure within a mile of each other in the town where I lived. During all this time such women as Lydia Maria Child and Abby Kelly Foster, and such men as Edmund Quincy, William Ellery Channing, William Lloyd Garrison, Orange Scott, and Theodore Parker were thundering against slavery with a continuous cannonade. I remember that these subjects were constantly discussed, not only on rostrums, in the pulpits and papers of the cities, but in the school-houses, shops, and around the firesides of the whole country. The nation, looking northward to Massachusetts, saw a kind of intellectual borealis, darting its spires of light, flinging wide its banners, and on every one of those banners, illumined by these wierd and flashing lights, they saw inscribed the God-given rights of man.

Of course, men went wild and uttered strange things; men of one idea always do. Garrison, finding that he could not enlist Lyman Beecher in his righteous crusade, wrote bitter things against the church. Parker did worse; he, an eleventh-hour convert to abolitionism, misrepresented the church. It was bad enough to oppose Christ, but to misrepresent him as a glutton, a winebibber, and possessed of a devil, was the depth of wilful malignity. But where men of one idea go astray, men large enough to take in all ideas keep in the way of rapid progress to complete perfection. Gilbert Haven put Christ in the centre of the universe, where others put men, or worse, their own notions. Savonarola said, with unequalled eloquence, to the Florentines, "Christ is the King of the universe; will you have him to be your king?" And Haven said to excited New England intellect, bowing down to socialism, woman's rights, reform, and freedom,— worthy idols as ever man worshipped,—"Take Christ for your king, and all these shall be your ministers." He cried to the church, "Come up to labor for these reforms, permeate them with conscience and Christ, or the politicians will emancipate the slave, get all the credit, and pour tides of cursing on the church, as a reluctant Meroz, that 'came not to the help of the Lord, to the help of the Lord against the mighty.' Perhaps the reformers can emancipate the slave, but they can never educate or Christianize him. The church must come to the front, or lose the grandest opportunity of all the centuries." He doubted whether God would give success to the humanitarians who were struggling to free the slaves, till the church was ready to take care of them. Thus the church seemed to him to be responsible for their continued bondage.

Having adopted the principles of God's eternal government

as his only guide, he accepted them without reserve. When the slave was freed he declared him entitled to all the rights of a freeman. The deadly upas-tree being fallen, let all its roots be dug up. Give the emancipated man all rights, political, social, religious; let him be a free man at the polls; let it be lawful for him to marry any woman that will wed him, though he be black as Othello, and she white as Desdemona; let him have all religious rights; let him preach to any congregation willing to hear him, and choose the man who shall preach to him.

In pursuance of this idea he diligently sought to have Rev. J. N. Mars, a colored man, admitted to the New England Conference, and succeeded, though there was no congregation of his color for him to serve. He would no more exclude any man from the church for his color, than God would exclude him from heaven. In the great multitude before the throne, out of every nation, and tribe, and kindred, and tongue, the nationality of each must be recognizable. Haven loved his brothers of a darker hue, not because of affinities, but because they were abused. Christ sought us not for our beauty or worth, but because we were lost. Bishop Haven was ready to help any one in trouble. He constantly spoke and wrote against woman's wrongs, intemperance, Romish usurpations, and the slanders against his nation. He knew his country's sins, and lifted up his voice like a trumpet against them. But when in Europe he found his country misjudged and maligned, he stood by it in their public prints with a wisdom that was eminent, and a courage that was sublime. When he was elected to the episcopacy, the church knew just what a radical he was. The times had called out his most significant utterances. These were printed on a fly-leaf, and circulated about the conference on

the day of the election. That the church should still say to him, "Pass up to the head," shows what grand advance the church had made in twelve years.

Not only was young Gilbert Haven able to turn away from the allurements of wealth, that offered its glittering prizes to his reaching hand, but he was able to exercise the largest generosity through life. When he could not pay his board out of his salary, he was accustomed to give one-tenth of that salary in charity. And he diligently enforced this principle on his friends. And when his income increased, according to the divine promise, like Wesley, he "got all he could, saved all he could, gave all he could."

His pre-eminence among the Bishops is this: that he constantly sought to raise money, whereby the strong might bear the burdens of the weak. No sooner was he assigned to work in the South, than he laid the largest plans for its education. He bought three hundred and sixty acres of land in the new part of Atlanta, designing to let some of it out in small farms to colored men; but from its highest part one of the finest colleges in the South should look down on the city. Its walls are now rising. A large part of the money was raised, and he was intending to find a large part of the remainder in the City of Brotherly Love. When God removes the workman, may the work go on.

When the sorrowing and grateful citizens of Florence buried one of their best beloved friends on the beautiful hill, San Miniato, they erected a monument by public subscription, and wrote one of the best inscriptions that ever adorned the grave of man: "Here lies Giovanni Cappelari Della Columbo, who was Prefect of the Finances of Florence for twenty years, and died poor." Bishop Haven died leaving a wealth of subscriptions to needy institutions of learning; his

monument should be the immediate raising of $15,000, to pay those subscriptions.*

Gilbert Haven was a *natural leader of men*. He was always before his time. He was mainly instrumental in introducing the laity into the New England Conference, before the mind of the church at large had especially considered the question. He aided to create, in that conference, Church Aid and Education societies, when as yet there were none in the denomination. To his wise counsels the church owes the devotion of the wealth of Isaac Rich to the founding of the Boston University.

Basing his convictions on great principles, he easily became a prophet. Policies change with every wind of expediency. No man can foretell the condition of the money market, for it changes with the varying interests of numerous men. But one can find the trend of the great ocean currents of the universe, and tell whither they will flow, despite of surface winds and waves. In the darkest day after Bull Run, he said, "We shall succeed, and we shall emancipate the slaves." He never mistook the spirit of the times; never believed in fraternity with unreconstructed rebels.

His sunny spirit was too large to be disturbed. He said to a high official in a Southern church, after a free discussion of their relative positions: "We love you and shall pray for you." He was answered: "We don't want any of your prayers, and please to understand that we hate you." "Well," said the Bishop, "we are commanded to love our enemies, and pray for them who despitefully use us, and shall keep right on loving and praying just the same." The grandest picture this world ever saw in all its history was Jesus

* It is understood that all these subscriptions have been assumed by a wealthy Philadelphia Methodist.

reviled, spit upon, scourged, crucified, but undisturbed. This world's hate and pain could not ruffle the Infinite. The most bitter thing I ever heard said to man I heard said to Gilbert Haven. He flushed almost scarlet, but he answered never a word. And I know that the beloved Lord, who said, "Be ye followers of me," will not be offended at my tracing the resemblance between him and one who tried to be his follower.

But, perhaps some will say, he was too radical, and shocked the sensibilities of many who could not march along the world's progress with his stride. I have no doubt he shocked many. But have we not learned by this time that Hercules could not hold the distaff of Omphale gracefully? We all wanted to dictate a policy to Abraham Lincoln once. But who dares criticise him now? And shall this man, born of such parentage; breathing in radicalism with every breath; familiar with the most advanced thinkers of the race, yet keeping Christ supreme; grounded in such principles; generous, if possible, to a fault; so sensitive that the woes of the most degraded slave in the farthest rice swamp were felt as a personal pang; so fine in his affections that death and absence in the spirit-land for twenty years never cooled the ardor of his youthful love; so true to friends, so just to enemies, making it a principle of action to do a man a favor as soon as possible, if he had gotten an advantage of him in argument or position; so far-sighted that he largely originated the institutions and shaped the policy of the church — shall such a man be allowed no larger liberty of speech than we allow ourselves?

Let Bishop Foster speak. Bishop Foster is a man of the most delicate tastes, of a very conservative education and habit of mind. He has met with him in council for eight years,

known his spirit, measured his judgment, visited his work. Hear him speak, knowing that he is to go on record, and lose or make many a friend thereby: "The election of Bishop Haven to the episcopacy was a surprise. Thank God, he lived eight years to demonstrate the wisdom of that act. He has furnished proof that it was no mistake of judgment, and that Providence assuredly presided over the destinies of the church. . . . There is not a word or an act of his I would have erased. Let those who will criticise, it is our joy that he was so much to the world. . . . His name will go down to history side by side with that of Abraham Lincoln." Oh, Bishop Foster, I love thee for those noble words.

> "'Tis the old story; ever the blind world
> Knows not its angels of deliverance
> Till they stand glorified 'twixt earth and heaven.
> As dying limbs do lengthen out in death,
> So grows the stature of their after fame;
> And then we gather up their glorious words,
> And treasure up their names with loving care."

Do we ask how such a man dies? It is unnecessary. We know how Stephen died; how Paul looked death in the face; and our Bishops go home in such a way as to make us feel that they are in the true apostolic succession.

He went to the home of his mother, having none of his own, where were most of his books, his two children, the first picture he ever bought, the portrait of his wife; dropped pen and companions to give nature the best possible chance, and went into the valley to fight with three fatal diseases. He wanted to live. Seas of brown faces spread out before him, and in every one an appealing look for help. He saw thousands of imploring hands stretched toward him from the dark. On the other side of the river stood the blessed Lord

he had loved and served so long. Beside him he saw a glorified face he had not lost sight of for twenty years. Still, he wanted to stay. Work seemed better than rest, labor than reward. Finally, the doctor announced that he had not more than a dozen hours to live. Then he said, "Open the doors; call in my friends." They were summoned by lightning and came by steam. Said he to one: "As I have said in life, I say in death, preach a whole gospel, the whole Bible, a whole hell, a whole salvation by a perfect Saviour." "Is it all well?" said the brother. "Yes, indeed. I know whom I have believed, and He is able to keep me. I have believed His gospel *all through*." To another, who had been sick for years, he said: "I did not think to get the start of you, and so get first to heaven; but it seems I shall." Then this invalid friend prayed with him, as only the sorely tried can pray, and the dying Bishop, who had been silent in his religious exercises all his life, shouted, as men shout for victory, "Glory! glory! glory!" He bade one farewell, saying, "It is good-night now, but when we meet again it will be good-morning." He had dreaded death while living,—regarded it as a repulsive, hideous thing. He rallied a little from a death-like exhaustion, and said: "There is no river here; all is beautiful. I feel carried up in a sea of glory." We think of Him who led the disciples out as far as Bethany, lifted up his hands and blessed them, was taken up, and a cloud received him out of sight.

In 1869 he published a volume of twenty-five National Sermons, treating with rare eloquence and foresight on all the events of national importance, from the passage of the Fugitive Slave bill to the election of President Grant. On the title-page he put an open Bible, surrounded with this word of God to Jonah, "*Preach the preaching I bid thee.*"

Let that be Bishop Haven's last *ad clerum*. At the end he put a significant symbol of what that preaching should accomplish, a symbol that the publisher declared would ruin the sale of the book. It represents a pair of human hands united in brotherly grasp, and one of them is black. Let that be the prophecy of the future, and one hundred years from now it will be the most appropriate device upon his tomb.

VI.

DEATH OF BISHOP HAVEN.

By Rev. Arthur Edwards, D. D., Editor of the "North-western Christian Advocate."

News of the death of Bishop Haven, near Boston, Saturday afternoon, January 3, will be received by no one with indifference. Some men are bad enough to be glad, because they could never be reconciled to his life; others, by thousands, will mourn passionately, because the church can illy spare such grand men. If it were not for the living, we should say that the grandest soul of all is removed from among our militant heroes. Death always exalts the mighty dead in the estimation of men; but while still living we had given Bishop Haven a most exalted status among his compeers. Such was his influence upon all who understood him, that now, were he blameworthy, we should consider sharp condemnation but simple justice to him who always meant what he said and always said just what he thought. Fully persuaded that over-estimate would be like an insult to his grave, we can find no reproach against him — save that perhaps he did not more fully guard his precious physical life. He defrauded himself of sleep, gave too much of night to his eager friends, and worked far beyond the limit at which he ought to have paused for rest.

New England has yielded many advanced leaders, but Gilbert Haven was the noblest Roman of all, since he lifted

the standard of Progress in the name of God's Son. He believed that when God projected himself into this world, that visible person of the advent was very God, the Son of the Father, who when he was lifted up promised to lift all men upward also. Gilbert Haven groaned at the sight of man's need, and entered upon his hopeful errand to preach man's coming redemption in the name of the divine Jesus Christ. Therefore, as student, pastor, public orator, pamphleteer, author, editor, bishop, and "reformer," in every aspect, he spoke with glowing faith in Jesus who came to save men from their sins, and humanity from the wreck of rebellion against God. Had he caught only the slim inspiration of those who, as "New England reformers," have been half deified for their inadequate services to man, he would have gone to the front rank among such. Since, however, he essayed all things in the spirit of the New Testament, he gained not the applause of the half-infidel crowd, and failed to see the full triumph possible to that brilliant coterie had it also been organized on his impregnable foundation.

Gilbert Haven was a mighty man. No negative herald of dawn finds such opposition and criticism from the living; or, by his dying, hurls into men's souls such sense of sudden bereavement and sorrow. Men, in their grief, think of Lincoln's life and loss, and every freedman in the South will deem his fall most grievous, since his form lies lifeless beneath the shadow of that Cross which alone gives genuine and full emancipation. This winning speaker and pleader, in all his liberality, breadth, and hope, abated not one jot or tittle prescribed by the Word. In the fullness of his loving mission he measured his honest sincerity by God's Book. Broad, advanced, wide-awake to every suggestion that would forward his work, he was loyally true to the Master. No

flattery, raillery, or half-digested criticism; no sneer, laugh, or quip; no proffered honor, bribe, or wheedling assumption of superior penetration, moved him from the line of progress outlined by the practical yet dogmatic Word of God. He believed that man must be regenerated by God's Spirit, and all his prescriptions for reform insisted that this new birth must first illumine the souls of the fallen, and the souls of their human saviors. He believed in the Word *as it reads*, because he insisted that the Word is just as it is, since it was dictated to holy recorders, word for word. Our first glimpse of him is, therefore, as one of a club of students organized to read the Word in its original languages. Our last personal view of him was, too, but the other day, as he sat reading the New Testament in Greek, as part of his first morning worship. In that tongue God continued to speak to him, and he drank in the latest meanings with a facility denied to most men.

That Word went with him all day long, and life-long. In sermon, speech, newspaper article, book, argument, prayer, and conversation, he sought inspiration and guidance from the world's King. He was the companion of our national authors, statesmen, lawmakers, and rulers. He knew personally most all the men whose names will be forever associated with the country's last half of this century. With them he saw the hidden springs of our public movements and our national legislation. He saw more than most of those great men perceived, since his eye was not dazzled for a moment by the side-lights of selfish aims, or personal relations to public office. He went into their company, weighed their aims, measured their motives, scanned their material, and then resumed his own line of battle, strengthened beyond their possibilities because he carried all to Christ, and outstrip-

ping his churchly compeers because more abundant material had been grasped by his royal brain. Bishop Haven was not an "orator," yet he moved, and girded, and led, or angered men most mightily by his sweeping conclusions.

He seldom spoke as a struggling champion, but he prophesied triumph and heralded victory so confidently that men shrank away from opposition as does an enemy when he hears heavy guns in his rear at night. Nothing pleased him more than to see conservatives squirm under the batteries of his resistless assertion that his convictions *must* prevail if God continues to rule. His best sanction was the fact that cruel men, choked with rage, filled the air with scoffs in lieu of the refutations they dare not attempt. Opponents called him "sentimentalist," "visionary," "radical," even "blatant," "pretentious," and "destructive"; yet that form, now so motionless, is not more calm than the seer who knew the sun is rising because his erect eye had already caught the glint of divine twilight. The slave in chains, the citizen freedman replunged into peonage, the republic imperilled by political faction and popular indifference, — public calamity in detail and human woe in the mass, were weights upon him. It is consistent that in his manly zeal he should seek to startle men into life by prophecies that were far in advance of the ideal vouchsafed to men in general.

Like all men of his kind he was impeded temporarily by misunderstanding and consequent lies. For instance, he is almost cursed because they say he advised white men to marry negroes. He was the prince of "miscegenation" advocates. He, in fact, but repeated the well established law, that the commingling of long divergent blood-strains is physically a stimulant to the better tendencies of both, and he said this, passing, in the midst of an argument when the

law was but an illustration. The very social constitution of the South to-day proves that his saying was truthful, since the mulatto in chains created a practical argument for his manhood, which would have been impossible to a race of pure "Guinea negroes." The saying must be true, since the present freedmen of the South would, if released from disability, do more for the South in two generations than the white Southerners have done in six.

Perhaps his death was too early to fully vindicate the wise impulse of those who elected him a Bishop. His life was yet long enough to sanction his presence among those who, having reached the human ultimate of position, are conservatized and made cautious beyond the degree of such as have not yet attained. Our church has fallen into the habit of expecting reticence and universal acquiescence from these men, and Bishop Haven's soft hat, companionable salute, ready entrance into debate, prompt repartee, and incorrigible persistence in claiming his old relations to the church militant, have been a puzzle, a surprise, an inspiration, and a blessing to all who are, in a double sense, concerned. His allegiance to the methods and matter that suggested his advancement, thoroughly sanctioned the honors that came to him, and vindicated the men who promoted him. With tongue and pen he had a word of cheer for his fellow-workers whom he had left within call in his rear, and in this sad hour of bereavement they wonder how patiently they can toil in the absence of his inspiration! When men have spoken of their "fathers in God," Bishop Haven was not included, since never for a moment has he ceased to be in every sense a brother. The death of no man in the church could prompt so many to say, "*My* brother has gone." Our remaining church leaders have their troops of friends, but no one of them, because of the

peculiar temperaments and surroundings involved, has such a peculiarly personal following as had Bishop Haven. This one among our Bishops, by a law to which we all must give loyal allegiance, was in the hearts of his brethren, as each is ecclesiastically, *in ordine*, "primus inter pares."

Born in September, 1821; graduate of Wesleyan University in 1846; teacher and principal of an academy for five years; a conference member since 1851; a pastor until 1861, when he became chaplain of the Massachusetts regiment that fought its way through Baltimore; a journeyer in Europe for health in 1867; editor of "Zion's Herald" until 1872, when he was elected Bishop; a constant public speaker; author of four books; going to Africa in 1876; sojourner in the South for near eight years; going everywhere on the wings of the wind—he served laboriously faithfully, singularly, inspiringly, until now, when he is cut off in the prime of his life. He was widowed twenty years ago; and since, in the companionship of mother, sister, two children, and brigades of friends, he has glowed with expectation of resumed companionship with her whom the graces of no other woman could displace in his heart. Just as good, just as wise, just as progressive, as loving, appreciative, scholarly, eloquent, hopeful, and grand men are left, but the peculiar combination that made a Gilbert Haven remains not among us. His influence will live for generations. He will not fall out of mind. He can no more be displaced from men's hearts than could that wife be disturbed in the affections of his great heart. Now that he is dead, and that instinct, *de mortuis nil nisi bonum*, prompts noble men, he will begin to be frankly measured and honestly loved even by those he so thoroughly shocked. He will be sure to get justice from all save a few among Southern Methodist leaders. The grief that will come up from the lowly

in the South is a tribute to that kingly soul, enviable by whole dynasties of rulers who were crowned but externally. A prince has fallen, but God is good as well as great.

We think of him as a promoted servant, a hero crowned, a general removed from the field to the centre of the universe of progress, where he may view the battle to the end.

VII.

BISHOP HAVEN.

By Rev. E. H. Stokes, D. D.

Toll ye the bells, for our Master has spoken,
Has spoken the word which to Him seemed the best;
The light has gone out, the strong staff is broken,
The shepherd of souls has gone up to his rest.

Gone up to his rest; life's work not completed,
Ungathered the sheep which his heart would enfold;
Great plans so divine seem almost defeated,
The story unfinished his lips would have told.

Great plans all his own, as broad as the ocean,
Deep currents of thought, as free as the air;
Rebuking the wrong, whate'er the commotion,
He was wise to conceive and bold to declare.

With him wrong was *wrong*, no lofty condition
Could ever transform any wrong into right;
Baptized of his God, his holy ambition
Went down to the depths and exposed to the light.

Mourn! mourn for his death, ye sons of the lowly;
Toll, toll ye the bells for his sun set at noon;
Forever, amen! He dwells with the holy,
But ah! his departure comes on us too soon.

Too soon; yes, too soon; great saints and bright sages
Are grand in their work as the nations can see;
Abreast *thou* with them? Aye, more; lo! the ages
Are lingering laggards when marching with thee.

Hush, murmurer, hush! thou speakest, not knowing
The plannings supreme which lie hid in the sod;
The seed sown by him in the ages onflowing,
Expanding shall bloom in the likeness of God.

He spake! the word, like its author, eternal,
  Shall live in the heart and grow strong in our trust.
A day comes to earth when beauty supernal
  In Freedom's bright form shall arise from the dust.

It is well, yes, well! though Church be in sadness.
  Like Phœnix of old, from *his words* shall arise;
Deeds of the hero's which usher in gladness,
  To Church and the world a diviner surprise.

Then ring, O ring for our Bishop ascended;
  Ring bells on the mountains, through city and glen:
He lived for the right, the helpless defended,
  The fallen he lifted, and CHATTELS ARE MEN!

— *Ocean Grove Record.*

VIII.

BISHOP HAVEN AS A GENTLEMAN.

By Rev. J. E. Roy, D. D., Southern Field Agent of the American (Congregational) Missionary Association.

[From "The Methodist Advocate," Atlanta.]

Hannah More said of Saint Paul that he was a perfect gentleman. Yet his opponents declared that his bodily presence was weak, and his speech contemptible. And he himself admits that he was rude in speech. Hannah More meant that the great apostle had that gentility of feeling, that spirit of deference to other people's interests and comfort, which are the qualities of a true gentleman. In him what tender regard for the weakness of others; what reverence for the conscience of the lowliest; what respect for those in authority! This man of unbounded courage, who could confront all adversaries, was yet the one to exhort, "Be ye kind one to another, tender-hearted. Above all, put on charity."

Gilbert Haven was a gentleman; not after the Chesterfieldian, but the Pauline stamp; not according to the letters of that eccentric English lord, but according to the letters of the New Testament. When, last Sabbath, that Chrysostom of the Methodist pulpit was drawing the contrast between the apostle Thomas and the apostle Peter,—the one believing at last, and accepted, but never mentioned afterward in the sacred record, perhaps never doing anything; the other

sinning greatly but forgiven, yet impetuous and fiery, and sometimes making mistakes, *but opening the doors of the church to the world;*—I say, when the Bishop was analyzing those characters, and saying, "Give me the man of zeal and courage, the man who marshals other men after him," I was wondering whether his late official associate was not in his eye, as the Petrine apostle, who, great-hearted, but impetuous and liable to err, was the man to open the doors of the church to the poor and the lowly of this sunny land. As it was that stumbling apostle who laid upon Christians the injunction, "*Be courteous*," so was it his fiery successor who, by his example, enforced the grace of courtesy. In his fierce denunciations he did not give way to passion, though "The Illustrated History of Methodism" says that he was "one of the most admired and best hated men in America."

Having had his birth, training, and much of his life, in the vicinity of Boston, that Athens of America, he possessed the external qualities of a well-bred man. But these were enriched by those inner graces of good-will and anticipative attentiveness to others' happiness, which make up the Christian gentleman. In that independence and self-poise of his nature, he always bore in mind that he was a man and a citizen before he became an ecclesiastic. That quality of manhood and of citizenship he never laid aside. When presiding over the convocations of his church, he could mingle the fitting dignity and urbanity. But among men he did not exact the severe proprieties, nor did he carry anything of a patronizing air. He had a winsome way—the artless expression of his heart—which is greatly attractive in our American society. By this gift he became one of the few men who make the name their mothers gave them greater

than all their official and scholastic titles; so that we cannot speak of him in any more deferential way than to call him Gilbert Haven. As such he will be known in the record of his times. In the same line, I have heard him speaking of the junior members of his conferences "as the boys," putting himself as their elder brother. Never was the manliness of a man less affected by the conventionalities of position.

In my personal acquaintance with Gilbert Haven I was let into the heart of a Christian gentleman. Two years ago, when I was on dry dock at Clifton Springs, he also put in there for repairs. In the unreserve of men lying off, we fell into a fellowship that was greatly enjoyed by myself. Just then there had been laid before me the matter of a transfer from home-mission work at the West to something of the same at the South among the colored people. I opened the matter to him. He kindled at the suggestion. He urged my acceptance. He cleared away some difficulties. He magnified the work that my denomination was called upon to do in the way of helping the South to take care of these dusky citizens. Not a shade of sectarian feeling was there in his spirit. If I had been a Methodist, proposing to come down and work under him, he could not have been more cordial. I now see that, in the line of providential influences that diverted me from my own West, where I had lived all my days and where I had hoped to fill out my life-work, he had no small share. I am glad that I accepted his advice. I am happy in the work. I love the South, which is now my home. If God wills, I expect to spend my days here, and to take an interest, after my small way, in everything that tends to enhance the material, moral, and spiritual welfare of all the people in this part of our country.

When I came, meeting him here, I received the very right-

hand of fellowship which he had promised me. His delicate attention went beyond my right to expect. I enjoyed the hearing, in this place, of one of his scholarly and vigorous sermons; at the Clark University one theological lecture, itself a marvel in its comprehensiveness, its profundity, and its simplicity; and at the Lloyd Street Church, in May, his telling baccalaureate; and then parted with him,—I to go North for five months, and he to go, *via* California and Boston, up to the New Jerusalem.

As I listened, last Sunday, to the silver voice of that silver-headed speaker, I was thinking that the grandest thing on earth was a gifted, cultured, consecrated man. What a power! Indeed, all the best analogies by which he sought to lead us up to a sense of the power of the gospel of Christ were drawn from the capabilities of man. What a loss, we say, when such a one is removed. After all, as in the material world, so in the moral, there is a conservation of force, by which no power is lost, by which all the good of a man is preserved.

At the funeral of Jabez Bunting, one of the coadjutors of the Wesleys, as the preacher, with failing faith, avowed, "When Jabez Bunting died, the star of Methodism went down," one of the brethren had the grace to shout out, "Thank God, that's a lie!" It was not the truth. At Westminster, in the burial-place of England's illustrious dead, the tablet recently placed there in memory of John and Charles Wesley has this inscription: "God buries the workers but carries on the work."

Men die, but God lives to carry on his cause, which is dearer to him than it can be to us. Our days soon pass away; but God is the same, and his days have no end. His covenant faithfulness is the ground of our assurance for the future.

IX.

FROM THE MEMOIR OF BISHOP HAVEN.

By Richard S. Rust, D. D., Secretary of the Freedmen's Aid Society of the Methodist Episcopal Church.

Read at the memorial services held at St. Paul's Church, Cincinnati, O.

[The strictly biographical portion of this address does not appear, the substance thereof having already been fully given.]

. . . . . .

One of Bishop Haven's co-laborers in the South affirms, that by the presence and labors of the radical Bishop, the work of the Freedmen's Aid Society was doubled. He was ever the confidential counsellor of the indefatigable secretary, and to these two men the church owes a large measure of its success in this great work.

After reciting the facts of his early life and ministry, Dr. Rust continues: —

In 1872 he was elected Bishop, and he selected Atlanta, Ga., for his official residence, and the South for his special field of labor. It is not surprising that the transfer of an intense radical from Boston to Atlanta should awaken opposition. In addition to this, his utterances were distorted, his motives misrepresented, and his principles maligned.

Every effort that ingenuity could devise was made to destroy his influence and defeat his mission. But with a heart of courage, and an unfaltering faith in God and the right, he entered upon the work of establishing in the South, upon a firm foundation, the Methodist Episcopal Church, which throws the broad *ægis* of her protection, watch, and care over all her members, without regard to color or condition of life. He felt that he was in the South by the arrangement of the church and the providence of God, and he resolved to do the best he could to plant in that fair land the old church and her institutions. He visited, ofttimes in great peril, all parts of the country, became familiar with the wants of the church, the sufferings and wrongs of the poor colored people, and in his travels all over the North he talked and preached and prayed, in his own impressive way, about what he had seen and felt, for the iron of oppression had entered into his own soul, and he "remembered them that are in bonds as bound with them." He identified himself with God's suffering poor, and enjoyed no privileges denied to his poor brethren.

In returning from a conference, when refused the privilege of conversing with one of the preachers in the car in which he was seated, he retreated with the preacher to the car set apart for the colored people, and remained in conversation until forcibly ejected by the conductor. He everywhere recognized the rights of our common humanity and brotherhood, and often exposed himself to the severest criticism in their defence. I never heard him denounce oppression and wrong with such fiery eloquence as in the heart of the South, with oppressors writhing in rage before him. His bold advocacy in behalf of the freedmen sent light into the dark cabins of this poor people and comfort to their troubled hearts.

I add here, that I never knew one who cherished so deep a reverence for the rights of man, and such contempt for those who violated them. The love of his brother was ingrained in his nature, and blended with every fibre of his being. He often spoke to me of the incident connected with his conversion to abolitionism. It was in his school-days, when the teacher treated with brutality a little colored girl for an offence that would have been unnoticed in the pupils of a fairer hue. He gazed in silent horror upon that treatment, his soul kindled with righteous indignation, and he vowed from that hour to take the side of the poor colored people against their oppressors, and ever after was their friend and protector. For the last few years of his life he seemed like one of the prophets of old, commissioned of God to denounce oppressors and defend the helpless and oppressed. On no other subject was he so exacting as for human rights, and against no others did he write such bitter things as against those who wronged the poor and deprived them of their rights.

His funeral oration at the Metropolitan Church, in Washington, in memory of the murdered Chisholm family, was, in his own judgment, as well as that of some of his friends, the best effort of his life. The nation was asleep, and the work of death was going on among our poor brethren in the South, and there was no one to help. He knew it all, and girded himself for the effort. With a soul profoundly moved, he delivered that grand oration in defence of that murdered family, which stirred the minds and hearts of the audience to their profoundest depths, and aroused the nation to the fearful character of that atrocious murder, and compelled the people to bring the murderers to trial. He said to me: "Such an opportunity to speak in behalf of our murdered

brethren was worth a life, and death for such a privilege was a price too poor to pay."

Bishop Haven took the deepest interest in our educational work. Scarcely an enterprise has been inaugurated in the South, since his assignment to that field, without his advice and co-operation. All embarrassed churches and schools appealed to him, and rarely without relief. At his conferences he always had some poor church or school for which to beg, and he started the subscription by a liberal gift himself. The amount of his contributions to benevolent purposes was very great, and he often pleasantly remarked that he could trust his friends for an appropriate burial. He aided all our schools, giving preference to those in the greatest peril and the most important to our work. The one bearing his name, at Waynesboro', and the Clark University, at Atlanta, were especial objects of his efforts. He raised funds and purchased four hundred and fifty acres of land for the Clark University, and when stricken down with disease he had commenced a subscription to raise $10,000, which he had pledged toward the erection of Chrisman Hall and the endowment of a professorship, then nameless, now the Haven Professorship.

No name is so reverenced among our colored people as that of Bishop Haven. They loved him, they trusted him as they did no other. When the news of his sickness reached them they came together, they wept, they prayed that he might be spared to them; and when he died there was sorrow in the hearts of two hundred thousand of our colored brethren in the South, and the two hundred millions of Africa will feel the loss, and learn to speak his name with gratitude.

. . . . . .

In the shadow of this great grief we bow in reverence and submission. We thank God for Gilbert Haven, his intellect, his culture, his writings, his addresses, his sermons, his liberality, his heroic life, his triumphant death. We thank God that he was elected a Bishop in the Methodist Episcopal Church, for the grand work he has done, and the sublime truths he has proclaimed. They shall never die. They shall prove an inspiration for all coming time to millions of young men that shall rally around the Cross to do battle for God and humanity.

X.

ADDRESS OF BISHOP WILEY,

AT THE HAVEN MEMORIAL SERVICES IN ST. PAUL'S M. E. CHURCH, CINCINNATI.

BISHOP WILEY followed in an eloquent and timely address, of which the following is the merest outline:

Bishop Haven was a grand man, physically strong and enduring, with a great heart and a great mind; a man of wonderful energy and concentration of purpose; of a clear brain; a Christian of pure developments; a man of tender and widely reaching sympathies. Intellectually he was a genius, a scholar, widely read, quick, witty, intensely active, with an incessantly working brain, with all its forces and all its vast resources ever at his command, and hence prolific in its productions to an amazing degree. His brain was one that seemed rarely to sleep. The oration over the Chisholm family will deserve a high place among the choicest productions of American literature. This address, which stirred the nation to its depth, was prepared in a single day.

As a patriot he rises before the whole country, and fills a place in the age and in the nation. He knew the whole country, its men, its politics. He was thoroughly posted in all the doings of the last eventful thirty years. As a patriot, he was true, sincere, intense, loyal, just, a profound believer

in all human right and human equality — in race, sex, and color. He was in favor of everything that was right and just and good. He was not a *statesman*, much less a *politician;* he never inquired what is expedient, or what is of party interest,— but what is right; and for the right he was fearless, and had the true spirit of the martyr, and for it suffered martyrdom. The South knew him no more than Jesus was known in Judea. He lived a martyr's life; he died a martyr's death. Yet, with all the weight of care and the constant sacrifices, his was a bright and pleasant life; he was of a cheery, cheerful nature. He went South in the fiercest national storms, and went with a consecrated sense of duty. His predominant characteristic was devotion to the right. His was a loving, tender, sensitive human heart. His heart, his intense hatred of oppression, his unfailing devotion to work, were a part of that resistless energy of character and fidelity to truth, justice, and right. In this he was a radical, a destructionist. He would tear down and destroy wrong.

In the church he was conservative; for in that was no wrong to be uprooted, no evil to be overthrown. He was a staunch Methodist. He had not the slightest divergence from its doctrine as interpreted by the church he represented. He believed in the verbal inspiration of the Bible, and was inveterately opposed even to the slightest deviation from the precepts of faith established by revelation, and accepted by the church. In him the church has lost a faithful, consistent, and conscientious officer. Before he was made Bishop the church saw plainly the vigor and integrity, but feared the apparent destructiveness, of his nature. When appointed a Bishop he chose the South for his field, and many trembled for the result. They thought him hot-headed — a warrior,

not a peace-maker. They feared that his method would aggravate rather than ameliorate the disease. But there are few who will not admit now that his choice was a good one, and that his vigor and sincerity were exactly what was needed. May his mantle fall upon men fully consecrated to the work which God has laid upon the church.

XI.

A TRIBUTE

By Rev. Marshall W. Taylor, D. D., a Presiding Elder of the Lexington Conference.

DELIVERED AT THE HAVEN MEMORIAL SERVICES AT ST. PAUL'S METHODIST EPISCOPAL CHURCH, CINCINNATI.

We have met here this evening under circumstances the most touchingly sorrowful. The watery vapor of heavy grief obscures our vision. But in the midst of the dark surroundings of this hour we may trace the outlines of the noble form so suddenly and forever vanished from our sight — of him who was *the friend of the slave, and the helper of the freedmen.*

Bishop Haven, in connection with Dr. R. S. Rust, was lately the centre about which the educational interest of the freedmen clustered and revolved. Bishop Haven, upon whom we gazed, as it were but yesterday, with admiring hope, has passed on to that "rest which remains for the people of God."

> "His body with his charge laid down,
> And ceased at once to work and live."

We estimated highly his patriotism and splendid talent; we likewise revered him as a chief pastor. One long and lingering look upon his manly form, enshrined in all the calm sweetness of the Christian's death, shall close the view forever.

A tearful multitude of mourners assembled yonder at Malden, and moved forward to an adjacent necropolis, telling their grief in mournful numbers. They have laid his mortal remains in mute repose with his colleagues, Janes, Ames, and other venerated men, who preceded them to the land of Beulah. We, too, have gathered here to review his active life, recall his many virtues, and address affectionate words of consolation to the sorrowing son and daughter, and to the deeply-bereaved mother, who now sits only waiting till the messenger of rest shall bear her onward to mingle with the loved ones who have already gone before her to the better land.

> "Silent grief shall be their glory,
> Grief that stoops not to complain."

As I survey the imposing audience before me, attendant upon the solemnities of this hour, I am instinctively constrained to silence. But a spirit whispers in the depths of my soul, "The funeral of Gilbert Haven would be poor indeed, and manifestly incomplete, unless the voice of the negro, for whom he labored and endured so much, be lifted up in grateful acknowledgment of his life, his work, and in undescribable sorrow for what to us seems his most untimely death.

> "Nor can the coldest mortal blame our tear
> Which glitters on his precious bier."

I have come then, dear friends, to offer the tribute of the colored people of the Methodist Episcopal Church and of the nation, to Gilbert Haven, our friend in slavery, our helper in freedom, and our spiritual guide. Hear me while I recall a few of the many noble acts of his life that bind our hearts with unchanging devotion to his memory.

He loved and labored for us while we were yet in chains. What Garrison, Phillips, and Sumner were to the State, such was he to his church. He lost no lustre by comparison with Chatham, Fox, Wilberforce, Clarkson, Watson, Wesley, or Coke. It was not mere love for the negro as such, nor an unnatural partiality for colored people, which actuated him. It was the love of justice and right, a violent hatred of oppression and wrong which impelled his mighty soul, engaged his fiery eloquence, and made him a warrior in the great anti-slavery conflict.

> "The warrior's name,
> Tho' peal'd and chim'd on all the tongues of fame,
> Sounds less harmonious to the grateful mind
> Than his who fashions and improves mankind."

I cannot think of any position in the gift of the American nation for which energy, culture, and superlative integrity is a qualification, that Gilbert Haven might not with propriety have aspired to. But instead, he reached forth his philanthropic hand, until, with my people, he touched and felt the stinging pain and the intolerable burden of the woes and needs that oppressed them upon his own heart, and devoted his life to lighten and remove them. Can you wonder, then, that we loved him? These things touched his heart and smote his ear as God's call to duty. With him to conceive was to execute. When once impressed with his duty, every diversion from it was sin to him.

Hence he put away from himself all popular patronage or favor that would in the least degree impede his efforts in behalf of the despised negro, whom he was not ashamed to call his brother and kindred. His high spirit could not truckle to the spirit of caste. The impetuosity of his zeal could brook no temporizing. "*Nulla vestigia retrorsum*" —

no retreat — was his motto. When our tongues were silenced by physical force in the South, and by statutory enactments in the North, he loaned us his, and told our woes abroad. When the awful notes of war were loudly sounding in all the country, and many refused to give the country a helping hand unless assured that slavery should not die, Gilbert Haven said, "Slavery must die." That war became God's agency of redemption. He was among those who went forward having only two purposes in view — to save the nation and to destroy slavery. He saw both of these accomplished, and we expected him to rest content with what was gained. But, in addition, he demanded land and suffrage in the South, as the rightful and only means of securing and maintaining our new freedom.

> "Honor to him who, self-complete and brave,
> In scorn can carve his pathway to the grave,
> And heeding nought of what men think or say,
> Make his own heart his world upon the way."

When the church called him to the Bishopric, he at once identified himself with the freedmen's work. He settled in the South, and hence was brought in closer contact with the people he felt called upon to aid, and, if possible, more deeply impressed than before with the magnitude of their necessities. He conferred with Dr. Rust, and plans were agreed upon between them for carrying forward the educational work for the freedmen on a scale commensurate with its demands. The Bishop, jointly with our beloved secretary, assumed the labors and responsibilities of this work, and continued with unflagging interest to prosecute it to the day of his death.

By the supreme mandate of our Heavenly Father, he has been relieved from further labor and the work remains unfin-

ished. To you, Dr. Rust, and to you, Bishop Wiley, the mind and hope of those he loved and served so well is now turned. Upon you, henceforth, rests the duty of completing what has been so well conceived and faithfully executed thus far. This is God's pleasure. May the church endow you with the means essential to its completion.

Bishop Haven labored, suffered, and died for us. He is the nation's dead, the church's dead; but much more is he our dead. As a hero we honor him, and as a pure Christian we shall follow his example. But it would be unjust to him whose memory I honor, should I fail to declare that he did not permit suffering humanity of any race to pass without the comfort of his sympathy, and the influence of his voice and pen. This trait of his character was indelibly written on the national heart when he delivered at Washington, in the presence of the magnates of the land, his burning denunciation of the murder of the Chisholm family. These words will burn in the conscience of our nation until outrage and violence are suppressed.

By his death is laid low the friend of humanity, whether clothed in fairer or in darker hue. Our friend is dead. No more shall we hear his lamentation and bitter denunciation of wrong; but his eloquent words in behalf of the slave, and in defence of justice to the freedmen, shall live forever.

Such, dear friends, was his sublime work and words when living; and such will be his sentiments when we meet him beyond the grave. They will not change, for they are right. And now, bowed, and uncovered at his tomb, we whisper: "*Requiescat in pace.*" "All nations shall call him blessed."

XII.

BISHOP HAVEN.

REV. BRADFORD K. PIERCE, D. D., IN "ZION'S HERALD."

GILBERT HAVEN, Bishop of the Methodist Episcopal Church, is no longer with us. He died to earth in great peace and without a struggle, Saturday, January 3, at 6 o'clock P. M., and ascended to his rest. How pathetically in his last hours he alluded to his weariness. He was tired out. But there is rest for the weary, and he has reached it. A number of his near friends were summoned to his bedside, on Saturday morning, to bid him adieu, as his physicians judged that he might not survive the day. Dr. Cummings, Rev. C. S. Rogers, and Rev. J. W. Hamilton were at the house. Rev. Dr. Upham, Brother J. P. Magee, and Brother A. S. Weed were in the company as we visited the well-known and pleasant home under the shadow of the Methodist church. It was a scene of Christian sorrow. Tender tears were dropping from all eyes; but it was not sorrow without hope. The Bishop was perfectly himself. The condition of his lungs rendered his speech somewhat difficult and a little indistinct; but his utterances were vigorous. He received us with great warmth of affection. He said it was his impression when the blow first struck him, six weeks ago, that it was fatal. He wanted to live if it were God's will. He saw great fields of usefulness before him. He had strong grasp, he said, on

both worlds. All was bright, however, before him. "I have not a cloud over my mind," he assured us. "It is all blessed. I know in whom I have believed. I believe the Gospel — all its precious truth — *all through*." The last two words he uttered with characteristic emphasis. It did not seem like a dying hour, save that all were weeping in the room. Through all his sickness he had conversed with his son about dying and heaven, as one would speak of taking a journey to a familiar place upon the earth.

But what a blank his absence leaves in all our circles of Christian affection and activity! Every one who really knew Bishop Haven loved him, however he might differ with him in opinion. He had the singular and wonderful power of winning the hearty love of those whose views on important subjects were widely diverse from his own. He rarely ever, in controversy, lost his good temper, which gave him a remarkable power over his opponents; and if he thought any one had intentionally injured him, this one would be the first person to receive an act of kindness at his hand.

Bishop Haven was endowed by nature with a fine intellect; indeed, in many elements he might rather be considered a genius than one of an ordinary intellectual mould. His quick temperament gave an additional power to his original endowments, and made him one of the readiest as well as most forcible of writers and speakers. He was an accomplished scholar in the classics and in general literature. His memory was something wonderful. He wrote his review of Mrs. Stowe's work upon Lord Byron, quoting at length from nearly all the poet's great works, while in the country, away from all books, and with no means of correcting his article by the originals. The Bishop had a style of his own. It was open to the criticisms of the schools; but it was peculiarly

vivacious and always attractive. He wrote, with astonishing ease, on the cars, in depots, on the backs of letters, some of his most attractive communications for the press. His books have had a wide sale. The "Pilgrim's Wallet," a peculiarly attractive volume of European travel, still has a good sale. His volume on Mexico was upon a fresh theme, and is a work of great interest and deserved popularity. The volume of his occasional sermons and addresses has not enjoyed so wide a popular distribution, but is by far the noblest monument to his intellectual ability, his broad charity, and his forensic power.

Bishop Haven rather underrated himself as to his pulpit ability. He was always instructive, and at times rose to a great height of true eloquence and persuasive power. Some of his conference and camp-meeting discourses will never be forgotten by those who listened to them. His address at Washington, in memory of the Chisholm family, was an occasion of extraordinary interest. The audience—one of the most impressive in the land—was powerfully moved. Perhaps this effort was the climax of the Bishop's power.

He was one of the most unselfish of men. He labored incessantly on the platform and with his pen, receiving large sums of money; but all was as freely poured forth for the aid of struggling institutions of the Church and for our great charities. No one can tell the amounts that Bishop Haven has distributed everywhere with a lavish hand. How many suffering colored men and ministers, as well as brethren in all our Northern conferences, will remember tenderly the quiet gifts that were crowded into their hands by the generous Bishop.

. . . . . .

From 1867 to '72 he was editor of "Zion's Herald." He

gave the paper a wide reputation outside of the church. He was a vigorous, audacious editor, always loyal to the church, conservative in doctrine and discipline, a radical reformer, outspoken, prompt, at the head of the advanced line of reformers, a denouncer of all unrighteousness,—even in high places,—a true patriot, a man to be loved and abused, but always true to himself and his apprehension of truth and duty.

XIII.

BISHOP HAVEN AND OUR MISSIONS.

FROM THE "NORTHERN CHRISTIAN ADVOCATE."

FIVE among the most eventful months of our life were spent with Bishop Haven. Impelled by physical necessity to seek a protracted sea-voyage, and by a long-cherished passion and purpose to see the missions of West Africa, in a wholly independent relation, at our own charges to the last farthing, yet by his invitation, we accompanied him to Liberia, and back to New York, by way of the Canary Islands, Spain, France, and England, and told him facetiously, when returning, that we had become well enough acquainted with him to write his *auto*-biography. We write not of personal recollections, however, now. There will be time for that, if the occasion arise, for it will be many a day, many a decade, ere the public interest shall have ceased in this man. There will, we predict, be more said that he said, and there will be more written about him than shall be found to be true of any deceased Bishop since Asbury.

On New Year's Day, 1877, on the bark "Jasper," in Bassa Cove, he had his first African chill. We rubbed, and wrapped, and administered, and then plead with him to leave at once the "dead-line." But no; the church expected him, he said, to examine all the work; and for weeks longer he tarried and toiled, inspected and inspired.

African fever was, however, only an accident in his "taking off." Our Achilles drove his chariot so rapidly that the axles took fire and consumed it; himself stepped into another, upward-bound, and "is not." Robustly, the Albany "Argus" says: "Stout and hearty Gilbert Haven is untimely dead. He should have died hereafter."

But of all who rise to do reverence to his merits and his memory, none will feel more entitled to a front rank, none to the privilege of placing the topmost *immortelle*, than the missionary force of our church, on whatever soil or sea, of whatever clime or color. There is no continent which living men will not feel to be the poorer and more lonely because he is gone. We write not now of the fact that, though Elliot originally conceived, and Vernon planted our Italy mission, there is room for doubt if, without Gilbert Haven's advocacy, it would yet have been; nor of his being the advance courier of Butler to the centre and circumference of our mission in Mexico; nor yet of him as the fore-champion of the rightful recognition by the Missionary Board of our Woman's Foreign Missionary Society, and the unflinching, unwavering, untiring advocate of a bold and broad missionary journalism for our church. We can but now speak of what he did and tried to do for Africa while in Liberia.

He found our Liberia church weakened and lonely by isolation, and bound it with fresh cords of connectionalism, by instituting anniversaries of our benevolent societies, by insisting that connectional collections should be taken, and by reproving the tendency to a local and secularized ministry, and theoretically even, where he could not practically, restoring the itinerancy. He found them in their poverty, over-estimating their need of pecuniary help from America for their pastors, and he spurred them to self-reliance by a prospective, graduated

decrease in their supplies from abroad, until they should wholly depend on their own resources. Determined to find or make a way for our church to take its proper place in Africa's redemption, he sought and sifted evidence until convinced that unless we were prepared to go in force to the Congo, not then known to be the Lualaba, no better base-line for reaching the interior was available than Liberia. It was but a comparatively short distance from the coast to the boatable waters of the Niger, and once there, we were in a "broad place." He felt that, though the church could not, with a quarter of a million of debt on its missionary treasury, plan a campaign, he must at least put out picket-lines, and with only a scout or two at his command, he pushed those back from the coast. He feared that the Liberia Conference was too much pre-occupied to administer safely along the broad lines he desired to draw, and so separated this work amongst the ruder and remoter races from their jurisdiction, and established a mission to Interior Africa. He found the schools of the republic paralyzed by recent wars, which had exhausted the exchequer of the nation, and the Liberia College well-nigh defunct; so he kindled the hope of a revival of learning, and revivified our seminary to secure a prospectively better educated ministry and membership.

He was the same political, civil, and social agitator in Africa that he was in America. He entered boldly and at once into all the problems that interested the nation. He found Liberia a mine of wealth, if only it had a short railway, and the obstructions at the mouth of the St. Paul River were removed; and he publicly plead for their speedy undertaking. He knew that, as the only republic on the West Coast, they could receive little sympathy from any European powers, and hence urged a line of steamers directly to the United States.

He saw that Britain and Holland were building a commerce, and finding a great market along that coast, and he sedulously sought to make the merchants of the United States see their opportunity to compete with them in Liberia. He found Liberians excluding from citizenship all but the black man, and he hurled his heaviest bolts at the narrowness and at the concomitant suicidal rejection of capital from without, when they had none at home with which to develop their unmeasured resources. He found them in peril, oppressed by arrogant and defiant Britishers on their coast, and with open sores in their disputed northern and southern boundary lines, into which British avarice and ambition poured, on every provocation, the poison of sedition; and he told them that no nation ever attained freedom and force, no people ever acquired respected manhood, who had not the courage of their convictions, and, if needs be, desperation to maintain them. He found them hugging the coast, and urged that their future lay in the interior, and that their fortunes must be allied with the native races. He found them, in many cases, subjecting to a mild sort of unlawful slavery the religiously and morally lower negroes about them, and his voice rang out for equality of rights amongst blacks as it did for equality of rights everywhere. We do not mean to say he originated all these questions and theories; for there were parties there which recognized and advocated many of them, and parties which as violently opposed them. But his was no uncertain sound, his no half-and-half convictions. At once, within a week of his arrival on their shores, he was in the thickest of the fray, and the foremost. There were people there, as elsewhere, who hated his positions and his pleadings; but the weight of his influence went all one way.

The church of Liberia sought to avert every possible peril

to his health, fearing they would lose a friend, and that if he fell, as a result of his visit, the church might refuse to risk the life of another Bishop from this country to visit their coast.

If the church at home, and the church and state in Liberia could realize what he planned for Africa's development, it were difficult to predict on which side of the Atlantic the African race were debtor. But he knew no race; he hated the term. His brother's heart-beat reached to whatever horizon he knew. He toiled in the tropics, and died pointing us to the pole. He lived in Atlanta, but plead for Alaska.

We leave to others, at this hour, the ungracious task of discrimination against his better qualities, while we mourn the loss of the quickest and most many-sided man of his times. With all his faults — and they were neither few nor far to seek — we look about to see where he left his peer; with all his weaknesses, who will occupy his level of power, who move on his plane of progress? "Nature made him and brake the mould." As the Germans say of Richter, he was "the only one." A vigorous antagonist, while he lived, has said since his death: "The fulness of vision and the corrective of charity will make the stalwart journalist and crusader a glorious friend to spend eternity with."

XIV.

THE SWAN-SONG OF BISHOP HAVEN.

By Daniel Steele, D. D.

From "The Northern Christian Advocate."

On the afternoon of Saturday, January 3, I received the following despatch from Malden: "Bishop Haven is near his end, and wishes to see you." Taking the first train, leaving the cars at Everett, and walking rapidly two miles, I reached the old homestead two hours before this great and good man's death. Quite a number were in the parlors, coming and going, after a brief interview with their departing friend. On my entrance into his chamber, the Bishop lifted up his hand, exclaiming, as he grasped mine, "O, Dan, Dan, a thousand, thousand blessings on you. The Lord has been giving you great blessings, and me little ones, and now he has given me a great one. He has called me to heaven before you — the first to break the immortal triangle" (a ministerial fraternity of four members). Said I, "Do you find the words of Paul true, 'O death, where is thy sting?'" "There is no death, there is no death," he interrupted, in the midst of my quotation; "I have been fighting death for six weeks, and to-day I find there is no death." I did not then know that these words are a part of one of Longfellow's immortal stanzas:—

"There is no death! what seems so is transition;
This life of mortal breath
Is but the suburb of the life elysian,
Whose portal we call death."

There is no doubt that that brilliant intellect, in which were stored all the choicest treasures of the poets, was citing this stanza as an expression of his triumph. Then he repeated, again and again, John viii. 51: "'Shall never see death, shall never see death.' Glory! glory! glory!" I had never heard him shout before, in an intimacy of thirty-seven years. He once told me he was never out of sight of land on the current of religious emotions but once; and that was at the Hamilton camp-meeting.

To my remark "You have a great Saviour," he instantly replied, "Yes, that is the whole of the Gospel, the whole of it." He then with some difficulty said:—

"Happy, if with my latest breath
I may but gasp his name;
Preach Him to all, and cry in death,
Behold, behold the Lamb!"

In less than a minute he had an opportunity to preach Christ by a testimony of his power to save. For just then his counselling physician from Boston came in to bid him farewell. Said the dying Bishop, as he reached out his left hand — his right was dead and black from mortification — "I am satisfied with your attentions; you have done all that human skill can do to heal me. I die happy. I believe in Jesus Christ." The physician made no reply; but as we passed down the stairs he said, "I never saw a person die so before." To me it did not seem that I was in the presence of death. The whole atmosphere of that chamber was that of a joyous and festive hour. Only the tears of kindred and friends were suggestive of death. I felt that I was summoned to see a conquering hero crowned. I have often read of Payson's dying triumphs, of the river of death narrowed to a rill across which he could step; but the Bishop saw not even the rill. Jesus had annihilated it.

"Is that a death-bed where the Christian lies?
Yes, but not his; 'tis death itself there dies."

Twenty years ago the triangle had read Plato's Phædo together, and we had hung with breathless interest around the cell of Socrates on the day of his death, following the course of that wonderful argument in proof of the soul's immortality. We had admired the wit of Socrates, flashing out over the very cup of hemlock, saying in reply to the question of his disciples, "How shall we bury you?" "Just as you please, if only you can catch me." We had heard the dying philosopher tell them to put away childish fears, "to charm the boy within their hearts" by searching through all "wide Greece" and all barbarian lands, sparing neither money nor toil to find a charmer to charm away the fear of death, so that they might die with as much peacefulness and triumph as the swan, which sings her sweetest song while she floats down the river to meet death. We had heard the despairing reply of the disciples, "Death terrifies and unmans us; we have no charmer, no swan-song." We had heard Socrates' unsatisfactory reply, the best that unaided reason can give: "If the traditions and mythologies are true, the soul is immortal."

But now one of our number stands where Socrates stood, and instead of pointing us to immortality at the end of a syllogism based on an *if*, he cries out in the fulness of Christian triumph, "There is no death." Such is the chasm between the "Divine peradventure" of Plato, and the absolute assurance of the believer in Jesus.

XV.

UNDER THE CATALPA.

By Rev. Theodore L. Cuyler, D. D., in the "New York Evangelist."

Brooklyn, Jan. 10, 1880.

Gilbert Haven, the most brilliant Bishop in the Methodist Church, has been lying in his new-made grave at Malden for a week; but there are many of us, who knew him well and loved him warmly, that cannot refrain from laying our chaplet of affection on that tomb. Bishop Haven was not comparable with his associate, Bishop Simpson, in pulpit oratory, or with any of his associates in sober discretion. But in brilliancy of thought, which made him in conversation like a charged electric battery, and in brilliancy of pen that kindled everything it touched, he was without a rival in the Methodist Church. Consistently and conscientiously a radical, he always took extreme ground on such questions as negro rights, female suffrage, and liquor prohibition; and he never retreated. Underneath all this impulsive and impetuous radicalism, he was thoroughly old-fashioned and orthodox in his theology. As far from Calvinism as any Wesleyan usually is, he did delight in the doctrines of grace with his whole heart; and it is all the more grateful to me as a Presbyterian to pay this honest tribute to his devout and godly character.

I knew him when he was a student at Middletown — somewhat rustic in his ways, but a bold, bright youth, hungry for knowledge. In 1862 he published a series of foreign letters

in "The Independent" (one of them on Dr. Guthrie and the Free General Assembly), which Horace Greeley told me that he regarded as most remarkable productions. During the summer of that year I was watching the sunrise from the summit of the Rigi, and was accosted by a sandy-haired man in an old oil-cloth overcoat, who asked for some information about an ice-mountain within our view. At the foot of the mountain I fell in with him again, and was struck with his original and racy talk. The same evening he marched into my room at the "Schweizer-Hof," dripping with rain, and introduced himself as "Gilbert Haven." We mustered the few Americans whom we could find in Lucerne, and held a prayer-meeting on Sabbath evening in Haven's room, for our far-away country in her dark hour of distress. On that evening began a friendship which waxed warmer and stronger until death sundered the tie for a little while. The same hand that sunders can re-unite.

From some of my friend's radical opinions and rash utterances I heartily dissented; but his flashing scimetar was wielded with a powerful hand, and was always aimed for the glory of God, and the rights of the wronged. The negroes of the South will lament him deeply. His fatal disease was contracted during his brief mission-visit to Liberia; and like the heroic and beloved Bushnell, he fell a martyr to the cause of Africa.

XVI.

IN MEMORIAM OF GREAT-HEART THE SECOND.

By Rev. E. Stuart Best.

Great-Heart, thy work is done,
Thy rest is nobly won,
And thou art blessed.
The Son of God hath come,
Safely He led thee home:
Rest, brother, rest.

Great-Heart, all o'er the land,
Both white and sable hand
In grief doth wring.
We miss thy words of cheer,
We miss thee, brother dear;
Sad songs we sing.

Great-Heart, we'll not complain;
Thine the eternal gain;
Why should we sigh
When severed loved ones meet,
Where saints and martyrs greet,
In ecstasy on high?

Great-Heart, at even-tide,
A light doth still abide,
Bright on thy way;
It pierceth valley's gloom,
It glows within the tomb,
And brings the day.

Great-Heart, thou art not dead:
Beyond our vision fled,
A seraph bright:
No more, from flying wing,
Shall falling feather bring
News of thy flight.

Great-Heart, thy foes are fled;
See! their grim king is dead,
To reign no more.
Comrade, the battle's fought,
Onward to victory brought,
Conqueror and more.

Great-Heart, a crown is thine,
Jewelled by hands Divine
For thine own brow;
He who was crowned with thorns,
Thus all His saints adorns;
Receive it now.

Great-Heart, a pilgrim band,
We watch thy waving hand
Beyond the sea.
We'll breast the flowing tide,
Eager to reach thy side,
We press to thee.

XVII.

BISHOP GILBERT HAVEN.

ADDRESS DELIVERED BEFORE THE GENERAL CONFERENCE OF THE METHODIST EPISCOPAL CHURCH AT CINCINNATI, MAY, 1880, ON THE OCCASION OF THE MEMORIAL SERVICES IN HONOR OF THE DECEASED BISHOPS AND GENERAL CONFERENCE OFFICERS.

BY REV. WILLARD F. MALLALIEU, D. D.

GILBERT HAVEN was born in Malden, Mass., Sept. 19, 1821, and died at the residence of his mother in Malden, Mass., at six o'clock P. M., Saturday, Jan. 3, 1880.

He was the son of Gilbert and Hannah Burrill Haven, who were both of pure New England blood. His paternal grandfather was a chaplain of the Revolution, and spent the winter with Washington and the Continental army amid the privations and suffering of Valley Forge.

In early life he commenced a business career which would undoubtedly have brought him into the possession of abundant wealth if it had been continued. But a natural thirst for knowledge, which was never fully satisfied, led him to turn aside from all the allurements of prospective wealth, and commence a course of study at Wesleyan Academy, at Wilbraham, Mass. It was while a student at Wilbraham in 1839 that he gave his heart and life to the Lord Jesus Christ, making a consecration so perfect and complete of all he had or hoped to possess, that it bound him in changeless loyalty to the Cross. He graduated at Wesleyan University, Middletown, Conn., in 1846, and in the autumn of that year

became teacher of ancient languages at Amenia Seminary, in Amenia, N. Y. In 1848 he became the principal of this institution, a position which he filled with remarkable success for a period of three years.

Because he felt that he had a divine call to preach, he abandoned the educational work, and in 1851 he joined the New England Conference. His first appointment was Northampton, then afterwards he was stationed in Wilbraham, Westfield, Roxbury, and Cambridge. While at Cambridge his health failed, and he made preparations for a trip to Europe; but just at this time the war of the Rebellion broke out, and, offering himself for service, he was granted the first commission that was issued to any chaplain, and went out with the Eighth Regiment of Volunteer Militia of the State of Massachusetts, which was the first to pass through Baltimore and did most effective service in preventing the capital falling into the hands of the rebels. He served out his term with his regiment, and, his health still remaining poor, he set out on his European trip. He was gone for a year or more, during which time he visited most of the countries of Western Europe, and also travelled extensively in the East.

On his return he finally resumed work in the New England Conference, and was stationed at North Russell Street, Boston. While here he succeeded in purchasing a superior church edifice on Temple Street, to which he moved his society, and which is now known as the Grace or First Methodist Episcopal Church in Boston. In 1867 he was elected editor of "Zion's Herald," which for five years he conducted with the most distinguished ability. He was elected from the New England Conference to the General Conference of 1868 and that of 1872. At the latter, held in the city of Brooklyn, New York, he was elected Bishop

of the Methodist Episcopal Church, on Wednesday, May the 22d.

As we have reason to believe, in accordance with the wise ordering of Divine Providence, his episcopal residence was located at Atlanta, Ga., and this continued to be his home till the day of his death. His official duties took him to all parts of our own country and to other lands.

At the commencement of his episcopal career he made a long tour through the extreme North-west, carefully examining the pioneer work of that important section of the country. He subsequently went to Mexico, where he visited most of the principal cities, and returned from thence by a long and toilsome journey overland. While there he laid broad and deep the foundations of one of the most prosperous and hopeful missions ever established by our church.

At a later period he visited Africa, thoroughly examining into the needs of the work there, and devising plans which, if they be faithfully carried out, will bring measureless good to that long-neglected continent.

His last extended episcopal tour was to the Pacific coast. He attended the conferences, inspected all the departments of church enterprise, made himself familiarly acquainted with the country and the people, and at length, with his work accomplished, he turned his face homeward. Sept. 28, 1879, he held the Nevada Conference, and at its close he hastened eastward in season to attend the session of the Central Illinois Conference; commencing October 8. This was his last conference, and yet, though suffering much from overwork and sickness, he performed all duties, and preached with remarkable power and tenderness. Thence he hastened to Chicago, Nashville, and Atlanta, performing much needed service in each place, and especially occupied at the latter

place with abundant cares and labors in connection with Clark University, which in all its interests rested as a continual burden upon his heart.

From Atlanta, he passed northward to attend the meeting of the Bishops, and also the Board of Church Extension and the General Missionary meeting. Sunday, November 9, he was at Millington, Md., where he dedicated a church, the last service of that kind he ever performed. On Sunday, November 16, he preached his last sermon at Arch Street Church, Philadelphia. On the following Tuesday, he attended the funeral of a life-long friend in Salem, Mass., and on Wednesday evening lectured in Boston, in aid of the People's Church. This was his last public service, and, true to himself, it was given to a struggling enterprise, having for its object the evangelization of the neglected masses of Boston.

Sunday, November 23, he was in Malden, and worshipped, for the last time, the God of his fathers in the home of his youth. He returned from the church to his mother's house, suffering most intensely, never again to pass thence till he was borne to his burial.

It will be impossible, in this brief memorial, to do more than glance at a few of the most obvious points in the character of this great and good man.

All agree that in all mental and physical gifts he was most richly endowed. His was a manly presence, and his pleasant face and cheery voice can never be forgotten by those who knew him, though but for a day.

His intellect was clear and strong, his thought was broad and comprehensive, his range of studies and reading was well-nigh universal. He held in his mind the most abundant treasures of learning, which were ever at his command.

Wit, logic, sarcasm, argument, pathos, denunciation, and persuasion, all waited on his will, and were ever ready to serve his purpose when he would aid the weak or rebuke the strong, when he would encourage the good or condemn the vile. His was truly a master record. His intellectual grasp was that of a giant.

As a man he was distinguished by all that was noble and true. He never failed a friend, and his great, brave heart, never treasured a thought of malice towards those who hated and abused him. Because of his practical sympathy and friendship for the oppressed and down-trodden, he was most bitterly maligned, and yet he prayed for his enemies, but still reached out a hand of love to the victims of injustice regardless of all consequences to himself. His heart was as tender as that of a little child, and full of purest affection. No rarer love was ever witnessed than that between Gilbert Haven and Mary Ingraham, to whom he was married in 1851, and who departed this life in 1860; and that love never faded out of his soul. His great affliction broke his heart; but the needs of a dying world and an enslaved race led him to cover his grief from human gaze, while he went out to labor with tireless zeal in behalf of God's suffering poor and the advancement of the Redeemer's kingdom.

Gilbert Haven was pre-eminently a reformer. He was not a revolutionist, never a destructive. He had an intense abhorrence of everything that was wrong. He had an intense love for everything that was good. He hated slavery with all his mind, might, and soul; but he loved his country with equal power. A truer patriot never lived. Every good cause found in him an earnest champion. He would not suffer godless men and women to assume to be the leaders in movements for the amelioration of the condition of mankind. He

did not wait until the triumph of a good cause before giving it his support. He was alike true and faithful when right was in the minority as when in the majority. The great question with him ever was, on which side is God and righteousness; and there he was sure to be found.

As a public speaker, he was effective rather than elegant. Men did not so much think of his style as of what he said. He compelled attention. His word, when he preached, was with much assurance and with the Holy Ghost. He believed what he preached, and he preached what he believed. He had no new theology. In every fibre of his soul and intellect he was thoroughly a Methodist. Not a bigot, for he loved all God's people everywhere. But the grand, self-harmonious, man-ennobling, God-honoring doctrines of Methodism were his delight and inspiration. During the last years of his life he preached with special power at many of our camp-meetings, at some of which scores were led to Christ under his ministry. Outside of his pulpit efforts, his orations on various occasions were master-pieces of eloquence. His oration at Woodstock, Conn., on the 4th of July, 1879, and his wonderful oration delivered in the Metropolitan Church at Washington, on the Chisholm murders, were efforts worthy of the ablest men that have ever spoken the English tongue.

It will not be questioned that when he was elected Bishop there were many who did not really know him, who thought it was a measure of doubtful expediency. But if ever the fears of good men were groundless they were in this particular case. He proved to be a wise counsellor, a far-seeing and thoughtful worker in every department; aggressive in all good works, and one of the most apostolic and devoted men that has ever worn episcopal honors in our

church. Day by day and year by year it became more apparent that he was a vessel chosen of God, and divinely called to the great work with which he had been intrusted by the church. While his literary labors were sufficient to occupy the time of any ordinary man, he was also constantly engaged in all kinds of reformatory work. Besides this, he was trustee of some half-dozen of our universities and schools, and was especially active in caring for our institutions of learning at the South. He raised by personal solicitation tens of thousands of dollars for their establishment and endowment, and was never more active and successful in this work than during the last year of his life. In the discharge of his duties as Bishop, when presiding at the annual conferences, he was pre-eminently conscientious and faithful. He had a heart to feel for the preachers, and also for their wives and children, and his sympathy and love and prayers greatly helped all to go forth to undertake with fresh courage the great work of leading men to the knowledge and love of God.

In his Christian experience Bishop Haven was a man of simple, humble, childlike devotión to the cause he had espoused. He was a cheerful disciple of the Lord Jesus. His cup of joy always seemed full to the brim; but seldom, if ever, overflowed. He loved God with all his heart, and his neighbor as himself. He brought gladness with him into every home he entered. The children loved him, and everybody loved him who knew the rich, generous depths of his abounding affection. How he bound men to him with the cords of love was manifest through all this broad land when he had passed away. Not only was the wail of sorrow heard from the dusky sons and daughters of the South, for whom he had so often risked his life, and for whose race he died at

last, but from Maine to far-away Oregon there were those who mourned his departure with sincerest grief.

In his death the grace of God was equally manifest as in his life. On that last day, in his boyhood home, in the presence of his aged mother, and his son and daughter, now grown to most promising manhood and womanhood, and with friends and relations about him, and with many of his ministerial friends who had been summoned to his side, he met and conquered the last enemy. Amid the sad farewells that were spoken, his soul exulted in God, and with full voice he shouted his praises as he had rarely done in life; and when at last the supreme moment had come, the promised light of the evening tide of life was bestowed, and as he looked out eternityward he exclaimed: "It is all bright and beautiful; there is no darkness; there is no river. I am upborne by angels. I am floating away into God." And so with a triumphant smile upon his countenance, that even the chill of death could not efface, he passed away to the companionship of the loved and longed for, and to the presence of the ever blessed Christ.

"Brave, brilliant, battling spirit, rest at last;
A conqueror, crowned with well-won laurels, rest!
Green grow the sod above thy pulseless breast,
Unthrilled—how strange!—by shrillest trumpet blast.

Tears for ourselves, not him. He saw the strife
Of Freedom's agony in glory end;
He heard the clang of broken chains ascend,
And saw dark millions leap to new-born life.

He saw, did well his part, and in full prime
Lays down the battered blade for crown and palm,
And enters—passing strange!—that endless calm,
Unshocked for aye by all the storms of time."

PART III.

HAVENISMS.

SELECTIONS FROM THE WRITINGS OF GILBERT HAVEN.

HAVENISMS.

THE third part of this volume contains characteristic selections from Bishop Haven's volumnious writings. "He being dead yet speaketh," but his pen, alas, will write no more.

Some of his works are now out of print, a fact which will give these selections an additional value.

For kind assistance in original research, as well as permission to use the ample materials at hand, the author and compiler of this memorial volume presents his grateful acknowledgments to the family, publishers, executors, and intimate friends of him who was, *par excellence*, "our literary Bishop."

CHAPTER I.

SCRAPS FROM "THE PILGRIM'S WALLET."

ONE of the most characteristic parts of this delightful book of travels is its preface, in the form of "A Letter of Introduction to My Dear Unknown."

It takes a master of language to use it in such a manner as to glorify trifles. Let the following description of the Pilgrim's old boots indicate how fine an English scholar used to stand in them. After referring to several of the walking-sticks which had kept him company in his pedestrian tour, which wooden companions had all been either lost or stolen,

he gives the following entertaining account of the boots he wore; faithful friends which clung to him to the last: —

"Gayly did they march forth; tattered and rent did they return. Yet they came victorious. To their soles cleave the soil of many lands. The fingers of British, French, Swiss, Italian, and Grecian Sons of Crispin sewed up their wounds, while huge hob-nails had made them resist the ice-smooths of the Alps. Now! they, alas,

> "'By time subdued — what will not time subdue? —
> A horrid chasm disclose, with orifice
> Wide, dissentanuous, at which the winds
> Eurus, and Auster, and the dreadful force
> Of Boreas that congeals the Cronian waves,
> Tumultuous enter, with dire, chilling blasts,
> Portending agues.'

"The Israelites commended their shoes that had lasted them through forty years of wanderings; Italian Catholics cover the shrines of favorite saints with crutches, bandages, and and other emblems of the diseases their intercessions are supposed to have cured; rags in like manner adorn the tombs of Mohammedan sheiks — each acting according to the fashion of their heathen ancestors. Following these sacred and profane examples, as Horace hung his dripping garments in the temple of protecting Neptune, so I these faithful boots on this temple of my gratitude."

Here speaks the classical learning of the ex-professor of Latin, the ready memory of the quick-sighted tourist; the skill of a true artist in words; and above all and through all, in all the rest of his life, the cheery, buoyant, inspiring genius and spirit of the man. Whoever can so apostrophize and glorify a pair of old boots, — what can he not enliven or enlighten with his sunshiny rhetoric, his homely wisdom or flashing wit!

The man who wears such boots will doubtless climb in sight of wide and pleasant prospects, as well as trudge through lowly places where he will find himself in sympathy with the humble life of the poor.

CASTE IN THE GRAVE.

From time to time appears his irresistible hatred towards Caste, that great enemy to mankind, with which he must needs be confronted in travelling among the crystallized orders of European society. He goes to England with the spirit of a loyal child and ardent lover, but he is not there long before his spirit is stirred within him by the artificial distinctions he finds among the people who otherwise appear to be very much alike. Under the head of "Caste in the Grave," he writes as follows concerning the new cemetery in an English rural town: —

"It is in two parts. A road runs between. Two handsome stone chapels, just alike, apparently, though unspeakably different in the eye of a true Churchman, stand opposite to each other at the several entrances of the grounds. One lot and chapel is for Dissenters, one for Churchmen. A gentleman told me that in a parish in Yorkshire, where the road did not kindly cut off the sacred from the accursed earth, the clergyman refused to perform the consecrating services until they had built a wall at least three feet high and six feet deep between the parts,— this depth being that to which the graves were to be dug.

"One Anglicism was added to this, showing that this aristocracy is chiefly for money. There are in the consecrated ground three classes of graves. These spots are marked. To bury in the first class costs fifteen shillings; to bury in the third, five shillings; and so for lots, for monu-

ments, inscriptions, everything. The first, second, and third-class cars run through the graveyard. And it is simply a matter of money. Not titles and coats of arms command exclusive control of the grand first division of that country churchyard. If the duke will pay but his five shillings, he must sleep in a third-class grave. If the weaver will pay the price, he can be ate by first-class worms."

This gives the sturdy Abolitionist a chance to thrust out his elbow towards his own country across the sea, and he continues thus: "But it will never do for us to throw stones at this nonsensical feeling. A light mulatto lady sat at our table on the vessel, another entered the church before me yesterday, each as unnoticed as myself. But for an American to treat unconsciously his neighbor thus, for a church to treat a communicant thus,— I have yet to see it. The last sight I saw there was a colored minister, known to the sexton to be a minister, thrust into the last pew; and that, too, as if he felt himself disgraced by having to perform such a service to such a creature; and this in abolition Boston!"

THE GREAT ENGLISH PREACHERS.

"If the national church can boast of the best buildings, the Independent bodies can boast of the best preachers. After especial and frequent inquiry I could not hear of one celebrated preacher in all of these exclusive churches." It ought not to be forgotten that at that time there were only two very celebrated pulpit orators in England at all; Dr. Cumming, who was more notable for his prophesies than his preaching, and Spurgeon, matchless then, as now. The fame of Dr. Punshon, Dean Stanley, and Newman Hall was then but local; a fame which since has overspread the English-speaking world.

"After all," says the Pilgrim, "London fame settles on two men,—Punshon and Spurgeon. Arthur would divide the honors with Punshon were he well.

"The pulpit orator of London is Spurgeon. I confess to a previous prejudice against him; but he disarmed me. I heard him twice; and though I dislike to admit any one into the circle where my three greatest preachers dwell,—Olin, Durbin, and Beecher,—yet I have to acknowledge he has a seat beside, if not above them. He is a very remarkable man; the greatest preacher, I think, that I have ever heard. He begins his sermon by imploring the presence of the Holy Spirit, and through every word and movement this seems uppermost in his thoughts. He is very dramatic, and delights to hold imaginary conversations with persons in the house. The night I heard him he fancied himself preaching one of Paul's sermons in the streets of Corinth, to show what the apostolic preaching was, and for fifteen minutes had entirely forgotten that he was aught else than the fervent apostle. He refers to the current heresies of the day and annihilates them with a blow. He made light of systems of divinity, so called, declaring their idea impossible and their wisdom foolishness. He is very positive in his Calvinism. Yet, holding an animated dialogue with an inquirer in the gallery, he made him ask: 'How do I know that I may be saved?' 'Do you trust Him?' he exclaims. 'If you do, you are one of those who are bought with His blood.' An adroit answer, though far from the demands of his system.

"He differs from all great preachers that I have ever in this singleness of aim. His every sermon is a battle begun with a charge of bayonets. He is the perfection of

the English preaching, embodying in their finest expressions all the leading peculiarities of that school."

But after all his praise of the prince of the English pulpit, he continues: "I cannot call this style superior or equal to the American. Ours recognizes intellectual activities in the minds of our auditors. This preaching does not seem to know that there is any conflict of mind in England. It is evident from its character that the mass of hearers are orthodox, and their aim is almost entirely to make them reduce their faith to practice. The skeptical fever has reached the upper classes here. It will reach the masses when they shall become intelligent and thoughtful."

Alas, that this prophesy should so soon have come true, delaying not for the fulfilment of the conditions here indicated, for already skepticism in England walks hand in hand with poverty and ignorance, as they all stumble on together towards vice and destruction.

JOHN BRIGHT.

Next to Spurgeon in England, and Guthrie in Scotland, the Pilgrim places John Bright in the gallery of his great orators. "The latter," he says, "would command more admiration in America than any British speaker, save perhaps Guthrie and Spurgeon." And again: "Bright is the easiest and most fascinating speaker of them all. The words flow trippingly from his tongue. He is not unlike Phillips in his ease of manner and of language. He is of light complexion, full countenance, a large but easy-motioned body, a silvery voice; a readiness, fulness, and, above all, frankness, that no other save Cobden exhibited. The twain were the New England of Old England in their principles; hardly less in their style and address."

PARLIAMENT VERSUS CONGRESS.

Those who are accustomed to blush at, and denounce, the plantation manners and oratorical demagoguism of our own National Legislature may find some poor consolation in the following glance at the assembled law-makers of Great Britain :—

"Two things struck me in that field night,—the coarseness of the British gentry, and the utter nothingness of British politics. The whole debate was quite on the verge of blackguardism. Epithets were hurled at each other with unceasing profusion. With much parliamentary palaver of titles, the end was always a sling and a stone. 'The noble lord is a fool,' was the burden of every orator. The American Parliament is far less personal in its invectives, especially in the masters and leaders of its debates."

Here is a good opportunity for the Pilgrim to relieve his over-burdened soul on the subject of human rights, and he fails not to improve it. "The British Parliament," he says, "are busy over paltry themes, while human rights find no mouth-piece and awaken no interest. How we longed to see a man on that ancient floor stand up for the rights of men. Why does not Bright sound his silvery trumpet and call the nation to confer the right of universal suffrage? Why does he not demand brief and paid Parliaments? Why not labor thus for what he says is the grandest deed in the world,— a free people electing their sovereign. This must come. The very slumber of English politics assures us of its coming. Nothing can give its ancient parties life. Nothing separates them. As Whig and Democrat have been almost synonymous terms with us, for twenty years, and as the subsidence of all differences between them gave the new party of hu-

manity an opportunity to emerge into power, so is the decay of Whig and Tory in England the precursor of a most fierce and deadly struggle which is yet to rend that land, to be re-united under the government of the people, by the people, and for the people."

The House of Lords especially stirred the Pilgrim's gall. After speaking in most contemptuous terms of the littleness of value and narrowness of views manifested by these hereditary governments of the English, he exclaims: "The force of weakness could no farther go. Away with such rubbish! Cast the gilded baubles of title and rank to the worms that have long since eaten out their life, and let men again govern England. A new Magna Charter should be wrested from the old. The people should have their Runnymede, and the aristocracy, from knight to queen, should bow to their superior vigor and recognize them as sovereigns. This house as surely hastens its downfall as did the like effeminate Venetian council a century ago. They are powerless to guide the people, powerless to lead European sentiment. Giving neither arms nor voice to struggling Italy, Poland, or Denmark; giving voice, and, as far as they have dared, arms to the struggling slave power, they will yet be swept out of sight, and senators, elected by the people, shall make this house an oracle of many, an oracle of God."

BLAME AND PRAISE.

The Pilgrim evidently loves Old England so well that for her good, as well as his own relief, he must set forth her faults as well as her virtues. "The English," he says, "are the most brutal of people in their sports. Nowhere in Christendom do boxing, horse-racing and kindred brutalities so flourish." And again: "The national sport of which

they boast so much is running horses. In all England races abound. It is a brutal practice, from the horse lashed to the top of a gallop to the lowest spectator; all are degraded below their real nature. Gambling, drinking, and fighting are the essential features of the day. And this is her petted institution. The queen gives prizes, and the nobility throng to the scenes. Many ladies of high degree, even to the countess and duchess and princess share the excitement; yet it is hardly more refined than a Spanish bull-fight."

While he thus lays on with all his might, he has a soft place in his heart for these Britishers, especially of the English idea of home, of which he says: "You must get inside of the house to see England. Home means something there, as it does in all countries with long winters. It is not that they are more affectionate than other people; but their climate is less affectionate than other climes, and hence they are habitually

'Enclosed
In a tumultuous privacy of storm.'

The tenderest and purest attributes of our nature grow best in that soil. Hence, if you have the *entrée* to some of these homes, you will find many of the loveliest of the plants there, as rarest flowers bloom in hot-house gardens; though it is as difficult to get in as into hot-house gardens. One must, however, have money, piety, and intelligence to make this life a happy one. If he lacks them all, as many of the people do, he is miserable indeed in this miserable climate, and takes to strong drinks and fierce pleasures to cast off the heavy atmosphere."

DEMOCRACY VERSUS ROYALTY.

And now again he drops into severity to say that the climate is not the only nor the greatest curse of British

society. "Caste completes the degradation which climate induces. The people have no inward atmosphere, clear and bracing, to lift off the load of clouds without. The social and civil skies are far heavier than the natural ones. No one can conceive, who has not seen it, the state of the masses of England. The social oppression is enormous. I found it the same everywhere. They are as much shut out from real communion with the middle and upper classes as if they were in another world. When told that our house-maids, sewing-girls, and factory-girls, mechanics, and farmers who tilled their fields with their own hands were as good as anybody in America, and took off their hats to no superiors, they could not see how such a state of things could be. Fine-looking men would speak to those who hired them as 'master,' in a tone precisely like that which the slaves of the South used to have.

"The social degradation is intensified by the civil. There are but about half a million of voters in a population of thirty millions."

POLITICAL PROPHECY.

The Pilgrim's statesmanlike insight into political affairs, and his almost prophetic outlook towards the inevitable of events, again and again appear in this volume. It needs only the perusal of a chapter or so to find out that this cheery, round-faced, laughing American parson, on a half-year's holiday, is doing downright, honest, hard work in studying the problem of the elevation of his race.

In his chapter entitled "Last Look at England," he says the great gentry own almost all the land in the British Islands. "To-day these gentry are especially covetous of land. More than gold, or even titles, do they seek to 'lay field to

field, that they may be placed alone in the midst of the earth.' This grasping will soon be a grasping aristocracy."

The present condition of the landed aristocracy in Great Britain, with the fierce agitations threatening social revolution, show how wisely this Pilgrim forecast this problem.

Of Her Majesty, Victoria, and her relation to the coming storm of democracy in Great Britain which is to overthrow the entire system of caste, he says:—

"The Queen sees this, and wise woman that she is, seeks to cultivate the friendship of the people. She sends her heir to America, and made him and her other children visit the exhibition on shilling-days. She may be gathered to her fathers before the storm breaks. It may not come as a storm, but in the still small voice, though this is not the usual way for such power to die. This fear made the aristocracy anxious for our disruption. Brougham, Shaftesbury, and all the blue-blood Abolitionists were busily engaged from the beginning in taking back all they had said against the slaveholders. The matter became, at last, so delicate, that to speak for America was almost to speak against their whole system of government; and one said to me of the Rev. William Arthur, an eloquent defender of our cause, 'We think he is almost too much of an American for an Englishman.'"

The Pilgrim finds the Church as aristocratic as the State. "They cannot," he says, "even administer the sacrament without remembering the Queen. The nobility and gentry are prayed for, while the only allusion to the people is a prayer for contentment in that condition of life into which we are born. That may have originally been intended to suppress the ambition of the nobles; its sole force now is to keep the poor quiet in their poverty. Many have broken

loose from an aristocratic church, and lifting up their voices against it, they must likewise against an aristocratic State."

One the last page but one of his "Last Look at England," he says: "Finally, let me commend the common people for their kindness and honesty. I never met persons more anxious to please. Ask your way, and they will go far out of theirs to show it to you, and be profuse in their descriptions. I asked a stranger the direction in Edinburgh, and he walked several blocks out of his way to guide me. I protested against it, but he said it was but little that we could do to show our love for our fellow-men, and that we must do that little to show our love for Christ. Such language a stranger would hardly hear from a gentleman of New York on asking the way. But I heard it in some shape frequently. I never was answered curtly. The people are exceedingly honest. 'Honor bright,' 'pon my word,' mean much with an Englishman."

These are the saving qualities of the nation. Out of them has her growth been great. The people of England are able to take care of their liberties. It is nonsense and sin to declare they would be riotous if free. There ought to be instantly universal suffrage. Temperance education, and religion would grow faster than ever if the people were made the real seat of power.

It doubtless occurred to the Pilgrim that he had used great plainness of speech concerning his English cousins, and he puts into his "Wallet," as a last contribution from his fatherland, these conciliatory words: —

"If any seeming harshness shall have imparted a bitter flavor to these pages, it has come from sympathy with the people and abhorrence of the evils, social and civil, that still oppress them."

Then, after a declaration of his faith that the war in his own land and reform in England are leading the way swiftly to universal brotherhood in Christ, he says: —

"The leaven is working. Let our cause succeed, and she will speedily follow. A Democratic Republic shall gladden their shores, kindred with our own and with all the world's. To the land of my fathers I give heartily my midnight benediction. God bless the Commonwealth of Great Britain!"

ON THE CONTINENT.

The second and third parts of this volume, written hastily, and a large portion of it made up from his diary, which he wrote out in great haste, during the long hours of nights that succeeded its long days of tramping, moralizing and prophesying, give an account of his pilgrimage in France and Germany. From the records of his tour through Southern Europe, Egypt and Palestine, no volume has yet appeared. Wherever he went he was the same ardent patriot, the same champion of equal rights for all men, and the same irresistible social power. He gathered strangers about him and convulsed them with droll accounts of his adventures, the laugh being usually on himself; or stirred their hearts either to enthusiasm or anger by his intense patriotism, which moved him to defend his country, to fight her battles over again when the victory was disputed, and to face down all opposition which he might chance to encounter.

A WARLIKE ARGUMENT.

One of his fellow Pilgrims relates that, after a heavy day's tramp over Alpine fields of ice and snow, they came back to their little inn for the night, in which another guest, an Englishman, had taken up his quarters. The house was small,

affording but one fire, and around it gathered three travellers. Presently the Englishman broke out into bitter words against the Union armies, whose defeat in some recent battle had been made much of in the English papers, from which he had obtained his information. Not knowing the nationality of his neighbors, he went on to speak with increasing contempt of the Northern soldiers, rehearsing the Anglo-Confederate view of the war; during which Haven and his friend had great difficulty in controlling themselves.

At length he blurted out the statement that such an army as the Northern army was never seen since the world began. It was "a heterogeneous crowd of ruffians, chiefly made up of the offscourings of the city slums and the liberated inmates of almshouses, prisons, and jails." This was too much for the patriotism and piety of Gilbert Haven to endure, and springing from his seat, his red hair standing out in all directions, and his eye blazing with a dangerous fire, and thrusting his fist in the face of the defamer of his country, he exclaimed: "Take that back!"

The Englishman-ah, as one might say-ah, was astonished-ah at waking up to the realities of the situation. He humbly apologized, subsided into silence, from which he presently subsided into bed, and Haven and his co-patriot, two ministers of the gospel of peace, were left masters of the bloodless field.

FRANCE.

France, under the administration of Napoleon III., pleased the Pilgrim more than England under Victoria I. Running his memory over this king-cursed country, he says: —

"No nobles were so exclusive and haughty as the French, no royalty so superb and sinful. No *habeas corpus*, no commons, no lords, stood between their will and its object. To-

day there is practically no nobility in France. Napoleon is only a tenant of his throne at the will of the people. He knows a breath can unmake him, as a breath has made."

"The perfect level of the people pleases you. An American feels entirely at home here. They look and act, and if we could only converse with them, we should find that they talked just like us.

"But twenty-five hundred people died by the guillotine, and the French people have been ever since democratic, if not free. Let us not blame the revolution. If it seemed cruel, it was only seeming. The cruelty was before and in secret. As our civil war, dreadful as it has been, is nothing beside the miseries that have been heaped, for generations, on our enslaved brethren, so was it with the great era. It cut the throat of kingly tyranny here, and made every monarch in Europe feel that his honors were empty and his seat perilous, if he did not rule in righteousness."

WATERLOO.

Here is one of his reflections inspired by the passage of the Belgian frontier:

"We should go from France to Belgium without being aware of it, were it not for the custom-house officers. We are in a nation that has put a warring lion, looking Franceward, on their Waterloo field, in defiance of that power. Their rulers do all this. *The people of Europe do not hate one another any more than the slaves of South Carolina did those Virginia.*"

The italics are not his, but well they might be, for no utterance of scholar or statesman has in so few words, and with such crushing force set forth the fact, that but for a few useless creatures called kings and princes, the wars which have

devastated Europe and soaked her soil in blood, need have had no place in history. The soldiers were butchered and populations impoverished for the sake of the pleasure or the profit, the spleen or the spite of what might be called the royal caste in that quarter of the globe. Such is the terrible indictment by the Pilgrim.

Then presently follow these Waterloo reflections:

"To what purpose is this bloody waste? Have these fields yielded a harvest of principles such as would never otherwise have flourished upon the earth? Was this the car of Victory, the car of Progress. Such questions receive affirmative replies when asked over the fields of Cæsar and Charlemagne. They are yet more evidently true at Lexington and Saratoga and Yorktown; most certain at Gettysburg and Chattanooga, at Atlanta and Richmond. How is it at Waterloo? The scales hang even. Imperialism of birth subdues the Imperialism of democracy. England wins, but her institutions lose. Wellington cannot be great in history, because he overthrew the betrayer of liberty, but not in the interests of liberty. Despite this victory he will rank below Marlborough, Frederic, or Gustavus Adolphus; far below Washington, Garibaldi, Cromwell, and Grant. He settled nothing in the interests of man. He overthrew a usurper. He did not establish the rightful sovereign. He was the man-servant of kings, and he can never be honored as a king of men."

A FORECAST OF GERMAN UNITY.

After visiting the famous Cologne Cathedral, climbing to its tower and looking over the Fatherland from that great height, he utters this remarkable prophecy:—

"We must make the house of society and of state alike the magnificence which this roof covers, a common posses-

sion where the poorest worship with the lordliest, and each feels the pulsations of a single life,— a life of Christ redeeming, unifying, immortalizing all. Shall we not see that hour ere this grass-grown tower grows to its completion? Shall not dissevered Germany be one before her cathedral is finished? Shall not her people become equal, her institutions liberal, her government a unity, her religion experimental, ere this almost divine embodiment of unity, equality, and devotion comes to a glorious consummation?

"Six hundred years has this been building. The nation has been twice that time. Will its end be as far beyond this as its beginning was? Will the continent, the world, thus slowly reach perfection's height? We hope not. We believe not. America's regeneration, if it goes forward, will insure Germany's, Europe's, the world's. Then shall this be the fitting symbol of humanity; earthly in origin and position; rude and shapeless in its native elements; solid, sublime, eternal in its consummation."

Gilbert Haven lived to see Germany united. Who will live to see Germany free?

CHAPTER II.

WAR AND POLITICS.

The selections contained in this chapter are chiefly from "The Christian Advocate," "The Independent," "Zion's Herald," and from private correspondence of Bishop Haven, kindly placed at the disposal of the editor of this volume. They do not close with the close of the actual fighting, but extend to near the end of the career of this militant Bishop, who from first to last was always in battle array.

A SOUTHERN ESTIMATE OF SLAVERY.

[From a Camp-Essex Letter, June 24, 1861.]

"A Maryland gentleman, once a slaveholder, has told me that he himself heard the high-sheriff of one of her counties say, after one of these accursed sales: 'Lloyd Garrison never talked half bad enough about us. I am suprised that the earth does not open and swallow us up.' Has not their Creator said of this and more southern and sinful soil, 'Because the cry of Sodom and Gomorrah is great, and because their sin is very grievous, I will go down now and see whether they have done altogether according to the cry of it, which come unto me; and if not I will know.' He is making inquisition for blood. Who shall be able to stand?

"I rejoice to see tokens of the departure of this cloud of darkness and death from this fair land. The rays of universal liberty are shooting through Maryland. They gladden with their novel radiance the mountains and valleys of Virginia. See the vote for the Union just cast here—the Union

with an anti-slavery North, and under an anti-slavery government. See the new governor of Virginia, his associates, and the whole animus of that government. A new Kansas stands tip-toe on those misty mountain-tops. The strongest abolition State in the country is being born to-day among those Virginia hills. Out of that heap of rotten pride and lust and crime leaps this pure and lovely and strong Minerva. Missouri has dethroned Satan from his usurped seat there. 'Behold how brightly breaks the morning!' Here, too, is the light descending. The active complicity or, at the best, supine indifference of the wealthy, the fear and feebleness of working classes, the cowardice of the church, and the cruelty of the state are rapidly coming to a perpetual end."

ABOLITION BY PURCHASE.

"I have long considered that slavery should be extinguished by purchase. Not that the master deserves anything for his 'property.' In equity and before God the country ought to decree the slaves their liberty, and give them a handsome donation for their patient endurance of unspeakable suffering. But we cannot expect so divine a view of duty to find foothold in the hearts, much less expression in the acts of a human government in its present half-Christian development. The most it can do is to extinguish this legal title of property in man. It can do this most easily, most speedily, most peaceably, most cheaply by purchase. Every rebellious slaveholder would have a specified time allotted him, in which he can take the oath of allegiance, and if he obeys he shall be paid a fair equivalent for his slave property. If he disobeys, that property shall be confiscated. Every half-loyal State like this should be told that the only chance of her being relieved of the presence of the Federal armies is to accept of the Federal money for their slaves."

SLAVERY NEAR ITS END.

[Written May 20th, 1861.]

Later on he writes:—"The first slave I ever saw, that I knew was a slave, was a pleasant girl, twelve years old, at Prof. S——'s. Her name was Mary. Strange that that name should be thus linked in my memory with this state. Yet I don't regret it. I feel that my darling would rejoice to have her dear name united with this poor oppressed people in my heart. She was a bright, pretty girl, and appeared to feel her fate. God grant her speedy release from it, and all her kindred! We know not the future; but I cannot but think that awful iniquity is near its end."

THE SABLE CLOUD.

[May 23, 1862.]

"This new attempt to whiten the sepulchre full of live men's bones and all manner of uncleanness, is entitled 'The Sable Cloud.' Ticknor & Fields have condescended to publish it. It ought to be said in justification of them that they issue in the monthly numbers of the 'Atlantic,' abundant antidote for this weak poison.

"Dr. Adams has a sounder creed than many; but on Calvinism and slavery he is hopelessly demented. In his 'Sable Cloud' he dwells not so much on the cloud as on its silver lining, and seeks to show that said lining is part and parcel of the cloud itself, and not the shining of the face of God, which lights up the dreariest things of earth with a glory not their own. To try to make slavery lovely because the Spirit of God gives the grace of patience and humility to its victims, is precisely like making the Inquisition lovely because its victims exhibit the graces of faith and fortitude. Away with such imbecile logic and heartless hypocricy.

"But fire and water have small affinity; and Dr. Adams' bottle of Taunton water (which water your readers know is famous in this region as being too weak to run down hill) will have but little effect on the great fire raging over the land. His 'Sable Cloud' shows to-day a lurid rather than a silver lining, and may ere long dissolve and disappear in the flames. 'The great day of His wrath is come, and who shall be able to stand?' Let him read the eighteenth chapter of Revelation, and he will see the fast speeding fate of those who deal in 'slaves and souls of men.' May he escape who apologizes for this merchandise, though it be 'so as by fire,' while his hay, wood, and stubble is consumed."

CARROLL MANOR. A BIT OF ABOLITION SATIRE.

In one of his camp letters he gives an account of his visit to the Carroll estate, once the residence of "Charles Carroll of Carrollton."

"We reached in due time the Carroll manor. This estate comprises twelve thousand acres. The turnpike runs for miles across it. One piece of woods is three miles wide. This will give you some idea of a plantation, though it is but a quarter section beside some of those farther South. It also suggests one reason why the Southron has so long ruled this country. There is nothing like *land* to implant in others and in its owner the sense of power. The possession of all the treasures in the vaults of Boston banks, would not give its owner or his poor neighbor such a realizing sense of his own consequence, as the calling of this farm his own. Our riches have been stored in factories and banks, in city houses and country-seats, costly but small. Theirs have been spread out over the earth; they can ride for miles on their own land; they own to the skies and the central fires. What is a Fifth

Avenue palace or millions of stocks to this? England's nobility have maintained their pre-eminence by maintaining the proprietorship of the soil.

"Slaves working just by me give the letter the flavor of the Palmetto rather than the pine. One of these 'beasts' (they are as hard to name as the 'ζῶα' the Revelator saw, and which our translators did into that abominable English) draws near me in his work. I ask him his name and 'owner.' His answers I have forgotten. 'You like slavery, don't you?'

"'No, sir; who ever liked to be a slave?'

"'I've heard many say that you who were slaves preferred it to freedom.'

"'It isn't so; I should like to be free. Everybody wants to be.'

"'What do you want to be free for?'

"'What a queer question that is? What does anybody want to be free for?'

"'But you can't take care of yourself, if free, they tell me.'

"'Why not, sir. We take care of ourselves now, and make money for our masters. If we didn't, they would wish us dead right quick.'

"Verily hath a 'beast' discourse of reason?

"The houses where this cattle are stabled are about as comely and cleanly as a raw Irishman's pigsty; I found it hard to believe that so rich and so lordly a man should put his choicest creatures in such huts. I contrasted them with the handsome cottages with which the great land-owners of the Hudson delight to adorn their estates, and in which they require their tenants to live in a neat and sometimes elegant style. But then these are compelled to treat them thus, or

they will have to give them more than they desire. A neat stone dairy just behind these huts showed that the proprietor knew how to set off his estate with pretty buildings, if he only dared to.

"Should he put his slaves in such houses, they must be taught to respect themselves; they must have beds and tables, and carpets and pictures, and all the little and big adornings of a real home. Could he compel the mother to work behind the plough, and walk back and forth two or three miles to nurse her babe, if she was living in this style? Could he drive the young, pretty girls, some of whom I saw, like field oxen, from such cozy homes, with their flower gardens, and inward comforts and elegancies? His cultivated taste would revolt at it, so he treats them far worse than he does his horses; he has scores of these, handsome blooded animals, and their stables, close by the negro huts, far surpass them in respectability and comfort."

STRAINING OUT A GNAT AND SWALLOWING A CAMEL.

In one of his Baltimore letters, dated July 9, 1861, he says:

"Before I bid the place good-by let me put on record a little fact, illustrating very strikingly, and probably to its subject very unconsciously, the gnat-and-camel state which we all in some way or other fall into: A gentleman in the neighborhood supplied some of the officers' tables with milk. When Sunday came, no milk came. Upon inquiry it was found that he had conscientious scruples about sending them milk that day. As they had no ice, and hence must be left destitute of this agreeable addition to the liquid distilment which the cooks called coffee, he finally relented and sent the milk, but would take no pay for it — at least on that day.

Yet this gentleman was a secessionist, a slaveholder, and had secured a valuable and beautiful estate, I understood, chiefly through the sale of human flesh. On one occasion it was said, that having receiving some thirty-four or five 'head' (the very word I have heard used in speaking of slaves) of this stock as a marriage dowry — what a gift to crown those sweet and sacred bonds! — he sold thirty of them. Was the King of Dahomey's funeral sacrifices much more horrible in the sight of God than the agonies which graced this Christian wedding festival?

"Won't that do for a modern illustration of the ancient text? A man who wouldn't sell milk on Sundays, would sell a score or two of his brothers and sisters into hopeless bondage, and with their blood and bones live in elegance and abundance! Did he not strain at a gnat and swallow a whole herd of camels? What if I should cap the climax of this narrative by telling you that this conscientious soul-trader and soul-holder is a minister of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ! It is even so.

"I looked often at his tasty chapel, but couldn't make up my mind to desecrate the Sabbath by attending upon his ministrations. But happening to be at a quarterly conference of our own spotless and wrinkleless Church, where two slaveholders were nominated by the preacher in charge for stewards, and elected unanimously, without so much as an 'affectionate admonition' from the excellent presiding elder, I thought I was getting into the great gnat-straining condition by overscrupulousness. So I concluded, being with the Romans, to do as they did, and see how near this worthy rector and I came to worshipping the same God.

"Do you want to know how he looked and spoke? Descrip-

tions of such persons will be curiosities of literature eagerly perused by future generations.

"You expect a hard-featured, hard-voiced, hard-mannered man, with tones like the snapping of a slave-whip, and the manners of Haley and Legree combined. You don't understand human nature. So many paint Nero, who was really the most elegant gentleman of his age.

"The preacher aforesaid is a middle-aged, gray, and bald-headed gentleman, of pleasant address, with a quiet, gentle, soft, pathetic tone and manner. I never heard the service read so beautifully. It had a melting cadence that glided into your secret heart. There is none of the hard and formal style of the mere reader, none of the airs of the rhetorician; but a subdued grace, yet full of life, that was very fascinating. With the constant undertone of my conscience, and my whole moral being conflicting with the tones that met my ear, I could not but feel, as he read it, a newer and richer quality in that admirable service, which I hope and believe we shall yet partially restore to our churches. Yet how some of the sentences he read startled me. I could not but think of the mediæval legend of the wonderful preacher who, arrayed in black vestments, swept his audience with most pathetic and powerful appeals, and after he had left them they found that it was the archfiend himself that had been thus lifting them to heaven. These were some of the solemn phrases that thrilled me so strangely, while he plaintively uttered them, and I fervently followed him: 'We sinners do beseech thee to hear us, O Lord God; and that it may please thee to show thy pity upon all prisoners and captives; that it may please thee to defend and provide for the fatherless children and widows, and all that are desolate and oppressed. O God, merciful Father, that despisest not the sighing of a contrite

heart, nor the desire of such as are sorrowful, mercifully assist our prayers that we make before thee in all our troubles and adversities whensoever they oppress us, and graciously hear us, that those evils which the craft and subtilty of the devil or man worketh against us may be brought to naught; that thy servants, being hurt by no persecutions, may evermore give thanks unto thee in thy holy Church, through Jesus Christ our Lord.'"

HUGGING THE IDOL.

Under date of June 15, he writes:

"I have heard to-night that there is much ill-feeling in the town because I have talked with free blacks and slaves; and they threaten to give me a coat of tar and feathers. I have gone to no house, and talked with only those that came to the camp, except one with whom I conversed on Mr. H——'s place. I have no fear, though I think some of the officers would like nothing better than to have me rebuked, they being shamefully and miserably dough-faced. God help me to be faithful!

"Sunday.—Attended a love-feast at the church on the landing. A poor meeting, lifeless as all are that I find round here. They have hugged the idol till it has smothered out their life."

THE ABOLITIONISM OF THE FATHERS.

Of some of his Baltimore brethren, he says: "I got into very earnest talks on the slavery question, and always silenced them with old-fashioned Baltimore Methodism. They were very far removed from the faith of their fathers, and don't like to hear it spoken of. I told a brother to-day that every stone he threw at New England abolitionism glanced

off and hit the graves of his fathers. Their hearts are very hard on the rights, especially the equality, of the negro. They hate and fear him. I haven't heard a single man talk as though he really felt that they were brethren.

"I find that I am getting quite an anti-slavery, or, rather, abolition notoriety. The Lord help me to be faithful!

"Twenty days, and we go home—alas! no home to me:

> "'There is my house and mansion fair,
> My treasure and my heart are there.'

"My beloved parents, my darling children,—how I love them; but no home—no home—no home."

TINTED VENUSES.

One of his most startling utterances on the vexed question of amalgamation is in a letter in "Zion's Herald," in the summer of '73, a year after he had taken up his residence at Atlanta:

"I can pardon a little to the devil of slavery when I see what fine specimens of humanity it produced. If you want to see the coming race in all its virile perfections, come to this city. Here is amalgamation made perfect. Come with me to Meeting Street, and look on these 'blue-blooded niggers'; what exquisite tints of delicate brown; what handsome features; what beautiful eyes; what graceful forms! Here are your Pinckneys and McGills. I have met those very names in these handsome forms. Here are your Rhetts, Barnwells, and Calhouns, and all other lordly bloods. The best old Beacon Street wine of humanity is theirs.

"It is an improved breed—the best the country has to-day. The sanctity of the mother redeemed her child from the sin of its father. It was not mutual guilt and shame; it was violent and cultured lordliness trampling Christian sweetness

under its lustful feet, and God gave these still virgin souls an offspring after their untarnished spirits, and not after the hellish souls of their fathers and owners. Some of these tinted Venuses are said to be favorites to-day of their late masters. Let the white gentleman make the less white lady his wife. Her mother's purity can never be transmitted in guilty relations."

The letter concludes thus: "The old is dead. Let it stay dead. The new will come forth in these blended races, bold, true, cultured, potent. They will aid mightily in melting all our people into one, and fashioning the land after the image and purpose of God—so making to prevail universal principle, universal brotherhood, universal peace."

THE SOUTH FOR THE COLORED MAN.

In a letter to the "Independent," Bishop Haven, after dwelling upon the fact that the old slave States are not attractive to Northern emigrants, says:—

"There is a Providence in this, rough-hewn as it appears to be. The Northern emigrant going thither, with his household gods of religion and politics, would not fraternize with the man of color who fills all that land. He does not regard him as his social equal. He is as earnest as any Southerner for separate churches and schools. He is more earnest than the native white Southerner. The latter wants no schools at all. The former wants them separated from their children. Though there are noble exceptions to this rule, as a whole it powerfully exists. If he came in heavily as an emigrant, the black man, so called, would be crowded closer to the wall. He is kept out, that the land may yet belong to this oppressed and despised people. They are its only tillers; they will be its only owners. They are rapidly acquiring posses-

sion of the choicest sections. I have seen not a few heavy land-owners. Three I met lately—one in Texas, one in Georgia, one in South Carolina—each the possessor severally of four hundred and fifty, five hundred and sixty, and six hundred and eighty acres.

"One of them told me he would this year put one hundred acres down to cotton. There are samples of less wealthy land-owners; samples also of the future control of the South by the men who have been so cruelly despoiled and maltreated by their white brothers and fathers. 'They shall take them captive whose captives they were, and they shall rule over their oppressors.' God has shut up that land to them and to their oppressors. The seething pot will continue to seethe. The caldron of South Carolina, Georgia, Alabama, Mississippi and Louisiana, containing almost equal proportions of white and colored, will boil and bubble until the right comes uppermost and the Lord God Almighty gives to his now accursed children their equal rights and honors. The exodus now going forward will not affect the millions that must remain and that will yet possess that land. That caldron is kept apart by Him for this purpose, from any foreign ingredients. Struggle ever so fiercely as the white brother may to bring in population from Europe, or even China, to break this chain that binds him to his own flesh and blood, he struggles in vain. All keep aloof, all will, all must, while the struggle goes forward that shall ultimate in liberty, equality, fraternity, undistinguished and undistinguishable, to all that land and all the inhabitants thereof."

OUR EMPIRE IN THE SOUTH-WEST.

[From a Letter to the "Independent."]

"But there is a Southland to which the Northern man can go — a land lovelier than any other portion of that latitude, a

land of better atmosphere, of better soil. It is open to-day. Of the hundred and seventy-five millions of acres, probably not twenty-five millions are under cultivation. The immense cattle-ranges cover tracts of hundreds of square miles. I visited the ranch of Colonel King, a cattle king. A fence, well made of sawed boards, enclosed the home-lot. That fence was seventy-five miles round — eighteen miles and three-quarters to a side. It enclosed an area of three hundred and thirty-seven square miles. Within that home-lot ranged a hundred thousand head of cattle and ten thousand horses and mules. A few other cattle kings are equally eminent; but most of the lands are yet without fence. Most of the cattle still wander as they please, known to their owners by their mark. You ride through hundreds of miles, even on the rail-roads, untouched by plough, where you see the cattle grazing — a thousand 'feeding as one.' You ride through the open post-oak forests; among magnificent live-oaks, that perfection of trees; by the side of rich river-bottoms; across breezy uplands; over every sort of soil, rocky and rich, for hours and days.

"And all this is yet practically open for settlement. The population is not over two millions, while its capacity is fifty. It had only eight hundred thousand in 1870 (818,579). It has more than doubled it since. Such is the vast green desolation of Texas. Shall it not be occupied?

. . . . . .

"This magnificent land is rapidly filling up with Northern emigrants. At the close of the war, not a few, both of the white and the colored peoples of the South, went to Texas. Poverty and the ruin of fortunes and the love of change set each party afloat. There was an increase in its population between 1860 and 1870 of thirty-five per cent. It was not,

however, at all comparable to the increase of the decade before. Then Texas opened its rich fields to the planter and his slave, and added over a hundred and eighty per cent. to its population. It went up from two hundred thousand in 1850 to six hundred thousand in 1860. The years of, and immediately following the war, sent it up to over eight hundred thousand. Since 1875 the Southerner has stopped emigrating, has in many instances returned home, while the emigrants from the North are pouring in. The roads are choked with travel. At Palestine, in the grand lumber region on the eastern side of the State, at midnight, where we were compelled to change cars, I saw more emigrants than I have ever seen in any, in fact than in all the depots of the old South. They were from Missouri and the North. The emigrant-wagon dots all the prairies, the emigrant-train debouches a great multitude at every chief centre.

"These are almost exclusively from the North. The Kentuckian and Tennesseean are returning home, as well as the Georgian and Carolinian. In Virginia I heard of Virginians thus returning. But the North-western emigrant, who finds the winters of Minnesota and Wisconsin too severe, is seeking a resting-place in this genial clime.

"It is the great and effectual door opening for the crowded population of the East. Enter it. Occupy the land. Make freedom and union its universal law and life. Bind it to the nation. Surround our still unrepentant States with this cordon of love. Thus you will free America from the fear of the re-occupancy of the seats of national authority with its unreconstructed enemies. As England is emancipated from her fear of Ireland by development of her arms and empire elsewhere, so this American nation will be released from its fear of being brought into captivity again to its unsubdued foes by extend-

ing its Union-loving dominion into the regions beyond. Texas is the first of these regions to be conquered by settlement. Its immense territory — equal to that contending against the Union on the hither side of the Mississippi — will, when filled with this Union emigration, overcome that section and restore the balance of power where it justly belongs. Its half dozen States will give us loyal representation, and its dozen millions equal all its former allies in population and surpass them in power.

"Turn your eyes, therefore, ye who are seeking new homes, to this highly favored land. Turn your feet thither. There is our new and greater Kansas, where the battle for human rights must be peacefully, politically, and successfully waged. Here are ample acres and an 'ampler air.' Bought first from Mexico by one of Boston origin (Stephen Austin), let it be peopled by those of New England birth or descent. Thus shall the nation be clasped in loving arms on its south, no less than on its north, and the whole continent abide in one universal, peaceful Union!"

MURDER FOR OPINION'S SAKE.

Address by Bishop Haven in commemoration of the murder of Judge William Wallace Chisholm, his daughter Cornelia, and his son John Mann, in Kemper County, Miss., on the 29th of April, 1877. The memorial services of which this address formed the chief feature, were held in the Metropolitan Methodist Episcopal Church in Washington, D. C., May 19, 1878.

"It is an instinct of man that funeral rites should accompany his body to its long home. The ancient heathen could not cross the Styx and reach the Elysian fields if his body

lacked the proper ceremonies of sepulture. However hasty the flight of the living, he must still pause long enough to throw three handfuls of dust upon the corpse of his comrade, and pronounce a solemn hail and farewell. Otherwise that companion must wander a hundred years on the shaded side of the land of shades ere he finds repose and bliss.

What is instinct is also religion. Christianity lays a like necessity on its devotees and the peoples to whom it is the only religion, even when they are not its devotees. One shrinks less from the cremation fires than from the faithless and hopeless and riteless circumstances that attend that act. No prayer, no word of sympathy, no hymn of consolation, no hint of re-union accompany the dread burning. The ancient employers of this mode of burial were less irreverent. To the height of their religious knowledge they performed this sad service.

"In accordance with this race-honored custom we come together to-day to engage in the solemn duties demanded by the dead, no less than by the living. We come to bury, not to praise. We come to satisfy the just longings of a widowed and child-reft heart, of a fatherless and sisterless family, that their dead may be decently buried. We come to scatter flowers from full hands on 'a rare and radiant maiden,' on a brave and true man, on a sweet and loving lad. We come to bury the dead out of our sight by those ceremonies known and felt in all ages and lands as befitting these sad necessities of humanity. If the occasion leads further in its suggestions, these suggestions do not create the occasion. A stricken family craves a funeral service. Shall it be refused? They have waited a year and a day for such services. Shall they continue to wait? Shall the wife and mother mourn with a bitterer mourning because no voice of prayer, no song

of comfort, no word of Christian consolation has been uttered over her lost ones? Who of us can begrudge this little gift? Who of us shall say that such consecration is a desecration? Who shall complain that the Lord's Day and the Lord's house are employed in this most Christian service?

"Let us with bowed hearts dwell under the shadow of this still present calamity. Let us stand around this mourning Rizpah, who lies prostrate before her dead, not sons alone, but husband and daughter and son,—that perfect trinity to woman's heart,—who has lain there, lo, these many months; who refuses to be comforted, not only because they are not, but also because, in every fibre of her soul, they are still unburied. Let us gather about these lads, who stand in manly silence before the graves of their household, the revered father, the oldest brother, heir thereby in their consciousness to the headship of their own family and generation, and their adored sister, and who solemnly await the due rites of the church over their beloved dead. May Rizpah now find comfort, and the household accept these tributes as a proper burial! I shall not dwell upon the scene that rises before your eyes in all its horror. I dare not. My own feelings cannot bear the sight. A year ago, the twenty-ninth of last month, no happier family blossomed in this land — in any land.

. . . . . .

"On the fifteenth of the next month, a year ago last Wednesday, the grave has closed over three of that household, gone down in bloody winding-clothes, unwept, unhonored, and unsung. No prayer, no sermon, no word of *Christian strength and sympathy* was uttered at the darkened home, or at the grave's mouth. The stroke of fate was never swifter or sharper. "So swift treads sorrow on the heels of joy!"

Had this violence happened at the hands of the red man, how the whole land would have rung with indignation, how fast would have flowed the tears of neighbors and of the nation, how intense the throb of sympathy, how earnest the prayers, how hot the righteous anger! But it was thou, mine equal, my guide, my acquaintance. We took sweet counsel together, and walked to the house of God in company. It was those that had ate bread from his hands that smote him unto the death—nay, it was the great, great wrong, behind, above, below, through these, which bore them on too willingly to the deed. To-day the only reparation meet is a public funeral where they fell, a public confession from those by whom they fell, a public monument testifying to their sorrow at the event that has made their county fearfully famous in all the world. Such lamentation and dedication will yet be made. If they or their children fail to do this holy duty, others will certainly do the same. It is the eternal law.

"A week ago I rode by a granite statue, exquisitely carved, of a brave and beautiful woman. It was erected only a year or two since, and is in honor of Hannah Dustin, who, in 1698, nearly two hundred years ago, there showed extraordinary valor in rescuing herself and children from savage captors. The land has never let the memory of her courage die, and has at last moulded it into enduring shape. None the less will the same land remember the not inferior courage and faithfulness of Cornelia Josephine Chisholm. Nay, it will the more remember; for this woman died for her love and devotion. She chose to die. Her 'sweet papa' was in jeopardy —nay, was in the grip of death. Rather than fly from his side, she hastened unto it. She prepared for the defence of his life with ammunition concealed about her person. She

interposed to save him after her own face had been filled with wounds from shot that cleft the iron from the bars, and her arm had been shattered from wrist to shoulder as she covered his heart with its protecting embrace. She begged them to take her life and spare her 'darling papa.' But all in vain. Theirs was the long intimacy of the oldest child and only daughter with the father,—an intimacy the deepest that family ties can know, unless it be the corresponding affection of the oldest child and only son with his mother; and this intimacy is less delicate and tender in its filial phases. They had made this depth of mutual devotion deeper and dearer by their winter in Washington, and in Northern travel. They had clung together these many months of home separation, only to show how they could die together.

"Brave and manly as were the father and son in that awful hour, they were exceeded in coolness of daring, in intensity of purpose, in completeness of self-possession, in readiness of resource, in earnestness of petition, in every element of highest humanhood by this frail girl of nineteen. Cornelia is a name that ranks high in Roman annals. Her boast of her sons as her jewels has shone her brightest jewel for more than twenty centuries. But this Cornelia excelled the earliest of her name. Her jewel was her passionate devotion to her father in this hour of death. That shall shine forever. No waste of time can dim its brightness. Immortality will but increase its beauty and its worth. Josephine is an historic name. A proud and capable woman stands at the front of this century mastering the master of the world. Divorced and degraded, she rules him from her enforced seclusion. Those of her blood still sit on thrones, and are heirs to imperial crowns. But this Josephine would be gladly welcomed by that illustrious lady as her peer in every quality of woman-

hood and manhood, for the highest traits of humanity met and mingled in one brief hour.

"But on that morning she was a simple girl, 'heart-whole' as she wrote loving, girlish things. In that hour she towered with an angel, princely and potent, glowing in the fires of death with the strength and glory of Beatrice in the upper circles of the heavens. Welcome to the undying names of mankind, be that of this worthy successor of the great Cornelia and Josephine.

"We shall not enter upon this field that lies before your every thought. Why was this deed done, and what shall be the end of these things if allowed to go unrebuked of the nations, ye need not that I should teach you. Your hearts are indicting no pleasant, though, perhaps, it may prove a profitable matter. The sodden lamb, the unleavened cake, and the bitter herbs made a useful meal to the thoughtful Israelite. He reflected on the hour when death reigned in every Egyptian household, and his own, by miracle, escaped. So we may sup on lenten food this hour, and find it nutritious to soul and spirit. The angel of death, not God-sent, but devil-driven, hovers over much of our land, smiting with blood-strokes the victims of his cruel wrath. He has left your homes free, yet only for a season. If we allow murder for opinion's sake to be the law of one part of our land, it will soon be of all parts. Can one member suffer, and not all suffer with it? Can a leading citizen and his family be set on and slain in Massachusetts for political causes, and peace and safety attend the ballot in Mississippi? No more can the reverse be true. The present honeycombing of Pennsylvania with murder, which stern and unrelenting justice cannot abate, the communistic threatenings in Chicago and California, the bloody strikes along the Ohio, the tramp

wandering murderously over half of our Union, is the natural, the inevitable outcome of the unwillingness of the national government to protect its citizens in the other half. The theory that State governments have such absolute control of life and death within their territories that the nation cannot cross their boundaries to protect its citizens and punish their murderers, has brought us to this weak and miserable pass. We are affrighted at the shadow glowering at our own hearth-stone. In secluded Vermont, in crowded Cincinnati, in remote Maine, in Central Indiana, the same terror besets us by night, the same deadly danger by day.

"One Indian massacre arouses every part of the land, be it the Modocs of Oregon, or the Sioux of Minnesota, or the Utes of Colorado, or the Comanches of Arizona; indignation and wrath leap from end to end of the continent, and that, too, when no one dreams that the dread foe is to steal into Eastern homes and renew his horrors at Wyoming or Schenectady. But this deed has universal national application. It proves universal national weakness; it breeds universal national disaster. A people that cannot protect itself is no people. It falls to pieces when it allows its members to be cut to pieces.

"Said a gentleman to me but yesterday, who had just returned from abroad: 'The Old World is over-governed; we, under-governed.' Nothing strikes me more forcibly on re-entering this land than the lack of national power over its own citizens. Unless a stronger government arises, we shall dissolve and disappear as a nation. We sigh for the verification of the seal of Massachusetts — an uplifted arm holding a sword, which alone gives placid quiet under liberty. We have taken the first step in verifying our right to exist as a nation, on gigantic fields of strife, by bloody and costly

valor. We must carry forward and complete this work in the national protection of every citizen in his every right. We must defend freedom of speech and freedom of ballot, or we perish from the earth.

To this coming perfection of national peace and power this sad event will contribute. This family group are martyrs to American equality of right, to the Declaration of Independence, and to the preamble of the Constitution. It was for the cause of equal rights for the protection of every citizen at the polls; for true democracy — the government of the majority of the voters legally and fearlessly expressed; for the American nation; for the rights of mankind, — that this citizen of America, with his brave son and braver daughter, laid down their lives.

"Their cries of agony and death shall never be forgotten; never below, never above:

> "'Their moans
> The vale redouble to the hills, and they
> To heaven.'

"Their forms will be wrought into marble, painted upon canvas, honored in prose and verse, held in high and higher remembrance as years and ages go by. The children of the fathers who so ignorantly slew them will build their sumptuous sepulchres. That lone and dread procession that thrice threaded the dismal path a score of miles — a feeble few, without minister, or even sexton, to assist them, bearing the bloody dead, in jeopardy of life, as they pursued their mournful journey — will yet be changed into a solemn, penitential, but glad multitude of the citizens of the same county, with their wives and daughters and sons, gathering about that green spot where they were thus buried, to make confession of their fathers' transgression by such deeds of atonement as

marble, and eulogy, and prayer, and sermon are able to give. May those remains, now on their way to a safer resting-place, be recalled, as were those of Dante by the city of his birth, by those still hostile fellow-citizens to the places of their birth and death, and the name of that county, so dishonored now, by this act of penitence be restored to its former esteem.

"To the future, then, poor stricken wife and mother, poor fatherless and sisterless youth, to the future cast your wet but hopeful eyes, wet with joyful tears, tears for the dead beloved, joy that they died so gloriously, and won in one short hour immortal fame. Had they not thus died, the world had never known them. Had they not thus died, liberty, equality, fraternity for all our land, and all its peoples, perhaps, had never been attained. There may be many another bloody step ere that high table-land of humanity and America is reached.

"It may be that others, who now speak and hear, may be required, also, to make for their nation like holy sacrifice. In this city, where our greatest citizen gave his life for the life of the land, we can properly note the slow and bleeding feet of the martyrs to Christ and our country. May we, if called, be as willing and ready to follow the Christ, and these his disciples, for the protection of the work of human regeneration. It may be that the whole nation will yet be compelled to wrestle in the sweat of this great agony for equal rights of all men, as it has had to wrestle for independence and for existence. It may be that Enceladus will yet arise from under this mountain of permitted prejudice and hate in a manner at which all the world shall stand aghast — a Kemper County massacre in every hamlet of the land. It may be that we shall yet be compelled to cry out in bitterness of spirit:

"'Ah, me! for the land that is sown
With the harvest of despair!
Where the burning cinders, blown
From the lips of the overthrown
Enceladus, fill the air!'

"God forbid that such a horror shall light upon our land! God will not forbid it if we let his children's blood cry to him from the ground. God did not forbid, could not forbid, Cain's deluge from washing out Cain's sin.

"Yet if the deluge shall come, if the waters of death shall prevail even above the tops of the highest mountains, if the nation shall be wrapped in the flames of civil strife more dire than any we have yet felt, and our indifference to the fate of our brothers shall doom us to a worse suffering, out of it all shall the new earth come. The deluge shall pass away; the land of righteousness, of brotherliness, of Christ, without caste or violence, or hatred, or disloyalty, or murder, shall appear above the flood. And then will still gleam forth, nay, will more brightly blaze, the fame of this just father, this brave lad, this Cornelian jewel of filial maidenhood.

"Hope, then, sad hearts; hope and endure, and be patient. Pray for those who have despoiled your house of its home, its head, its heart. Pray for them by name; pray for them with all the heart. So will you be still one household, for thus prays your family in heaven. In Christ they lived, for Christ they died, with Christ they dwell. Live ye in Christ in petition for the forgiveness of your enemies, so that, if spared the martyr's fate, you may still rejoice in the martyr's crown. For thus you shall win like honor from God, with those of your own flesh and blood that have gone up — yes, blessed be the Lord, gone up, up, up, up, in human love and reverence, in earthly fame, into heavenly seats, through great tribulation, and have washed their robes of blood, and made them white

in the bloodier blood of the Lamb, who died for them, as they died for him, and will make them to reign with him in peace and bliss forever and forever."

A GOOD WORD FOR THE CARPET-BAGGER.

From Bishop Haven's address at St. Paul's Methodist Episcopal Church, New York, Nov. 4, 1878, at the anniversary of the Freedmen's Aid Society, as published in the "Christian Advocate":

"How maligned has been that grandest word of the age—the carpet-bagger. How Northern pen and tongue have joined with Southern tongue and pen in abusing these martyrs of to-day, chosen of God and precious. So have the sons of this world always mocked at the sons of God. That word means your best civilization, carried by more courageous souls than any who before bore arms in the same field. See the South burned and blackened by the war—cabins and fields and towns lying waste, crops gone, and the spirit wherewith to rise and renew the face of the land gone too. See your soldier marching homeward, and resting on his laurels—deservedly resting on deserved laurels. What shall lift up that despoiled land? No power of regeneration is in it. That redemption must come from without. Like the new birth it must be from above; it came from above. See that vessel loading in this city for Hilton Head as soon as Beaufort is captured. See the applicants for passage as teachers. See the delicate ladies, the youthful men, the minister and teacher crowding the office and clamoring to go for nothing, or the merest pittance. See aid societies organizing in New York, Boston, Chicago, and elsewhere. See the host pouring in, almost as numerous as the host that has left. Bearing their carpet-bags, as they their knapsacks, they march down

to possess the land. They plant schools, they build churches, they buy farms to sell to their emancipated brothers; they identify themselves with these brothers; they accept their very name; they are 'nigger teachers,' 'nigger preachers,' niggers of niggers.

"They are assailed with insult and revolver; shut out from all white society, delicate women dying the death of a mother, and no white mother willing to enter their door; fair maidens insulted with every damning epithet, yet serenely braving all for Christ and his poor children. O ye ribald revilers of that sacred word, take heed to your ways and words! Pronounce it reverently, for it is the word of Christ and Christianity to-day. Carpet-bagger is the true knight-errantry of the age. Of old they went forth on horse and in armor. To-day, with less than David's sling, with less than the disciple's staff, with a simple carpet-bag, they now go forth to conquer. By this they will conquer. Deserted by the government he has elected, and the nation he has re-created, the carpet-bagger will yet save that nation, will again restore a true and honest and patriotic government, that shall protect every citizen in his every right by every force at its command.

"This very evening you are where you are as a nation tossed on a rough, roaring sea, because you despised your brother, the carpet-bagger, and his colored companion. To-morrow night worse pains may seize upon you, and pangs unfelt before, because you have cast away these brethren. 'Civilization,' says Hosea Biglow, 'sometimes gets forward on a powder-cart.' Most certainly will it go forward in our South land with a carpet-bag. In all the departments that it has invaded it has worked well for the land and the hour. Stand by it and lift it up, and with it save all our land to Christ."

A TRIBUTE TO GENERAL GRANT.

From an address delivered by Bishop Haven, at Woodstock, Conn., July 4, 1879:

"We have hardly yet begun to comprehend the vastness of the undertaking put forth by the men of this generation to prevent this annihilation of the American idea, and the majesty of the achievements of him who saved it from annihilation.

"It has been the fashion, not yet quite out of date, to belittle the greatness of our second Washington. Some writers and speakers have whetted their tiny pens and tongues on this marvellous man, and fancied they were making history in their feeble assaults. They forget that such writers and speakers existed in the days of Washington. They forget Freneau, and even Tom Paine. They forget that every such assault only ruined those who made it. Such assaults on this second Washington will produce like effects. He will shine the brighter when they will be remembered only by the fact that they dared to fling dirt at him.

"Said a publicist of high repute, a wide-read student of history, 'Grant is the greatest general of history.' 'Why so?' asked his listener. 'Because he handled a million of men for over a year. No other general, except, possibly, Xerxes, ever handled half a million.' 'You mistake,' says an interlocutor. 'Napoleon marched out of Paris to Moscow with five hundred and twenty-eight thousand troops.' 'How many did he return with?' was the quick reply. That was the only exception to the claim of his being the sole commander of half a million of troops, and that only in one solitary and unfortunate instance. No one disputed the assertion of his being the only captain of a million of soldiers

in the field at one time. 'Because, secondly, Grant marshalled his forces over wider spaces at the same time than any other general of history. He conducted military operations from Galveston to Richmond at one and the same time. Because, again, he acted on his own judgment, without direction or advice from any superior. He acted contrary to the unanimous judgment of his subordinates in almost every supreme instance, even when those subordinates were men of the very highest rank, hardly of inferior to his own. He consulted neither Stanton nor Lincoln in his last campaigns. And, fourth, and not least in this remarkable category, he never failed.' Every other successful general, like Beau Brummel, with his crumpled neck-ties, could point to many a field and confess, 'These are my failures.' Their successes were so great that they overtopped their disasters. Napoleon's defeats are as famous almost as his victories. Frederick was more than once cut to pieces, and his cause seemed hopelessly lost, was hopelessly lost, but for the 'indomitable will and courage never to submit or yield,' which at last culminated in victory. Wellington was driven out of Spain by Napoleon, and but for his famous fortifications of the passes of Portugal would have been driven out of the Peninsula. Cæsar is the only other general with whom he can be compared in this direction; and Cæsar was forced back from the Rhine by the Germans. Grant did not always carry the point attacked, especially at Cold Harbor. Yet there he was left where he was at the beginning of the fight, and his enemy was the one that ultimately retreated.

"This marvellous career, covering these four extraordinary conditions, is enough to stamp him as the greatest military genius of all time. So the world feels and shows. Not to a leader of Republican armies, who saved the Republic they

desired destroyed, would princess and potentates of monarchies willingly bow down. But they knew too well that had they not hastened to make the first prostrations, their peoples would have prostrated them in their zeal to honor the military head of a triumphant democracy. The very stones would have cried out had they declined to pay homage; nay, would have changed to cannon-balls, to blow away their thrones. Grant fought the battle for the peoples, the whole earth over. The peoples knew he fought it. They saw Napoleon fighting it; but betraying it after he made it victorious. They saw a greater Napoleon, whom no Waterloo ever drove from power, winning this battle for human rights, and then retiring modestly to the people whence he came. He gained a greater victory than Washington, and wore it with more humility. The carriage of the first President was haughty and exclusive to the highest degree. He established a *quasi* court, and lived, even in retirement, in a sort of regal seclusion. The bearing of the last President is free and familiar to the last degree. He is accessible to all, and maintains the simplest state amid the lavish extravagance of court and wealth that bow themselves at his feet.

"In bringing these two vital ideas through their bloodiest struggle, this great military leader showed equal wisdom in the council with that he had exhibited on the field. Some who are dumb or praiseful before his military genius are vociferous against his administration. Yet the future historian will commend the wisdom of the latter, as of coequal merit with the greatness of the former. He was called to preserve a nation which he had saved. The Martyr-President had left a drunken imbecile in power: obstinate, unreasoning, unreasonable, with only one saving quality — devotion to the Union. Under his bewildering administra-

tion every onward movement stagnated. Congress was kept busy fortifying itself against the Executive. Only the presence at the capital of the nation's deliverer kept the public peace.

"At length, by the unanimous request of the loyal people, he became its constitutional head. Instantly order came out of chaos.

"When I first went South, in 1873, national and Union officials governed every Southern State, Georgia alone excepted. From that State they had first been expelled by many a bloody murder. At the capitals of South Carolina, Mississippi, Alabama, and Louisiana I met these representatives of our victorious ideas. I saw their legislatures; I read their legislation. No such high-water mark of Christian legislation has this State of Connecticut yet reached, nor New York, hardly Massachusetts, as that attained by South Carolina and Louisiana. I visited the schools of New Orleans — of high grade, as well as of low — and found colored and white youth sitting on the same benches, taught in the same classes, by colored and white teachers. I read on the walls of the school-room edicts which forbade distinction on account of color in any school in the commonwealth. That is not yet law in but few of the Northern States. New Jersey resists it, and Ohio, as well as too many of their Northern sisters. I was invited to families in South Carolina where white gentlemen had legally consummated their pledges of love to cultivated ladies of the olive, and possibly of a darker hue, under privileges planted in the Constitution. I stood in court-rooms at Charleston where the most violent of rebel lawyers addressed black judges with respectful words and tones. I saw a peaceful ballot filling up the national

halls with able men, white and colored, native and Northern, faithful to the Union and to equal rights.

"Now no such sights are seen. No such sights are possible. Who has abolished them? Not President Grant, nor his administration. When forcible attempts at their overthrow began; when the caged hyenas began to growl and try the bars of their prison-house; when Louisiana rebels rose to overthrow existing authority, he telegraphed to General Emery, who asked directions: 'Put down the rebellion, and then report.' And down went the rebellion in the flash of an eye, before a rifle had time to flash. Montgomery would have been ours to-day, and Jackson, as well as less contested States, had his idea prevailed, had he been supported by Congress and the loyal people.

"But they got tired of Aristides. They preferred the hyena to his keeper. They dismissed the policemen, and took the felons to their embrace. They hugged the unrepentant rebel all over the North, and as far South as he chose to let them come. They hugged him in regimental and company greetings at Charleston and Boston, on the Centennial Seventeenth of June at Bunker Hill, on the Centennial Fourth at Philadelphia, as well as in many a religious gathering, from all of which embracings the brother of dark degree was excluded. They cried, 'Peace, peace.' They said, 'the disturbers of the harmony of the land are only niggers and carpet-baggers and Grant,' its sole saviour, under God. They praised the small feet and hands of their late foes, and made horrid caricatures in loyal pictorials, still alas! kept up, of their poor, oppressed, despised, but most loyal and only loyal brother of the South: caricatures that fed the hellish passion of caste, to make those further from us who were far enough before.

"Thus we went down, till to-day no flag dare fly south of the Potomac and the Ohio, except over the few national forts and, thank God! national cemeteries. How long these last may be permitted depends on the good pleasure of their enemies, who almost can leave the money necessary for the preservation of the latter out of the appropriation bill without danger of a veto."

CHAPTER III.

GLIMPSES OF AFRICA.

In addition to the duties connected with his Presidency of the Liberia Conference, Bishop Haven made some explorations of the little republic, its people, soil, products, commerce, etc. The results of his observations he has given in various forms and places, and from these letters the most striking and valuable portions have, by permission, been selected, for the purpose of improving the reader's acquaintance with Africa, as well as with the Bishop, whose exploration of it cost him his life. The first extract is from that letter mentioned by Dr. Steele, in his Memorial Sermon before the Boston Preachers' Meeting, wherein the Bishop draws the striking simile of

SAILING AND LIVING BY FAITH.

[From the "Christian Advocate."]

"After six weeks of such experience we began to doubt if ever we should see land again; if ever land could be seen; nay, if ever land was seen. The past became as watery as the present. We were doomed to be not only people without a country, but the country itself had ceased to be. The books of travel which we had devoured were only travellers' dreams. The very heavens were but a mist, and the fitness of the simile, 'What is your life? it is even a vapor,' was never so apt and potent. We almost saw ourselves vanishing away, a thin cloud growing thinner, on an azure dome and deep.

"The captain, to comfort us, declared we were now off the Canaries, but they were six hundred miles away; and now the De Verdes, but they were three hundred; and now the coast of Africa, but it was one hundred. It was a matter of faith in him, and not of sight to us. What did we know of his knowledge? He had only eyes like ourselves. His instruments, an octant and a compass, we knew as much of as he. They might be blind leaders of the blind. Skepticism, infidelity, this a much stronger word; questioning, the first, disbelief, the second—grew apace in our souls. We could track the path and progress of the mutiny in our own souls. We looked loweringly on the only protector we had. We began to hate the very ship that saved us from the glittering death around us.

"How like the poor multitudes of very wise people, 'sailing o'er life's solemn main,' who question and then deny the only compass, the Bible; the sun-taking sextant, faith; the captain, Christ; and the ship, the Church, which can save them from abysses of glittering, but eternal damnation. The sinner, in wise places and foolish, in 'rational' but most irrational pulpits of 'liberal' but most illiberal schools, thus loathes, despises, and rejects the great salvation and greater Saviour. We were getting fast into the same 'liberal,' 'rational,' and ruined company.

"But one day the captain quietly said: 'Before night I will show you land.' That went through our wearied and mutinous natures like a bolt of electricity. We both wanted and did not want, as the poor infidel wants and don't want, the experience that forever buries his skepticism. Our pride at rejecting him conflicted with our craving for land. His confidence in himself revived our languishing spirits, worn down with long and weary tossing. At four o'clock

the mate on the fore-top said he saw land. At five the captain on deck said he saw it. We used their glasses, but lacked the eye of experience, and so saw not what they could easily discern. The willing seeker cannot always discern, in his beginning experience, the risings of the solid land of regenerating faith which his more experienced guide can easily see.

"Darkness fell on us, but no clear fulfilment of the morning's pledge. We fell to doubting again the captain's words. Certain signs confirming had attended the day's sail; also, certain failures of signs that were needed to confirm. Weeds floated by us of land origin, cuttle-fish, the favorite shell of the canary-bird, also said to be of coast origin. These were attributed to the mouth of a river, whose currents, it was said, were passing by our ship. But an attempt at sounding failed. The main proof that we were nearing land gave out. In vain the captain protests that soundings are two miles off; that here the sea-bed shelves suddenly from forty to one hundred fathoms; that the mouth of the Sherbro River is not fifteen miles away, and that *he* saw Cape Mount. We cannot live on others' experience, any more than we can on others' eating. 'Be ye warmed and be ye filled' never yet warmed or filled a freezing, hungry creature, no matter how well warmed or filled was the generous bestower of the empty words. We are all Thomases, and will not believe except our own organs of sense are satisfied.

"That night, like Columbus, we watched and watched for the land, so near, and yet, perhaps, so far. The lights of a steamer moved between us and the coast. It was the first sight of that sort we had seen for this nearly fifty days. They walked along quietly and steadily, as if the sea was but a sound or river, and not the tumbling deep, where we

had been sailing so long and so lone. They were confirmatory of the announcement, but not the fact itself.

"The vessel goes steady and quiet all the night. At daybreak I put my eyes at the little port-hole, which lets air, and sometimes waves, in on my otherwise close and dry berth. I look hither and thither, and see only the old, familiar, too familiar waters. I know I am on the land side of the ship, if there be any land side; but I cannot see that object once so familiar, and then too lightly esteemed. I glanced once more toward the bow, and there it stood—all dressed in living green! A beautiful, solid ridge facing the glassy deep, only a few miles away. It seemed impossible, and then it seemed as though it had always been in our eyes. We thought we had never lost sight of it, so naturally did it resume its place in our experience.

"A youth below us, heart-sick with doubts and desires, was roused from a deep sleep with the joyous announcement. He denied the veracity of the proclamation. It was not possible. He had been fooled too often; couldn't catch him again. At last, persuaded, he climbs out of his berth, stretches neck and eyes, gets a view of dear old earth, and, like one to the Methodist manner born, shouts, 'Hallelujah!' It was as permissible as at an altar or a love-feast. The captain did tell the truth, did see what he said he saw, did keep the pledge given at Neversink, that we should see land again, and that that land would be Cape Mount.

"The captain is justified by a moment's experience. We hail him with gladness. Mutiny is gone, and large honors are his reward from a grateful company. We will never doubt him more.

"So does Christian experience confirm Christian theories. So can it alone confirm them. They cannot be made thus

firm but by experience. Theories of salvation from sin, whether Brahmanistic, Buddhistic, Fetichistic, Mohammedan, Roman, or Rational, are, so far as theories go, as good as Christian—perhaps they are better, for they *seem* more natural. God in Christ delights in defying natural with anti as well as a super-natural. Christianity is anti-natural. The Christian minister who is forever trying to make the divine system a philosophy of nature forever tumbles into the arms of the infidel naturalist. Paul defies the Greek wisdom with the divine foolishness: To the Greek foolishness, but to them that believe—not to them that reason—Christ, the wisdom of God.

"That one fact was deliciously satisfying. We did not stop to debate what sort of land it was, or what sort of occupants it possessed. The land might abound with lions, boas, cobras, leopards, savages,—no matter, it was land! We sing the doxology, and praise God from whom this blessing flowed.

"So the believer exults when the solid earth of experience gets under his feet. He has rolled and tossed on a sea of doubt and evil passions; he has been led these days and years in a wilderness of Satanic delusion. He has tasted every worldly pleasure, only to feel their utter powerlessness to please. He has sucked the whole orange of naturalism, whether of sense or of subtler, but still earthly juices; and he affirms, with Faust and Solomon, 'All is vanity and vexation of spirit.' He cries out for something solid. It comes in Christ — in Christ alone. Not the church gives it, as Romanists say, but Christ! He is the Captain that both reveals and *is* the solid earth, rising out of the wide, watery waste, where souls swim and drown in the abyss of their own passions and speculations."

UP THE ST. PAUL'S.

"Why is it so important to go up the St. Paul's River? Ask a New Yorker why it is important to go up the Hudson; ask a Londoner why one should go up the Thames; ask a German why one should go up the Rhine; but never ask a Monrovian why one should row up the St. Paul's. It is to him more than either of these rivers is to their lands and cities; for it is the proof to him that he has a country behind the port, and that country is being developed successfully. It is his assurance of the settlement of Africa by a Christian people — an assurance which no seaport can give, which no other part of Liberia so well affords, and which is furnished by no river on the coast in foreign hands. It is the key of the country, the foretaste and hope of the Americo-African. Hence it is deserving of examination.

"Monrovia is situated about six miles south-east of the mouth of the St. Paul's River. The Stockton leaves the St. Paul's about three miles above its mouth, and winds its way south seven miles to Cape Mesurado, the base of the town. The Mesurado comes down from the east more directly, and enters the bay at the base of the cape. These two come together at Monrovia. The Mesurado is a narrow stream, ten or twelve miles long, with low banks, and of no great availability. The Stockton is alike low, marshy, narrow; but it enters the St. Paul's. That gives it a value not its own. Up this river the Monrovia gentry have their farms — plantations, they call them here.

"Here is the real seat of the present, and source of the future, of Liberia. So many told us. It was desirable, and, if not too dangerous, needful to explore this portion of the republic.

"Nothing is so surprising and so unexpected as the breadth of these rivers. I had supposed the streams of Liberia to be mere rivulets. But not the Connecticut nor the Hudson is as wide as the St. John's or St. Paul's.

"A mile up there is a little elevation, and a clearing is made here by Professor Freeman of Liberia College, as a country home. It shows how acclimated we can become, when this Vermont Yankee lives cheerily in the heart of this malarial swamp, and waves his salute to us from his window as we row past.

"A mile or two farther up, a big old log projects into the river, gray with mud and years. It looks like a gigantic crocodile, and is noticed as the vegetable germ from which that creature was probably developed. Our friends inform us that it has a celebrity greater than Darwin could give it. It is a witch-home — the first we had seen of the multitudes that cover thick with their terrors this land of human darkness, bodily and spiritual. That abode of witches was a terror to all these boatmen, and many was the misery that shot through them as they paddled swiftly by the crocodile-tree. A little farther up the river, on the opposite side, a huge trunk rose twistedly from the shore, and hung well out over the stream. It was four feet thick and sixty feet long. Its boughs were ragged and thin; its leaf was not unlike that of the wild cherry-tree. Perhaps the medicinal qualities of each are not unlike. That is the celebrated sassawood-tree, the ordeal of witches. Its bark, powdered, makes a powerful emetic and cathartic. The one charged with witchcraft is doomed to drink it. If he throws it off he is pronounced innocent; if not, he dies, and is adjudged guilty. Myriads are the victims to this sassawood ordeal. The witch-house and witch tree — the centres of the religion of

the people — are both met ere we have passed five miles into the country.

"You see but little of the settlement from the river; but what you do see betokens thrift, and more. A large house stands just above the church at Virginia City. In front of it is a small circle full of trees. These are the coffee-trees, the beginning of the wealth and the hopes of the river and the land. Unlike the coffee-plant of Mexico, which is a sort of tendril, or thin, sprawling branch, this is a neat and even handsome tree. It inclines to grow tall and run its branches up in a narrow cone. That gives it less bearing surface. The wise plan is to cut its head off, and so develop its lateral branches, keeping it humble and fruitful and easily handled. The tree gets to be a shrub of four feet high in three years, and then puts forth blossoms. These blossoms take a year to ripen. So you see the white blossom, small and brown beneath, on the same tree where berries in every state are in process of growth. A beautiful young mango stands near the house, about the size of a cherry-tree, and of the most exquisite tint of green, light and rich as no dyer of earth can color it.

"Hon. Mr. Dixon, Speaker of the House, whose place adjoins this, higher up, came down to meet and greet us. We regretted that time did not admit of our going up to his place; also to the other estates farther up. They are said to be finer than any below. There are the plantations of Mr. De Coursie and Mr. Sharp. The first is the largest coffee plantation in the country; the last the largest sugar plantation. Mr. Sharp commenced business some twenty years ago. He wore out too many natives in grinding his corn. Then he killed too many of the small and weak cattle in the same process. So he was not getting satisfactory return

He sends to Dr. Finney at New York for a mill. His order is greater than his draft. The doctor sees William E. Dodge, gets a loan of $1,200, sends out a small steam-mill, with all the appurtenances. The note is paid when due, and Mr. Sharp steps into a fortune. He is now the largest planter, and probably one of the wealthiest men, in the country. His mill is never broken down or worn out. He sends to market annually some five hundred puncheons of sugar — over five tons. His warehouse at Monrovia is one of the biggest — a huge stone receptacle.

"All is not perfect with this perfect sugar planter. The wife of his youth and poverty had no children, and so, Napoleon fashion, he casts off his Josephine. The pliant legislature grants him a divorce. He 'marries' another — takes another, I should say — and his discarded wife supports herself as matron of the Lutheran Mission. He and a Mr. Anderson, son-in-law of Bishop Roberts, got into a fierce fight; Anderson sprang at him to knock him down. He shot Anderson in the head, and killed him. He also distils the skimmings of his vats into rum. These three offsets largely balance the good. Yet in all these he is no worse than some of his neighbors, or his rival business men across the seas, They, too, largely indulge in this hideous practice of divorce. A leading lawyer, a leading merchant of the coast below, and a member of our conference, were all in this mire of pollution. The minister, with the usual luck of that tribe for good or evil, was the only one of these three that got his bill, and he was justly expelled from the ministry and membership for the iniquity.

"A native boy was introduced to me, son of a prince, in the service of Mr. Johnson, named Ulysses S. Grant. The great general, and greater president, has had many honors.

Not the least of them is the giving of his name to this native youth. In honor of both prince and president I shook his hand. He ought to have on a few more clothes; but probably his master thought he was sufficiently clothed with honor. His name is a royal apparel."

THE ROAD TO EGYPT.

[From the "Christian Advocate."]

"'Between that church and that house,' quietly remarks Dr. Blyden, 'starts a path that leads direct to Egypt!' There was a sensation, fit to conclude the successive sensations of the day, from its nervous beginning to its Johnsonian and Grantian close. 'How long is the road?' 'Four thousand miles.' 'Open and travelled all the way?' 'All the way. I have seen, a hundred miles out, a dervish who had walked on it from Cairo, and even from Mecca.' 'Is it settled?' 'Every six miles there is a village.' 'Peaceful?' 'Generally.' 'Any cannibals?' 'About four hundred miles out, perhaps.' So the pleasure hath its poison too."

"We drop down the river to Clay Ashland, Messrs. Dixon and Johnson accompanying us to that landing. Only one church in this place, the Baptist. The Methodist is in ruins by rain and neglect, The Presbyterian and Episcopalian are gone. Too much help did it. The Baptists, being let alone, are getting ahead. We should have gone back a half mile from the shore. So Dr. Pinney informed us. On a rise that distance back we could have seen coffee plantations for a mile and a half in every direction. The river above is also settling up. Some towns have fallen to decay. Hamburg and Millsburg among them. But towns are no signs of progress; farms are. These increase and multiply, and fill the land for ten miles up and for four miles back."

MAHOMMEDANISM IN AFRICA.

"Dr. Blyden says that during his travels in 1872–73, on the exploring expedition for the Sierra Leone Government, in every large pagan town he found one intellectual Moslem acting as prime minister to the chief, and directing his policy. He learned that the chief advisers of the king of Ashantee are Mohammedans from Sokoto. This is also true of Dahomey. It is also said by James Johnson, a native clergyman of Sierra Leone, that Mohammedanism is numerically increasing in that locality, and that three-fourths of the additions are through conviction and not by birth.

"The African Moslems are great travellers. Dr. Blyden met at Toto Korie a boy who was born in Mecca, while his mother was on a pilgrimage thither. Newly converted Moslems often go from the desert of Bornou or Lake Tchad to the great collegiate mosque at Cairo, and return. They will go long distances for their education. One young Moslem negro is told of who was in the habit of sending orders to Trubner & Co., of London, for books, who went two hundred and fifty miles to get his education. A copy of the Koran was found some few years ago to be of Liberian origin. It was written on coarse folio leaves of a ledger, such as is used in the custom-houses. It was written by a negro. It was not perfect, as it commenced with the nineteenth Sura.

"The Mohammedans have shrewdly stationed themselves in influential towns nearest the coast, and generally in those commanding the trade from the distant interior. They have in some way succeeding in impressing the people that their religion is peculiarly adapted to the African. A missionary, who has been laboring in the interior for two years, told us that when he urged the people to accept Christianity, he met

with two general answers: first, that Christianity was good for ''Merican man, but no good for country man.' The second generally came from intelligent Mahommedans, and was tersely put in this form: 'Christ is the white man's Saviour; Mohammed is the black man's.'"

UP THE ST. JOHN'S.

"The second experiment of this up-the-river sort was at Bassa. Three rivers come together here — two minor and short ones, the chief one broad and long. Benson, Mechlin, and St. John's are their names. Of these, the last is the chief. On the northern side of this river, across from its mouth, lies the pretty port of Edina; on the southern, the less pretty, but larger and more active, port of Buchanan. Both together take the name of Bassa, or Grand Bassa. This was the most famous port on the coast, in the old slave times, for that trade. It is now the most active in the palm-oil and camwood trade. You see the natives coming into the town at all hours of the day, and all days of the week, bringing on their heads, or between their shoulders, baskets made of interwoven green leaves of the palm, holding palm kernels, or a long crock of oil embedded in a basket woven of palm-leaves, or on their heads carrying the scraggy root, grimy with dirt, but disclosing in its edges and splinters, the brilliant red of the camwood, most beautiful and most costly of dyewoods, second only in worth to the cochineal of the Canaries, which we saw a few weeks thereafter. This wood is worth two hundred dollars a ton. It is dug up, the tree itself being of no value, only the root. It is brought a hundred miles and more on the heads of the natives, sometimes of the weight of over a hundred pounds. These two products are the most valuable of the natural products, and the

only ones, except ivory, they export along the whole coast. The Liberians have added coffee and sugar, but they are cultivated, and not wild productions.

"On this river we passed a gentleman of the country, a native, with his two wives. They were going home, probably from a visit to friends on the coast. The two women sat before the husband — the front one being the first wife. Her face was chalked in shapely forms upon the forehead and around the eyes, in honor of the gala-day. Servants, or slaves, probably, plied the canoe, and the dignified gentleman rode at his ease, with his family before him.

"You never see these ladies of the household walking abreast, or walking by the side of their husband. The next day at Edina a man passed down the street with four or five wives preceding him, walking all of them in silence and single file. I learned in Utah that the husband there seldom waited on his wives to church. How could he, when no sidewalk could contain them all at once? The Mormon and the savage African are in these respects alike, and alike savage. No equality, but slavery, is this abominable polygamy."

A LITTLE LIBERIAN LAW.

In a private residence used for a court house, the Bishop witnessed the following:

"Here an interesting case is going forward. The late President Roberts left a will, by which his property was given to heirs near of kin, and $10,000 in American bonds, and a coffee plantation on the point of the cape, were given, after the death of his wife and daughter, in their income, to assist education in Liberia, the disposition of the income being with the stewards of the Methodist Episcopal Church in Monrovia. Of course, a will with $10,000 cash in it, besides

a large house and a coffee farm, could not fail to get into the courts. It is the biggest prize — perhaps the first — that has gone ashore among the lawyers since the republic was established. The wreckers are at work trying to break it up. No will, seemingly, was ever more carefully made. It is very minute, prolix enough even to please a lawyer's passion for prolixity, full of legal niceties and unnecessarities. Yet it is on trial for its life. The court consists of a venerable gentleman, sitting behind a table: Judge Richardson. On one side of the front parlor, as it once was, of the executive mansion, sits the jury, a not over-intelligent and fascinating body — as what jury ever was? Opposite them sit the lawyers in the case, two on each side.

"The spectators are in the back parlor, folding-doors having disappeared. The fight between the lawyers is sharp and interesting. Attorney-General Davis was a student in the office of Hon. W. W. Rice of Worcester. He was refused admission to other offices in Boston. I rejoice to chronicle this fact, told me by Mr. Davis himself on the very day the news is read by me of the election of the same gentleman to the Congress of the United States — a just reward for a manly deed.

"The lawyers were skirmishing over minor points, the chief skirmishers being Messrs. Davis and Hilton. The former charged the plaintiff with seeking to delay the prosecution of the case. The main point before the court, whether conversation with a witness to the will, he being alive and accessible, was admissible, was lost sight of for the moment in the personal conflict. This was sharp and interesting. No American lawyers could be saucier or more gentlemanly. One quotes Shakespeare; the other replies that the gentleman may exhaust his familiarity with Shakespeare by that

quotation, but Shakespeare is not the authority in this court, but the statutes of Liberia, and to these he appeals. Of course, all this was part of the law's and the lawyers' delay, but the judge's decision on the real point, ruling out the witness, showed his head was 'level,' however keen those of the contestants before him might be. Mr. Johnson, in a graceful speech, disclaimed all desire to delay the law, and the attorneys for the State accepted his disclaimer.

THE END OF THE PARISH.

In a delightful letter to the "Northwestern Christian Advocate," under the above caption, Bishop Haven describes a trip into the country by land. "The End of the Parish" is only four miles back from the coast; but even against this journey there were many vigorous protests and warnings of the danger of fever.

"I mount my carriage. Behold it. There it stands before McGill's big stone warehouse, under a wide-spreading mango. A cream-colored creature in the shafts, a scarlet cover over the seat. You never had a handsomer turn-out on Drexel road. Nay, comparisons fail, for this is the only sort here. My Episcopal brother, finding that I have decided to 'stick,' decides to go with me. I mount my box. It is three feet long, almost, perched on a pair of wheels, with no springs to break the jolting or be broken by it, with a pair of rude shafts, and between them the animal—a bullock—about the size of the Philistine heifer, or a stout Newfoundland dog. Its weight and size I forgot to inquire, but it was small enough for the job set it to do—to carry four hundred pounds and cart and boy four miles.

"Before us rode in a lighter cart our other brother minister, and the one who was to have driven us, Brother Yancey

of Georgia. How pleasant it is to meet Georgians so far from home! This brother left Sparta some four years ago. He is 'nigh about' the smartest man in Cape Palmas. He owns these bullocks, has raised a donkey which trots beside its dam, has made cloth from cotton which grows wild here, raised sugar, coffee, had his farm overrun in the late war, house burned, his brother killed, yet is full of spirit, and is repairing his fortunes as cheerfully as if he had met with no losses. One of the family of this brother, all whose children, a large number, he has adopted, drives our bullock.

"An India hat of pith, the property of Brother Yancey, covered with white muslin and lined with green, an umbrella, a fan, and a handful of leaves in my hat, make up my protections against the sun. The breeze from the land at this hour, near ten, is dying out; that from the sea has not yet set in. It is, therefore, the sultriest hour of the day. But the meeting is appointed at eleven, and so the danger must be met. We pass by our church and seminary at Cape Palmas. They are not the 'end,' and so are excluded from this sketch. There the end begins. You see the path stretching straight before you.

"Our team moves glibly along, and so do our tongues. The roadside is lined with flowers and fruits and trees and leaves of strangeness and of beauty. The most numerous is the cocoanut, which seems the favorite tree of the lower coast. Its thick crown, not very far from the ground, makes it not unsuitable for shade, while it is also useful for fruit. More useful is its neighbor the palm, so called by way of pre-eminence, for the other is a palm, and so are many others. But this is the treasure-house, the mine of wealth, the real currency of the land. It produces the palm-oil of commerce, the most valuable product of the whole coast. It is lower

and bushier than the date or cocoa palm. Its leaves are numerous enough for shade. They are less lithe and long and graceful than the cocoanut. In among them you can see great cone-like bunches covered with red nuts, about the size of dates or prunes. These red dates are set over the the cone like diamonds over a brooch, each in a bed of its own. They are not beyond being eaten sometimes for their own sake, though they are too oily for untrained taste. These give the well-known palm-oil. Inside of them is a kernel, which is also sent to Europe and made to yield the same substance there. Of course, this wealth-giving tree is not out of our landscape. It is a popular tree for shade and for trade.

"There is yet another palm-tree, which yields wine. These the natives cut down in this part of the country to get the sap, though elsewhere they have learned to tap them. You can see them growing by the roadside, smaller than their kindred, because not allowed to reach their growth. The liquor they exude is pungent, soon ferments, and is good for drunk-making powers in a very short space of time.

"Another of these same palm-like leaves. You will notice on the roadside, a clump of sharp cactus-leaves spring out of a stump hardly a foot or two from the earth. In the centre of these spines rises a small cone, itself, in looks, a concentrated spine. That is the pineapple, most delicate of fruits. How the thorniest things yield the sweetest! What so thorny as the sweet-briar and the rose-bush in northern latitudes? What so perfect there in color and fragrance as their flower? So the cactus in tropic climes, most hideous of trees, has the most exquisite flower, and its sharp and homely spines the most perfect fruit. It grows here by cultivation, not wild. It is set around a garden, and yields

its fruit at all seasons. Anent the pineapple, let us say, one never knows how fruits taste till he eats them where they grow. Apples in Michigan, peaches in Delaware, pears in Massachusetts, plums in England, watermelons in Egypt, oranges in Florida, pineapples in Liberia. These are not the only seats where these sovereigns reign, but they are among their chosen palaces. Pluck that pineapple and taste it. It runs with sweetness. It overflows. It cannot contain itself. And such sweetness. The northern air chills and thickens its blood, and takes out its flavor. You could relish it by the hour. Yet it is the only fruit you dare not eat. All warn you of its febrile powers. It is a nurse of the fever. So it stands safely amid its thorns, and hangs securely along the deck. Nay, cut up and sugared, it finds no devourers but the cockroaches. Officers and crew alike shun its allurements. 'Every sweet a snare,' they say, as they look on its lusciousness. To the acclimated inhabitant it is not so. They make its juices into a table-beer, which they pronounce excellent. And otherwise to them it bears the palm among the palms.

"You will note a marvellous variety and richness of leaves and flowers along the roadway. I got tired of stopping my team, and having these exquisite leaves and flowers handed me. They blossom of every color — scarlet, pink, blue, purple, buff, yellow, and of every shape — open bell, in clusters like chimes of closed bells, like pinks over the fields, though of deeper tint, in convolvular shape, hanging on all the bushes, blazing in the palm-trees, no end of shape or color. But the varieties of green in the leaf are more numerous and more marvellous than the hues of flowers. They are dark, thick, glossy — such are the rubber varieties and the soap-leaf. They are light and delicate ferns. 'Most

moving delicate and full of life,' they seem as they wave softly in the soft breeze. They are long, slim, wiry, and palm-like; short, broad, and soft, like the fig; grayish-green, pinkish-green, pea-green, and intense Paris-green, exceedingly lustrous, every shade conceivable, and many that could never be conceived outside of tropic skies and perpetual foliage.

"Yet this foliage is not perpetual. It falls, the leaf does here, no less than icy Iowa and bleak Bangor. Those tall cotton-trees are shedding their leaves. They'll be stripped by February as bare as a maple at Christmas, and they stand stripped for two or more months. That mango is covered thick with red leaves, giving it an autumnal aspect. It is the young leaf replacing the old. The cocoanut has dry and dead spines coming out of its trunk. In fact its trunk is but a covering of dead stalks, that have died all along its upward growth. So death rules in this paradise, even in its foilage. If we have reached the place 'where everlasting spring abides,' we have not that of 'never withering flowers.' They decay the quicker here for their exuberance of life.

"The narrow path leads through a moderate valley, with pretty swelling hills on either side. To the left or northern side is a knob on which is a large stone building, dignified enough in size and situation for a city hall or court house. It is the jail. What the want of so big a building and so far from town it is hard to say. It is only less out of place than the Liberia College in Monrovia. The prisoners complain that its cells are cold, so enervating is the climate. There is but little use for it, as flogging is still used for petty offences, and they have none but petty. One murder only has ever been committed in this colony, and the murderer escaped.

The actual end of the African parish is at the farm of 'Brother Bowen,' at Tubmantown."

TUBMANTOWN.

"It is reached. Enter the little yard of Brother Bowen. It is a farm-yard, and not unlike such in country spots in the States. The house stands back a hundred feet or so from the road. Banana-trees, with their great leaves, are in a garden on one side. A huge mango-tree stands a little down the road, like a great elm in a New England homestead. Coffee-trees inclose the house on either side. Farm truck lies just to the right of the house and in front of it, wagons, a small pile of wood, just such as any common country farm-house in America might show. Everything is familiar — even to the half-neglected, half-attended flowers near the house. Superb June roses, large, full, dewy, and of unspeakable richness of odor, are hanging before your watering senses on those tall rose-bushes. Oleanders blaze in the sun and out-redden it; tall orange-rods rise up on slim stalks from large lily-leaf vases; great yellow bells hang profusely from spreading bushes.

"The land is exceedingly lovely. Your idea of Africa as a region of desolation is gone in a moment. No lovelier scene was ever outspread from an English, or Italian, or American church-top. You can feast upon it without weariness for hours.

"It is not only lovely but healthy. Death may lurk in these passing breezes, but only to the unacclimated foreigner. It is without peril to the settler and native. The miasmatic marshes and mangrove swamps are behind us. Before us are high and wholesome lands, more and more high and wholesome as you travel eastward to the central mountains.

"They are continuously productive. Here the sower overtakes the reaper, and he that gathereth corn him that treadeth out grapes. Sugar-cane flourishes luxuriantly here. Cotton grows wild everywhere. There are bushes with novel bolls upon them in Brother Bowen's front yard, bolls that require no ginning, the seed being a long single or connected seed, which is easily picked from the cotton. Cloth has been woven from this cotton by our brother who owns the bullocks and raises the donkeys. Here, too, you see corn, — American corn, Indian corn, and cassada, the edible of the land, and everything else, except wheat. That they do not seem able to raise, and as some of them cannot forget fatherland and its flour; so they turn aside from all this abundance and pay eighteen and twenty dollars a barrel for flour that probably cost the shippers three and four.

"The war [with the natives in the bush] raged around here. One man was killed at the rock which lies within fifty feet of the church door. Philadelphia, the settlement across the creek, was burned down and abandoned. Shots were exchanged between this hill-top and the one across the roadway, just about this height, and this distance from the path.

"The native tribes, differing in dialect and name with every short remove of twenty or fifty miles across these thousands, are one in habits, religion, and tenacity of grip upon the lands. These Grebos allow no Liberians any titles a half mile beyond where we stand. There is a creek that distance ahead. This creek, they claim, is the boundary of Cape Palmas, or Maryland. True, some of our people hold farms a little beyond, but only at the mercy of these natives. One of ours bought a farm of a native and paid him for it, though the government also gave him a title. But when he died and his son sought to cultivate it, the natives tore down the house, uprooted his

coffee-trees, and drove him from the place. The extinguishment of these titles will be the most delicate and difficult of duties that the Liberian government will be compelled to discharge."

BUNKER HILL.

"It is not unlike its original. Less abrupt, it is not less lofty or sightly. From it you can see a dozen miles down the coast—much further than at the cape itself. From it, also, you can see far into the interior. A block-house is going up as a defence against the natives; how like our American experience over again! The cottages were all burned, and fruits of many years' labor lost in a day. But the people have no idea of deserting the spot. They are erecting bamboo houses. The twigs are all in place, erect and twisted, and the cottages made; but it is all open as the day. The spaces between these twigs they will fill up at leisure, and before the rainy season is begun, their houses will be thatched and comfortable.

"They are jolly as Mark Tapley under these outward discouragements. A middle-aged man from Maryland (most here are from that State), who had lost everything but family, land, and good spirits, showed me his hut and his farm. That lot of two or three acres adjoining the bamboo hut, had in it almost every kind of product. There were eddoes, used as a potato, with broad plantain-leaves; cassada, also a sort of yam or potato, a great favorite, and not unworthy of its place; yams; sugar-cane; coffee, orange and lime trees; Indian corn, and many more which I forget. But chief in his judgment was the tobacco-plant. Tobacco is the currency of the country. It is the one universal article of demand and use. It was the first I had seen growing in the land. He had got hold of some seed from America, planted it, and

now he had one hundred and three plants. He brought out a cured leaf, and was intensely enthusiastic over his prospect. If he can start that growth, he may add to the fiscal resources of the land even more than in the raising of coffee; for tobacco commands the natives and the interior. It showed the resources of the soil, when here on the same acre on the top of Bunker Hill, were growing side by side in equal luxuriance, tobacco, corn, cotton, cassada or tapioca, sweet potatoes, sugar-cane. No American spot can equal that. This Bunker Hill is as fruitful of products as its antetype is of ideas."

AFRICAN COMMERCE.

"'You see you are to lose America as a market,' says an American to an Englishman at the Philadelphia Exposition; 'whither will you go?'

"'To Africa,' was the quick reply.

"England has already gone there. She controls Egypt and the Cape Colony,—the extreme north and south. She holds two thousand miles of the West Coast under her sway. She rules from Zanzibar, through Abyssinia, to Suez. She means to possess Africa as she now possesses India."

So says Bishop Haven in his elaborate articles in the "North American Review," entitled "America in Africa."

After a reference to the African colonies of Germany, France, Holland, Spain, and Portugal, he sets forth the fact that Great Britain has chief control of the commerce of the West of Africa, some fifty vessels a year visiting those ports, each one of which carries an assorted cargo, that is sold from its deck in the ports visited; the ship being converted into a shop, or store, much to the disgust of the revenue officers of the African governments who, however, are power-

less in dealing with such a nation as Great Britain, and whose objections to this sort of free trade are silenced by threats that, if it is interfered with, the English vessels, which are the chief means of inter-communication between African ports, will be withdrawn altogether.

After narrating the history of the American Colonization Society, and some of the difficulties which attended the establishment of the American Colony at Cape Mesurado, the retirement of the Colonization Society from the management of affairs because European traders would not recognize their government, and the erection of the Republic of Liberia, the Bishop continues:

"Look at the colony after the lapse of this first half century. We ought not to expect a very great showing. What was any English colony in America fifty years after its settlement? In 1670 Massachusetts had hardly penetrated beyond the seaboard. A few towns on the Connecticut had been planted, as they have to-day on the St. Paul's River, the Connecticut of Liberia. But the country a dozen miles back from the coast was practically a wilderness, inhabited by savages."

PRODUCTS.

"The chief products of Liberia are sugar, coffee, and India-rubber. The best plantations of coffee and sugar are on the St. Paul's. Up this river are the chief settlements. There lies, more than on the sea-shore, the future of America in Africa. The river is very broad and handsome,—as broad and handsome as the Hudson. For about forty miles, or as far up as the Connecticut, it is navigable for sloops and even larger craft. For four miles back from the river, coffee is cultivated. It is sold for twenty cents a pound, gold, at Monrovia, which gives it a higher valuation in New York

than Java. It is being exported now to Ceylon, to replace the coffee of that island, itself among the best in the world. Three dollars, gold, a bushel is paid for it at Monrovia for this purpose. It is also being planted in Southern California. The coffee-tree is usually a trim, compact, small tree, not over twenty feet high, nor fifteen wide at its widest part. Thirty pounds have been taken from a tree in one season; two and a half pounds is the average. The last vessel in New York, which arrived last June, had over eighty thousand pounds in its invoice. That portion which the shippers held was sold for twenty-five cents a pound, in gold, before it reached port. It is evident, therefore, that unless some drawback occurs, this product will draw capital here, and make the republic a not unimportant factor in the mercantile exchange of the world.

"India rubber is also becoming an article of commerce. A Boston gentleman engaged in this business, informed me that he alone purchased two hundred thousand pounds of African rubber during the past year. As this rubber is worth in Boston not less than forty cents a pound, or nearly a million dollars for the whole, it shows how valuable this trade may yet become. Cameron says over £45,000, or $225,000, was the value of this export in a single year from Zanzibar. It can be gotten on the market much cheaper from Liberia. Gold also is reported to exist in the mountains, and an English company has sought to make a contract with the government for the working of its mines."

ITS POLITICAL CONDITION AND POPULATION.

"The invasion of European merchantmen, and their refusal to recognize the government of the American Colonization Society, compelled the establishment of the Liberian

government. When the governors of the society complained of their course, they replied, in substance: 'England we know, and America we know; but who are you?' America, at that time, was unwilling to recognize a territory that was occupied by that class of its citizens, as it would encourage their enslaved brothers at home in the idea that they had some rights which should here be respected; there was no alternative, therefore, but for the colony to proclaim its independence. This was done in July 26, 1847.

"That such an independence was premature is evident from the history of all other colonies. In twenty-five years after its establishment it became an independent state. It was one hundred and sixty-eight years from its first settlement at Jamestown that English America became independent. And that Liberia does as well as she does is a marvel.

"The Secretary of the Treasury reports last year's receipts from taxes and duties, ending Sept. 30, 1876, to be $113,-026.34. Probably the Virginia Colony could not have shown so good an account in 1662, fifty-five years after its first outcasts were landed at its Monrovia. The President and other officials are courteous gentlemen, and probably manage the affairs of state as well as any persons of any land could under like conditions.

"The population of Liberia is smaller than it ought to be, considering the number of emigrants sent there and the money spent in colonizing. The American Colonization Society had spent, at their semi-centennial in 1866, the immense sum of $2,558,907.10. Over two million and a half of dollars had been countributed up to Jan. 1, 1867. Since that, probably, a third of a million more has been given, making about three million dollars from this source alone. The churches have been very liberal. We may safely

estimate the amount given in America to this enterprise at not less than five millions of dollars. If we include national aid, it will largely surpass this sum.

"This vast amount of money has succeeded in establishing the colonies on the coast and settlements up the rivers St. Paul's, Junk, St. John, and Sinoe. It has erected seminary and college buildings, churches, and a congressional building, and aided in the erection of many comfortable dwellings. But it has not moved many persons from America. Only thirteen thousand one hundred and thirty-six persons were sent out by the American Colonization Society in its first half century. Probably a thousand is as many as have been sent in the last ten years; less than fifteen thousand persons, at an expense of three million dollars. Recaptured Africans have been returned to the number of five thousand seven hundred and twenty-two. Or not far from twenty thousand have been planted in this territory in sixty years; an average of about three hundred a year."

NECESSITIES.

"What does Liberia need? More emigrants. The native population are becoming Americanized, but so slowly as to be of little benefit to the republic. It must have large accessions from America if it is to flourish, or even if it is to live. America is being Africanized; Africa should be Americanized. It is to better their own fortunes that emigrants should go, just as they come here from other lands." "How shall this larger emigration be brought about? By steam communication, regular and frequent. There is only one firm in America that has a regular line to Liberia. These vessels have no regular time of sailing, can carry but few emigrants, and, being a long time on the voyage — from

forty to seventy days — must charge a large amount for a ticket. On the other hand, steamers could make the trip in fifteen to twenty days, could carry five hundred passengers, and would make money at twenty dollars a head. The first necessity is steam communication.

"Nor would this be an unprofitable venture in a larger view of the case. The British steamers visit Madeira and the Canaries, and pass down the whole coast. They carry many passengers. I failed to get a berth, or even a place on a cabin lounge, on an outward steamer at Bassa. It was crowded with passengers. We could have like success. The Western Islands, Madeira, and the Canaries, themselves would support a steamer line. The cochineal trade, already valuable, with fruit and other products, would make our connection profitable. From Grand Canaries, one island alone of the Canary group, fifteen thousand bags of cochineal, weighing two hundred pounds each, are exported annually. Its value fluctuates, but rises as high as seventy-five cents a pound. This single item has a value of nearly three millions of dollars. . . . Great Britain sent to the West Coast of Africa, in 1874, of her products, to the value of over eight and a half million dollars, and received nearly eight millions in return. The trade has steadily increased since that year.

"In exports from the coast, palm-oil leads, while fruits, wines, and cochineal make up the most of the traffic from the islands. The chief articles sent out to the islands and coast were cottons, arms and ammunition, haberdashery, hardware, and cutlery. Of these, cotton was king. The whole number of yards of cotton cloth, mostly prints, sold at these ports for that year, amounted to 47,217,966, whose value was estimated at £745,179, or nearly four millions of dollars.

"Another disagreeable fact: One hundred and twenty-

four British steamers entered the ports of the Canary Islands in 1874, with one hundred thousand tons of tonnage, and not one from America. Eighteen sailing-vessels were all that came from the United States, of only five thousand tonnage, and eleven of these were whalers; leaving only seven merchant ships, of two thousand two hundred tonnage, against one hundred and sixty-two British vessels (sail and steam), of one hundred and seventeen thousand tons. And the Canaries are not British ports, but would as gladly welcome American steamers as English."

ANNEXATION.

"Another thing needed to make the America in Africa a greater, and even a great success, is closer political connection with America. It was a sad day for the colony when its union with its motherland was sundered. It will be a bright day for the republic when such relations are resumed. True, it had no political identity with our government, but that will be necessary on renewal of relations. It ought to be a Territory of the United States, to become a State when its voting population has reached the legal number.

"This would require a change in our theories. If the Monroe doctrine be claimed, America for Americans, then must the converse also be required of us, only America for Americans. This cord of our own twisting will strangle us in the end. It is a notable fact that the utterer of the famous saying was the first to practically annul it. For the share he took in the American colony his name was given to its capital. For twenty years he labored to plant America in Africa. His deeds rebuked his words.

"Great Britain already has all the adjacent coast under her control. From the Gambia to the Gaboon, a distance of

nearly two thousand miles, she holds sway. One governor rules the whole. Liberia is the only break in this line. But for that her sway would be complete from the equator to Sahara. Of course this American Naboth does not please the kingly eyes. 'How can he be swallowed up?' is the thought of many a representative of England. 'We shall be swallowed up' is the fear of many an Afric-American."

The last need mentioned by the Bishop in this article is a railroad from Monrovia to Cairo. "Four thousand miles through an utterly undiscovered country," except that there is a path, not to say road, travelled by the natives from Monrovia to Cairo. "This road," says Bishop Haven, "would pass through the richest and most important section of the continent. It would touch Timbuctoo, the Niger, the Wely, the Nyanza district, and the vast unknown territory that lies between the eastern and western centres. It would unite every explorer from Mungo Park to Henry Stanley; only Livingstone and Cameron, whose exploits are in Southern Africa, would be excluded from the list, and even these would touch it at its eastern division by the Egypt and Good Hope Railroad, which would traverse all Livingstone's chief lines. This road is feasible, is necessary, is certain, is not far distant. Already Cameron urges a road from Zanzibar to Tanganyika, a distance of one thousand miles. He says it can be built for one thousand pounds a mile. It only remains to be seen whether America will help her first-born, her representative, her child still in every pulse, to win this honor for herself and for us. Wherever that railroad to Cairo terminates on this side, thither flows the commerce of Africa. Monrovia can have that honor if we will undertake with her and for her. Let the North Pole remain in its icy isolation, while this vaster, nobler, and more useful undertaking is furthered by our government."

CHAPTER IV.

SELECTIONS FROM BISHOP HAVEN'S NATIONAL SERMONS.

The full title of this famous volume is "Sermons, Speeches, and Letters on Slavery and its War, from the passage of the Fugitive Slave Bill to the election of President Grant." It was issued in 1869 by Messrs. Lee & Shepard, Boston, by whose kind permission the following extracts are made. The volume being out of print, this reproduction of some of its choicest portions is all the more valuable and important. The dedication of the book will be read with new interest by those to whom it is inscribed.

"To the Reverend Fathers and Brethren

Of the New England Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church, the first organized body in America that accepted and proclaimed the duty of the immediate and unconditional abolition of slavery, after its announcement by William Lloyd Garrison; and that adhered faithfully to this cause, through evil report and good report, until God gave it the victory:

This Volume,

devoted to the consideration of this reform, in its past, present, and future relations to the Church, the Nation, and Mankind,

Is Cordially Inscribed,

in gratitude for their fatherly guidance, in memory of their fraternal co-operation, and in hope of the early obliteration of the unchristian prejudice, growing out of the abolished iniquity, that still afflicts the American people, and for whose extirpation this Conference has so long and so ardently labored and prayed.'

THE HIGHER LAW.

This first political sermon by Gilbert Haven was delivered in November, 1850, at Amenia Seminary, called out by the enactment of the Fugitive Slave Law. It is all plain enough

now, but then it was the language of a "fanatic," an "agitator," and we might add, of a prophet. Only brief extracts may find space in this chapter.

"Slavery is the most extreme and terrible violation of human rights."

"Slavery was almost the first-born of sin, and has settled in midnight blackness on every nation. No scruples existed as to the color or nationality of the victim. If he was the weaker, he became the property of the stronger. Black stole white, and white black. The children of Ham sold and scourged the children of Japhet, and those of Japhet unrighteously fulfilled prophecy by dwelling thus cruelly in the tents of Shem.

"What has caused, in the slow march of the world, its steady disappearance? Why have the most advanced peoples of mankind outgrown this barbarism? It is the providence of God declaring its sinfulness, by the evils he inflicts on its disciples,— evils in the state of anarchy, of corruption, of poverty, of weakness, of dissolution; evils in the individual trangressor of ignorance and brutality. He demanded its extinction as the first step in civilization. He led the advancing races further and further from its black abyss, until now, the mere idea of property in man is as abhorrent to the Christian world as the eating of man, its twin abomination in birth and dominion."

"A government, therefore, which indorses slavery, which orders the recovery of those who have escaped from its dreadful dungeon, ought to be met with one general burst of execration, one united prayer and effort for the repeal of its wicked enactment, and the deliverance of those so unrighteously bound."

"Should we be called upon to assist in the execution of this law, we must refuse. Ready as we should be to aid the executors of laws which we have no sound reasons to consider morally wrong, we should refuse any assistance in the execution of those clearly criminal."

"But we have another duty forced upon us by the State, which compels us to defy the State. We are forbidden to harbor the fugitive, or to assist him in his endeavors to escape his pursuer. This command conflicts with the positive decree of God none the less than those which demand our aid in catching and binding the unhappy victim. It must be disregarded. If the man seeks our assistance whom the government is seeking to reduce to the awful bondage, from which, against great odds and amid great perils, he has effected his escape, even though it forbids us to oppose its vile attempt, as servants of Christ we should unhesitatingly disobey it, and obey Him. We must receive him to our fireside as cordially as we would receive our Lord, had he sought the shelter of our roof from the wicked rage of his persecutors. We must conceal him from his pursuers. We must aid him to escape from his native land, that is thus refusing the protection to its native-born citizens under its own flag, and on its own soil, which it claims for those who but partially adopt it as their own, and are under the flag beneath which they were born, sacrificing these primal and dearest rights of its people to the lusts of godless traffickers in human flesh."

"It has become too much the fashion of late to centre all moral excellence and natural prosperity in the Constitution. In Christ, not in the Constitution, must we put our trust. On his law should we meditate, not on that which again nails him, scourged and bleeding, to the fatal cross. His

name should be our badge of honor, our stamp of manhood. Then, and then only, shall we truly render not only unto Cæsar the things that are Cæsar's, but unto God, also, the things that are God's."

"There is no permanent union between liberty and slavery. God and Satan can have no compact nor compromise. One or the other must he triumphant."

THE STATE STRUCK DOWN.

[Delivered at Westfield, Massachusetts, June 11, 1856, on the occasion of the assault upon Charles Sumner.]

"But those husbandmen said among themselves, This is the heir; come, let us kill him, and the inheritance shall be ours." — MARK xii. 7.

ARGUMENT. — Why Christ suffered; how his suffering disciples participate in his experience, though falling infinitely below it. The position of this sufferer as compared with previous martyrs. Not himself assailed, but his State and her Ideas, organized and regnant. His assailant not a man but an Idea, organized and determined on the supremacy. I. Our guilt. History of its progress. II. Our repentance. How to be established. 1. By penitence. 2. Brotherly feeling toward the slave. 3. Resumption of stolen Kansas. 4. The transfer of the government to the side of liberty. III. Failure destroys liberty or compels civil war.

"Why this furor against the slaveholder, if the colored race is not one with our own? He has no objection to *our* holding slaves and carrying them to Kansas or elsewhere. 'Because free labor dies beside slave labor!' Wherefore? It does not die where horses and oxen abound; it does not where the dark free man works. Why should it where his slave brother toils? Simply because in our heart of hearts we see our oneness. Take away this conviction, and we can trade in them as easily as in cattle or grain. The argument is simple and unanswerable. If essentially different and inferior, then they are, and of right ought to be, servants, slaves, merchandise. There is but ONE race of men,

and God has put all things under its feet. If the negro is a man, then he is the unquestioned equal in every right of every other man. If not an equal, not a man. If not a man, a merchantable thing.

"All this prejudice of ours is peculiarly superficial. The seat of the disease is in the skin, not in the vitals, much less in the spirit within. Social and civil rights hang on the fibres of the flesh, dwell in cellular tissues and animal pigments. Driven from one fortress after another by the spirit of human equality, caste has made its last refuge in the surface of the body."

"We must entertain brotherly feelings toward the slave. You are not going to deliver yourself without delivering him. This revolution has far greater objects, and will have, if successful, results far greater than that of 1776. That was chiefly for the political salvation of the European race. It answered the question: 'Is the highest of the families of men capable of self-government?' This is for the political and social salvation of all men. Extremes here providentially meet. The lowliest of your kindred has hold of your hearts. Their welfare is inextricably inwrought in your own. They are around your necks. You cannot shake them off. You are, you must be, if a defender of your own rights, a defender of theirs. 'Abolitionist,' 'Negro-worshipper,' 'Black Republican,' whatever name is attached, honorably or contemptuously to the upholders of the great sentiment of perfect human equality and brotherhood must be your title."

"If we postpone our political reformation to the presidential contest of 1860, there will be civil war. If the North has courage enough to fight, though not enough to vote for liberty, before that not distant period arrives the struggle may have been begun. This power, if again triumphant,

will triumph as never before. Not smuggled and disguised, but openly will it start on its new career. And if its insolence is so great now, if its demands are so unendurable, what will they be when it puts on the crown of authority that the people will offer it? If resisted it must be under the smoke of battle."

"Pennsylvania is not the keystone of this nation. It is prayer. When we pray for the slave as one with him, we shall speak for him, vote for him, and win for him and ourselves individual, national, universal liberty. 'I will be inquired of by the house of Israel to do this thing for them.'"

CASTE THE CORNER-STONE OF AMERICAN SLAVERY.

[Delivered on the occasion of the State Fast, at Wilbraham, Mass., in 1854, and at Roxbury, Mass., in 1858; also delivered at the Forsyth Street Methodist Episcopal Church, New York.]

"We are verily guilty concerning our brother."—GEN. xlii. 21.

ARGUMENT.—Foundation for American slavery. I. Not in man as man, but in his color or origin. Scripture stolen to array an idol. This color is declared to be a mark of degradation and separation. II. This feeling, 1. General. 2. Deep-rooted. 3. Unnatural. Because, (1.) Not towards any other class of men. (2.) They have the gifts of music, manners, the culinary art, aptness of imitation, wit and humor, patience, and sunniness of temper. (3.) No repugnance to this color, as seen everywhere else, than in America. (4.) No disunity in spiritual nature. (5.) Caused by social condition. (6.) Contrary to the Scriptures. 4. The feeling is the chief bulwark of American slavery. South could not resist the North were she free from this prejudice. III. How shall it be cured? 1. Cease to dwell on the distinction of color. 2. Welcome those of this hue to your society. 3. Encourage them to enter all branches of trade. IV. Result, intermarriage; its right and fitness. True marriage. Shakespeare's foresight and courage. Othello and Desdemona.

I. Upon what is slavery grounded? Is it upon the right to hold in slavery the black man, or the man who has any blood relation, however remote, with that portion of the sons of men? The most arrogant defender of slavery in this

country has never dared to advocate the enslavement of *any* race of colored men, for all men are colored. The lighter, though sometimes very dusky, shades of the Caucasian, the yellow Chinese, the tawny Malay, the copper-hued Indian, are all painted by the hand of their Creator another color than white. No doctor of diabolic divinity has ever picked from the sacred page any text for the enslavement of Indian, Mexican, Englishman, or Greek, though every argument which they wrest from the writings of Paul (as did those of old for their own destruction and the destruction of the brethren of Christ) must, on their principle, be applied chiefly to white persons, as these were almost the only slaves of Rome in the days of Paul. One text alone in the whole Bible can they bring to the support of African slavery. Every other reference to it is human, not specific — the slavery of man, not Ham. And even that text supports no such theory. It was a prophecy announced and completed four thousand years ago, when Joshua made the Gibeonites his servants, and David ruled over the whole land of Canaan.*

* The position was long held by Abolitionists, that the curse upon Canaan was a prophecy of his political subjugation to the children of Israel, and that he was not the father of the African race, and his curse had given no authority for African slavery. This was opposed with intense vigor by the Southern pulpit and its Northern sympathizers. Even so late as 1869, a lecturer could make "cursed be Canaan" a title for a witty satire against slavery and caste. But how false it was, and how thoroughly exploded, may be seen from the following extract from "The Christian Advocate" of January, 1869, published at Nashville, the official organ of the Methodist Episcopal Church, South. Its learned editor, Rev. Dr. Summers, thus confesses the wrongfulness of that famous plea for American slavery: "The descendants of Ham's fourth son, Canaan were exclusively involved in Noah's malediction; but they were not negroes, nor, so far as appears, any darker in their hue than the Jews, to whom, as Shemites, they were brought into servitude, as they were afterwards to the Greeks and Romans, the descendants of Japheth. We do not doubt that the black races of Africa, including all the negroes, descended from Cush and Phut, two of the sons of Ham, with perhaps a little intermingling from the descendants of Mizraim, another of his sons, who settled in Egypt."

A broader view of the history of these three families only confirms this position. The sons of Canaan ruled in Nineveh, and were the first conquerors of the world. They became subject to the posterity of Shem, under Cyrus, and Shem had to allow Japhet, under Alexander, to abide in his tents. To-day, Shem, in the person of the Turk, holds Canaan in bondage in Syria and Egypt, and Japhet, in that of Russia and England, dwells in many of the tents of Shem.

Scripture is stolen to deck a false idol. It is a new argument for an old sin, an argument without any antetype in history, or any authority in the Word of God. Abraham, they say, was a slaveholder; but the sons of Shem were his slaves. Egyptians and Babylonians enslaved Hebrews, Hebrews enslaved the Canaanites, not for reasons of race, but for the sole reason of power. The Persian owned the Greek; the Greek, the Roman; the Roman, the Norman; the Norman, the Saxon. No one of them regarded color, but condition only. The last of these slaves, the Saxon, having gained his liberty, and following the devil's maxim, "Do to others as you do not wish should be done to you," goes out and binds his fellow-servants. He is an adventurer, and when he conquers, enslaves. He steals men and women from Africa and sells them in America. Here he enslaves every new-born child of the daughters of these captives in every following generation. For two hundred years he pursues this traffic, and when the conscience of the world begins to rise up against his iniquity, behold, he clothes himself with these fig-leaves of prophecy, which he gets professed ministers of Christ to sew together, and hopes to perpetuate his sin and shame with a pretension that blasphemes God and empties his Word of its sovereign power. For if that

Word could be proved to indorse this crime, its sanctity and authority flee instantly and forever.

What is there, then, we solemnly ask, in view of these facts, in this portion of the human family, that justifies the idea, so powerful in this and every American community, that they are, by divine decree, set forever apart and below the rest of mankind? Are they the children of Cain, bearing his mark on their foreheads? Much rather are their haughty oppressors his offspring. Theirs is the faith and fate of Abel.

On what do we base our dogma of necessary segregation? On color? What degree of color is requisite to enslave or liberate a man? Where is the Mason and Dixon's line among pigments,—on one side of which a man is changed from a brother to a beast, and crossing which, if he can cross it, as many do, transforms a beast into a brother? Where run the boundaries that put a son of Adam, of Noah, of God, among another order of beings than the rest of his brethren? Will not this border line, in its course, enter the families of proud-blooded Caucasians, and set husband against wife, father against daughter, brother against sister? Does it not to-day, in many a household in this land, make one half of the family the property of the other?* Will not this

* This was confirmed by the visit to America of the Queen of the Sandwich Islands in 1854, as well as that of Japanese and Chinese embassadors. All of these were received freely into our best society, and all of them were far less attractive in contour of face, or even complexion, as well as in manners, than the better class of Afric-Americans.

A clergyman of the Methodist Episcopal Church, Rev. J. D. Long, when travelling a circuit in Maryland, stopped at the house of one of his congregation. After dinner they went to walk.

"Did you notice anything peculiar about my family?" said his host.

"Nothing especial," was the reply.

"Did you not see the girls that waited on the table?"

"I noticed that there were some."

"Those girls are my daughters, the children of my first wife, who was my

law go yet further, and give the lightest complexioned race dominion over their darker kindred? Cannot England quote this plea as the conclusive argument for its subjugation of Ireland, the yellow-haired Saxon being the natural superior of the dark-skinned Celt? How like an unsubstantial shadow, as it is, does this fantasy fade into nothingness before the clear and sober light of reason!

"Two things chiefly create this prejudice among nations — religion and social condition. Religion may breed caste. You do not abhor the black to-day any more than the Christian of the middle ages abhorred the Jew, or than the Jew in earlier ages abhorred the Christian. Neither would have treated the other, when he was in the supremacy, with any more respect than a Southern white man now treats his colored brother. Each would have felt the heaviest curse resting upon him, had he admitted his religious antagonist to his table or his bed. Thus, too, the Mohammedan, in the days of his power, and where he still holds undisputed sway, treats his Christian brother. 'Dog' and 'infidel' are his best compliments, death his best hospitality. Thus, in India, religion builds its mighty walls between the same blood. Men whom you cannot distinguish apart in complexion, or any feature, are separated by a gulf which it is death, and worse, to attempt to span.

"Social condition breeds the same feeling. The English Norman would have felt unutterable disgust had his Saxon neighbor claimed social equality and intimacy. To this day

slave. I lived happily with her, and as honorably as the State would allow. When she died, I married my present wife, a white lady, whose daughters sat at the table. The older sisters are the slaves of the younger."

"The elder shall serve the younger" was strangely fulfilled in this instance. It was one of a myriad of examples of the mixed condition of slaveholding families.

the English noble, or even gentleman, would profess that he had a 'natural' aversion to the serf.

"Hence arises American caste. The slave is black. Were they white, they could not be kept in slavery a year. But the South says, 'They are so distinct a people that it is impossible for us to ever mingle together.' How the complexion of their slaves gives the lie to this pretence!"

In his argument to show that there is no *natural* antipathy between blacks and whites on account of color, he continues:—

"It finds no place in all Bible history. Solomon treated the Queen of Sheba, a negress of Abyssinia, with the utmost respect and cordiality; Philip ran reverently by the side of the chariot of a negro, the chief minister of the court of her successor; Moses married an Ethiopian; a negro was called of God and his brethren to be one of 'the prophets and teachers of the church at Antioch,' with Barnabas and the foster-brother of Herod, and was also called by the Holy Ghost to lay his hands, in company with those of his brethren, upon the heads of Paul and Barnabas — the first Christian ordination that is upon record, and one that our ministers would do well speedily to imitate.

"More than this: the Bible constantly proclaims the absolute oneness of the race of man, in Adam, Noah, and Christ. Against this divine rock every wave of infidelity beats to-day, and beats in vain."

After pleading for hospitality, personal social intercourse, and a fair share of business opportunities for the black man, Gilbert Haven continues: —

"But you will say this social, business, and political equality may lead to another, the very thought of which is insufferable. My friends, all I have said is, I am aware, very unpalatable to you. It would be insufferable if spoken two

hundred miles south of us. It could not have been spoken below Washington, nor there, save by one protected by the State whom he represents. We must not fear to declare the whole counsel of God in this matter. The question that has been uppermost in your hearts in all this discourse, that will leap from your lips as soon as their enforced silence is broken, let us briefly and calmly consider. When Governor Banks, by whose authority we meet to-day, was asked by the Southern catechist, when he was a candidate for the Speaker's chair, in order to cover him with infamy, whether he believed in amalgamation, with a promptness, independence, and courage that but few ministers of the gospel, and fewer of any other class, would have exhibited, he answered, that 'the more powerful race would absorb the weaker, and it was an undecided question of physiology yet, which was the stronger.' So, when you ask us if we believe in the intermarriage of the races, we answer, True marriage is a divine institution. Such hearts are knit together by the hand that originally wove them in separate but half-finished webs. God makes this unity. If he does not, then it is a conventional, human thing, subject to the whims of human society. As it respects such marriage, all I need to say is, 'It is none of our business. It is the business of the two souls that are thus made one by the goodness and greatness of their Creator.' Parents have advisory power to a certain extent. If it is not of God, but only of transient passion, of pride, of ambition, of desire for wealth, then parents may have complete, or nearly complete control until their children have attained a legal age. But if heart is one with heart, then with Shakspeare must you say, —

> "'Let me not to the marriage of true souls
> Admit impediment.'

That greatest of poets and thinkers carries this principle to its full expression in the marriage of the most womanly of his women and the most manly of his men. He sets the loves of Desdemona and Othello far above the range of grovelling criticism. The whole story of that event seems to have been made for our land and hour. It is a protest against this curse such as no subsequent poet in all literature has ever attained. Read it and see the feelings of the American heart painted and denounced by this master of human nature.

"Desdemona's father, a rich and proud Venetian, full of the spirit of caste, like many such a father in this nation to-day, when he learned of his daughter's secret marriage, cries out thus against her distinguished and noble husband: —

> "'O thou foul thief, where hast thou stowed my daughter?
> Damned as thou art, thou hast enchanted her;
> For I'll refer me to all things of sense,
> If she in chains of magic were not bound,
> Whether a maid so tender, fair, and happy,
> So opposite to marriage that she shunned
> The wealthy curled darlings of her nation,
> Would ever have, to incur the general mock,
> Run from her guardage to the sooty bosom
> Of such a thing as thou!'

"In his unrestrained rage he again bursts out: —

> "'That she, in spite of nature,
> Of years, of country, credit, everything,
> To fall in love with what she feared to look on!
> It is a judgment maimed and most imperfect
> That will confess perfection so could err
> Against all rules of nature, and must be driven
> To find out practices of cunning hell
> Why this should be.'

"To this storming American, Othello before the Duke makes reply — a reply so dignified, so manly, so majestic in rhythm and in feeling, that it seems as if Shakspeare felt

that he was pleading for God and humanity against the contemptible prejudices of this age and nation. The great Duke, at the close of Othello's speech, says truly, as you and every one unprejudiced would have said, —

> "'I think this tale would win my daughter too.'

"Even Brabantio, her father, softens in his prejudices, and declares, —

> "'If she confess that she was half the wooer,
> Destruction on my head, if my bad blame
> Light on the man.'

"And after Desdemona's frank acknowledgment of her love, he generously gives her to him 'with all his heart' — an example many a now wrathful father among us will yet faithfully follow.

"In all cases of true affection, this higher law than man's must have sway. If God makes such marriages between the white and the colored, who art thou that refusest to bless his bands? Such marriages, Heaven-made and blessed, have occurred. In Jamaica, in Brazil, in Mexico, happy souls, whose outward hue is varied, whose inward blood arises from remote fountains, are made one in a perfect marriage. In our own land it is already no uncommon thing.

"The necessities of the heart demand it. The loveliest maidens of the South are often of mixed blood, A pure and noble man will seek a pure and noble mate, and he is more apt to find her in that class than any other, for the pride and bitterness of the white and slaveholding women do not defile her soul. Society lays its heavy hand on his affections and crushes them. It lays its hellish laws on her, and despoils her of her virtue, so far as she can lose it, against every remonstrance of her whole nature.

"Here and there a rich man rises superior to society, and abides honorably to his love and vows, though no minister will consecrate them. Said a clergyman to Mrs. Johnson, the God-given wife of Vice-President Richard M. Johnson, 'You cannot join the church, because you have not been married.' She told her husband what had been said to her. He replied, 'Tell your minister, my dear, that I am ready, and always have been, to be publicly married, and ask him to come and marry us this very night.' The clergyman dared not do his duty, even at the request of one so high in station Thus he kept a Christian woman from the church for a sin which he and his church fastened upon her. No wonder that her husband, in his official career, hurled indignant epithets at the church, and died without its pale."

. . . . . .

"Thus falls the plea that this sin is according to nature. It was never heard of till within less than two hundred years, and then only within our territorial limits. It will never be heard of two hundred years hence; and in far less time than that, if the iniquity out of which it flourishes shall disappear. When slavery dies, this its child and parent, whose foul breast preserves its fouler life, shall fast follow it to its unholy grave. May God hasten to deliver the land from both abominations."

"What is the cure of slavery? Not Kansas; not presidential triumphs; not reversals of the infamous decisions of a packed and slavish court; not the removal of wicked judges from the seat they have stained with their shameful edicts; not the complete triumph of anti-slavery in all the national councils, so that freedom shall be national, as it now is sectional. None of these things will completely extinguish this horror of sin. Four millions of persons will

yet be held in profitable, in unspeakable, bondage. The wealth and fashion and refinement of the slaveholder will control the whole land as it does to-day; for Charleston and Richmond give tone to the fashion of the nation. Fifth Avenue and Beacon Street submit to their sway as easily as the rich manufacturers and merchants of England follow the style set by their nobility; as easily as our new rich men imitate, as far as possible, the style of those who have grown up amid the refinements of wealth and luxury. We shall still hate and despise those who have any drops of African blood in their veins. We must do these first duties in politics, and in the Church, but we must not leave the great duty undone. We must extirpate this prejudice from our hearts. We must set the reason, the conscience, against this sentiment, and work all their power till it is completely obliterated.

"But you may ask, How shall I begin the cure?

"By resolving to think no more of the color of the skin than you do of the eyes, and to like its color, as you do that of the eyes. Look at the heart, at the divine likeness there, and let your feelings be excited only by sympathy with its virtues.

"I have spoken, my friends, with great plainness of speech, my honest and earnest and long-held convictions on this subject. I believe that caste is the great sin of this nation, and that it is the great duty of every one to extirpate it first from himself, and then from every heart which he can influence. The reform must begin here. I rejoice that it has begun. We have abolished from the statute books laws forbidding intermarriage, creating separate schools, and depriving them of the right of suffrage and office. In the eye of the law they are equal; but the Gospel must effect "what the law cannot do, in that it is weak through the flesh." It

must work its perfect work. We must feel the brotherhood of man. We must sympathize with the most oppressed of the human family.

"The African has been despised and rejected of men, for the same reason that woman has been. Not because of lack of talent, but excess of a submissive, peaceful, religious spirit. Had he been as bloodthirsty as the Indian, he would have been as free. His elements are needed to make the perfect man. He is the John of the Apostles, milder than the rest, yet superior to all of them in many of the highest traits of soul."

In closing this discourse, one of the most memorable of all his utterances, he tramples on the idea of colonizing the blacks in Africa, thus:

"They will never leave us nor forsake us. A handful may go, as a few of us go to California; but the millions will stay. Even if colonization could be carried out, it would not cure the evil. It would intensify it. If every son and daughter of Africa, however far removed by Anglo-Saxon intermixture from their original blood, were removed to those shores, it would only make the feeling more bitter. The unnatural doctrine of natural distinctions would be sustained, and Christianity would have no perfect sway in the earth. They must abide with us till we acknowledge by word and act that they are one with us. And when we confess and embrace them as brothers, we shall never listen to their expatriation. The idea will be as abhorrent as the expulsion of your own children from your arms, or your wife from your bosom. God will keep them with us till he has cured us of our sins. Then shall we rejoice to abide with them always, and to build up a grand nationality of one humanity, of one language,

having one Redeemer, and one future on earth, and, if in Christ, forever."

On Friday, the 6th of March, 1862, the first proclamation of Mr. Lincoln looking to the abolition of slavery, was read in Congress. In it the President proposed the following joint resolution:—

"*Resolved*, That the United States ought to co-operate with any State which may adopt a gradual abolishment of slavery, giving such State pecuniary aid, to be used by such State in its discretion, to compensate for the inconvenience, public and private, produced by such a change of system."

Some such action as this appeared to the President to be necessary in order to prevent the border States from going over to the Confederacy. The proposition, although favorably received by Congress and the country, was not the remedy ordained by Providence for this great evil. It was hailed, however, by the friends of freedom as indicating a change in the sentiment of Mr. Lincoln, who at the outset of the war had declared his readiness to save the Union with slavery if it could be done, and without if it could not. It was a gleam of light in the dark sky, which Gilbert Haven clearly discerned, and on the following Sunday, near the close of his Newark pastorate, he preached a sermon entitled "The Day Dawns," from the text "The year of my redeemed is come." In his introduction, he says: "The message which but yesterday flew all through the land, and is already leaping over the seas, is one of the great epochs of that divine movement [emancipation in America]. The rising waves of liberty lap the throne of national sovereignty. He who but a year ago, in the most careful terms, promised the protection of the national army to the Satanic institution, now declares that it must gather up its feet to die. We may well exult over such a proclamation. It will cause rejoicings in the hut of the

slave, in the palaces of the princes, and in the courts of heaven. If one could rescue a brute creature from the pit on the Sabbath and rejoice over its deliverance, much more can we over the fast-speeding salvation of these children of our Father, brothers and sisters of our own Saviour the Lord Jesus Christ."

The sermon was a recast of the fearful historic indictment of slavery, but instead of being in a tone of exhortation it was in a tone of exultation.

"Soon will the great proclamation be answered by the resounding praises from over the sea, signalled by more grateful and more ringing hallelujahs from our Southern shores, and our nation delivered from its enemies, delivered of the sin which has brought her to the verge of destruction, shall assume her place, shall ascend to a far higher place among the nations of the earth.

"Standing on the cheery height to which the great words of our leader have lifted us, I have striven to speak, as Paul did in the storm, words of truth and encouragement. The ship of State, the ship Union and Liberty, shall not go down. There shall be a loss, a blessed and eternal loss of the accursed lading, but the ship shall be saved. We are flinging overboard that which caused the storm; we shall soon be able to sing with our finest lyrist,—

'The good ship Union's voyage is o'er,
At anchor safe she swings;
And loud and clear, with cheer on cheer,
The joyous welcome rings.
Hurrah! hurrah! it shakes the wave,
It thunders on the shore;
One flag, one land, one heart, one hand,
One nation evermore.'"

The limits of this volume allow but one more extract from the pages of a book that ought not to be allowed to die.

That extract may most properly be taken from his last discourse therein, entitled,—

"AMERICA'S PAST AND FUTURE."

[Delivered on Thanksgiving Day, Nov. 26, 1868, at Medford, Mass., on the occasion of the election of General Grant.]

"To-morrow shall be as this day, and much more abundant."—Is. lvi. 12.

ARGUMENT—The conflict of Chaos and the calm of Creation. I. Antiquity of Slavery. The woman the slave to her husband; the other children to the first-born. Its prevalence. Judea the only Free State when Christ came. Her fall. The deliverance of Europe from it, through the Church. II. Its prevalence outside her territory and faith. Rise of African slavery. How it reached and spread in America. Error of Columbus, and all that followed him, of every language and religion. III. God's controversy with it. Corruption of Church and State. Slow renovation. Instruments by which it was wrought out. Culmination of the work in war. IV. General Grant; his foresight of the greatness of the struggle; his obscurity; his military genius; the cause he served; saving the nation and destroying slavery. Advantage over all other generals in that respect. V. Meaning of the election. Order; Safety; Progress and Perfection in political and social liberty. Aversion to color must change to love. Amalgamation God's work, act, and decree. Signs of its advent. Happy results to all the world from the fraternity of man in America. Other reforms. Temperance. Woman's ballot. The glowing future. Christ over all, God blessed forever.

After demanding equality for the colored people in all that relates to civil rights he continues:

"But equality at the polls is not the only work laid upon the coming government. There must be such a disposition of its patronage, such a steadfast expression of its conviction, such an employment of its influence, as will tend to the abolition of the whole mass of prejudice that still defiles the national heart. I am aware that this evil cannot be utterly abolished by any enactments. The leprosy lies deep within. It dwells in our churches, in our souls, in our education, in society. It still makes us look on many a human face with

repulsion, which is of the complexion of the mother of our Lord — nay of the Lord himself. * It still leads us to erect barriers between us and our kindred, and to make us and them talk of "our race," as if they and we had a different parentage, Saviour, and eternity. It must come to an end.

* It is impossible, of course, to declare certainly the complexion of our Saviour. Our only guides are the people of the land where He lived. Some fancy he was a white man. But this could not be, except in violation of every law of race. The natives of Palestine, Jews and Arabs, except the few of the former imported from Germany, are of a brown complexion, almost the color of the bright brown mulatto. The women of Nazareth, who still gather at the well of Annunciation, are of this dusky hue. The most beautiful lady we saw abroad, one of the loveliest we ever looked upon, was a brown Bethlehem Jewess, who passed us at the tomb of Rachel, on her donkey, with her brown, bearded, and turbaned lord and lover walking at her side, a perfect type of the Rachel and Jacob of four thousand years before. Just such complexions may one see to-day in those who were but lately Southern slaves. A very comely and attractive Bedouin, of a bright brown complexion, went up the pyramids with us, and stood under the Sphinx. When asked to come to America, he replied, "You will sell me." We had been selling multitudes of his complexion for generations. Dean Stanley describes Abraham as a Bedouin sheik. Except in the faith, he says, "In every aspect the likeness is complete between the Bedouin chief of the present day, and the Bedouin chief who came from Chaldea nearly four thousand years ago." One of these "aspects" is complexion, and the Arab of Palestine and the Wilderness, is very like Frederick Douglass in this particular. Abraham and his wife were both of the present wandering race. Isaac's wife was of his parents' parents' Mesopotamia origin — and so was Jacob's. Joseph's was an Egyptian lady of color. Moses married an Ethiopian. Salmon married the Canaanite Rahab, Boaz the brown Moabitess beauty, Ruth. David's Bathsheba was a Hittite, a wild slip of the land, very comely, but as far from white as from black. Solomon had a swarthy daughter of Pharaoh to wife. The later marriages were no lighter; and undoubtedly Mary was of the likeness as well as lineage of David and Bathsheba and Ruth and Rahab and Rachel and Rebecca. Jesus Christ stood midway between the complexions of man, that he might lay his hand upon both and blend both together in himself. The Asiatic is the solvent of the Caucasian and the negro, and his color is almost exactly reproduced in the mulatto of America, the amalgam of the two opposite complexions. A light-haired, light-skinned Italian, or a dark-skinned German, is far more natural than a light-skinned native of that hot clime, and these are extremely rare. Every Arab, wild or tame, is of one color, and that is almost exactly the hue of the mixed blood of America, whom we so foolishly and falsely profess to naturally abhor. "They are of the very complexion of the mother of our Lord, nay, of our Lord himself."

It is coming to an end. This election is a great advance toward that end. If the Administration as faithfuly adhere to its ruling idea, and put men into office everywhere without regard to color, and with regard only to capacity, it will greatly prosper this great reform. Let him make Frederick Douglass a member of his cabinet, and the nation will commend and imitate his courage.

"But under it, as well as through it, will the work go forward. Senators and representatives will enter Congress of the condemned hue. They have already become mayors, secretaries of state, lieutenant-governors; they hold no small influence and office in the uplifted South; they must yet more. Missisippi, with her half a million; South Carolina, with her majority of this tint; Tennessee, where they stand between the loyal whites and annihilation; Louisiana, where they have wealth, culture, and talents in their ranks — these must cast down all bars and gates, and let the tides of human, civil, social, and Christian life flow freely among all the people. To this complexion shall we come at last.

"Yet more: our feelings of aversion will change to feelings of regard. The complexion at which we now profess to revolt, we shall look upon with pleasure. Vice is not the only thing that is at first hated and afterward embraced. Virtue is more frequently subject to this experience. It is very rare that a real gift of God is fallen in love with at first sight. How few behold in religion all the charms with which she is divinely invested. How many turn with disgust from her pleading, pleasing countenance. How few are instinctively drawn to temperance, to study, to work. The world beholds in vice everything charming, in virtue everything repulsive. But acquaintance changes this experience, and we cling to the good we at first disdained.

"We shall be attracted to this hue because it is one of God's creatures, and a beautiful one too; because it is a favorite hue of the human race; because, chiefly, we have most wickedly loathed and scorned it. He will have revenge, and will yet compel us to discern the loveliness of this most abhorred virtue, and to become enamored of it. The Song of Songs will have a more literal fulfilment than it has ever confessedly had in America; and the long existing, divinely-implanted admiration of Caucasians for black but comely maidens, be the proudly acknowledged and honorably gratified life of Northern and Southern gentlemen.

"But this law rests on no mere quip of the fancy, nor is it a rebound of a vehement passion, as wrongfully right as it had been wrongfully wrong. It is the grand undertone of all marriage. It is the Creator's mode of compelling the race to overleap the narrow boundaries of families and tribes, into which blood, so called, invariably degenerates.

'Not like with like, but like with difference,'

is the law of marriage. The light complexioned turns to the dark, and the dark to the light, as day to night and night to day.

"By this law only will yellow-haired Germany and dark-skinned France become one. Only thus will the mediæval feud between light-eyed England and dark-eyed Ireland come to an end. Let their youths follow their instincts, and the differences that now seems barriers of eternity, will become magnets of eternity. Thus, too, will our dividings cease. The lightest and darkest of the children of Adam and Noah are divinely planted together in this land, that they may, by obeying this law of God, work out the perfect oneness of the race of man."

On the topic of woman suffrage, in this same discourse, he says:

"She is of the Commonwealth, having equal rights with every other member. She is bone of our bone and flesh of our flesh. Surely, all enforced exclusion of her from her just claims is the greatest injustice. If we pre-eminently despise the man who strikes a woman, how should we feel toward the State which thus strikes down all its women, and robs them of all power of defence from its blows?

"Above all, we need her help. Christ is seeking to establish his empire in the earth. It is an empire of peace, of unity, of righteousness, of love. It is to be established in good-willing men, in holy laws, in sacred institutions, in purified society. How can this be done except by the co-operation of the best and most numerous members of that society? Only by woman's vote can the kingdom of God be completely established. Only thus can we save the State from debauchery and utter demoralization.

"That work will go forward. It is advancing everywhere; and when the next election comes, may we see our sisters sitting by us, and transforming the dirty, smoky atmosphere of the voting-rooms into sweet and quiet parlors, full of pleasure and peace."

Here is his plea and prophecy for the temperance reform:

"The temperance movement must go forward. It has been held back by the imperative demands of the cause of freedom. It met with a repulse from misjudging men, under wicked leaders; but it will rally and move on. It has a grand foundation laid in the convictions of every heart, the conclusions of every understanding, the decisions of courts, the statistics of jails and almshouses, the annals of crime, a

generation of totally abstaining people, and the success of the experiment of prohibition. Every good and evil inure to its benefit. With the departure of the giant crime of slavery to its own hell, the movement against its hardly inferior associate will be recommenced. We have exchanged the slaveholder's ring for the whiskey ring. The one elected Presidents; the other has preserved one of them in his undeserved seat. We have abolished the one; we must the other. To this reform every youth should consecrate himself. In every State it should be agitated. Congress should be implored to establish it in the Territories and the District of Columbia. The new South must adopt it to save her new citizens from utter demoralization. Great will be the happiness of the nation when no village shall be cursed with a grogshop, when every city shall be as pure from this vice as the rivers of Eden, when our youth shall be untainted with this appetite, and our men shall not err through strong drink. May that hour soon break upon the waiting realm, and National Prohibition of all that can intoxicate deliver our land from its last and heaviest burden."

CHAPTER V.

BISHOP HAVEN'S VIEWS ON DOCTRINE AND ORDER.

This concluding chapter may happily be a short one. Many and wide were the divergencies of Gilbert Haven from the prevailing politics and ethics of his time; but in theology he was in most things, like Paul of old, — whom in many other respects, he seems to have resembled,—"of the most straitest sect of our religion."

A strong nature like his could not abide "the weak things" of poetry and philosophy, wherewith unstable minds endeavor to dilute the doctrine of the Word of God. In his estimation, poetry was good, and philosophy was good; but each was good only in its own place, and when he saw the prettinesses of the one, or the abstractions of the other, set forth as theories of religion, he was filled with indignation and contempt.

To the last he insisted on "a whole Bible." Every word of scripture, written by inspiration of God, he eagerly accepted, jealously guarded, and stoutly defended. He was ready to walk out on a Bible text over the abyss of the Unknown. What else had he to walk on? He had the sense to perceive that Rationalism belongs only to the region of those things cognizable by the human understanding, and that when it pretends to deal with such subjects as the Deity, Creation, the origin, the divine relations, and the future des-

tiny of man, it is going beyond its depths. No wonder it gets drowned. The Bishop was a Rationalist; but his Rationalism began where Revelation ended. He did not try to test the truth of God's statements by the processes of human logic. Whatever God has been pleased to reveal of the otherwise unknowable, he thankfully accepted; and for the rest, he was content to wait. Thus he escaped the temptation of seeking to be wise above what is written, whereby some have wrought no small folly in our Israel.

He believed in God as a Person; in Jesus Christ as an actual Redeemer, by the sacrifice of himself; in Heaven as an actual place of happiness; in Hell as an actual place of misery. All he knew for certain of either of these truths he owed to the information brought or sent from heaven by the Lord himself; and it did not trouble his fine sensibilities to believe in "the worm that dieth not, and the fire that is not quenched," on the authority of the Son of God, who loved us all well enough to die on the cross to save us from the biting of the one and the burning of the other.

Gilbert Haven was no specialist in religion. Some of the advocates of "Christian Perfection," for instance, regretted his indifference towards their favorite doctrine. Ah! that was just the difficulty. It was a *favorite* doctrine, and the Bishop had no favorite doctrines. He failed to see how any one truth of the gospel could be any more precious or potent than another, along the line of its legitimate operation. In his mind all good things worked together for good, and he insisted on taking them all with him at all times. Perhaps it was for this reason that he never would countenance the peculiarities of the "Higher Life" advocates; nevertheless, the history of the church, at least in our time, fails to furnish, among professors of whatever grade or degree of sanctifica-

tion, a man who, through thick and thin, through evil report and good report, gave better proof of having "the mind of Christ."

He counted not his life too dear to give up for the sake of love and duty; he ever answered scowls with smiles, cursings with blessings, and — oh! rare proof of a sanctified soul — he could contend with all his might against the errors of the most furious and unreasonable adversary, and love him all the while as a brother in the Lord.

It was only at this point of "Christian Perfection" that Bishop Haven was unmethodistic in theology; and even here it was the tendency towards making a specialty in religion out of that truth and privilege and duty which the Bible sets forth as the common heritage of all believers; or, if it may be said without being misunderstood, the belittling of Christian holiness, from an eternal progress towards an infinite good to a single conscious exercise of faith for an immediate effect — which led this grand, consecrated, Christly spirit to reject all technical and extra-scriptural, though not unscriptural, phraseology on this subject.

If it had been given to him to search into this divine mystery of "perfect love," as it was given him to exemplify it, he might have left to the church a treatise thereon which would have been an untold blessing; but now, whoever will know the relation of this Christian Bishop to the Bible doctrine of "Holiness," let him study the man himself.

METHODIST APOSTOLIC SUCCESSION.

Bishop Haven was a high-church Methodist. He claimed to be a true and regular successor of the Apostles. No priest in Anglican or Romish orders could be any more confident of the validity of his ordination.

The "Methodist Quarterly Review" of January, 1878 (whose venerable editor is himself a sturdy defender of the true Episcopal orders of the Methodist Episcopal Church), contained an article from the pen of the Rev. George A. Phœbus, D. D., entitled, "Was Wesley Ordained by Erasmus?" In this article — the first of its kind in Methodist literature — the above question is answered in the affirmative, and the answer supported by telling facts and arguments. The views therein set forth are in such perfect accord with those of the Bishop, that, for want of any formulated statements thereof under his own hand, the above-named paper may properly be referred to in this connection.

Erasmus, a Bishop of the Greek Church, of the diocese of Arcadia, in Crete, visited London in 1763, where he made the acquaintance of Mr. Wesley, and of some of his preachers. At this time, Wesley was of the opinion that it was a sin for an unordained minister to celebrate the Lord's Supper; and, although he declared himself to be entitled, as a presbyter of the English Church, and also as a providential *Episcopos*, to ordain men to the ministry, still he would not perform such an act, since it would have been a violation of the established order of the Church of England. Under these circumstances, having satisfied himself of the orders of Erasmus, he applied to him to ordain some of his "helpers," among whom were John Jones and Alexander Mather. This the Greek Bishop did. It is also claimed that Erasmus ordained Wesley a Bishop, and that thus in him converged both the Greek, the Anglican and, through the latter, the Roman lines of succession from the Apostles, thereby giving to the Methodist Episcopal clergy the threefold force and value of all the ministerial orders in Christendom.

By statute 25 of Henry VIII., the right of nominating

bishops, archbishops, and other ecclesiastics, was taken from the Pope and re-vested in the English crown. This act, called the *Præmunire* Act, made it a high crime to introduce foreign church orders into the Anglican communion, and on this account it is alleged that Mr. Wesley, who chose this horn of an ecclesiastical dilemma, was obliged, through fear of the penalties of the *Præmunire* Act, to keep his Greek episcopal ordination a secret.

The article referred to produces a letter from the Rev. Samuel A. Peters, a minister of the Church of England, who was said to have been a man of talents and learning, and who after having had a parochial charge in London for thirty years, emigrated to the United States, and was elected Bishop of Vermont; but who was refused episcopal consecration in England, on the ground that the convention of Vermont had not signed the constitution of the Protestant Episcopal Church.

Certain American Episcopalians had denied the validity of Methodist episcopacy, declaring "that the Rev. John Wesley was never more than a presbyter in the English Church, and of course could not consecrate Dr. Coke, Mr. Asbury, and others, to a higher order than a presbyter."

"'I took it for granted,' says the Rev. Samuel Peters, in the letter referred to, 'that the said denial was made with a view to expose the Methodist Bishops to the severity of the *Præmunire* Act of Henry VIII., if the Methodists should prove that the Rev. John Wesley was consecrated a Bishop in the Christian Church by Erasmus, a Greek Bishop, and now Bishop and successor of Titus, first Bishop of Crete. Seeing a book entitled An Inquiry into the Validity of the Methodist Episcopacy, and considering its artful tendency, I published a vindication of the history of the Rev. Hugh Peters, and added a note which gives the origin of the Methodist episcopacy in England. My design was to warn the Methodists to keep out of the reach of the English *Præmunire* Act, and to let their enemies vaunt over their own bold assertions rather than to expose to certain misery and death their conscientious Bishops, who would sooner

run their heads against a burning mountain than usurp episcopacy. Had I been present when Erasmus consecrated Mr. Wesley a Bishop in the Greek Church, I would sooner broil on the gridiron with St. Lawrence than divulge it and prove it, so long as the English *Præmunire* Act exists as a pillar to support the heirarchy of the Church of England.'"

After making reference to Dr. Seabury, whom the Archbishop of Canterbury refused to consecrate as Bishop of Connecticut, and who, it is said, Mr. Wesley would have consecrated, but would not sign the letter of ordination, and therefore the service was declined; the letter goes on to say: —

"I pretend not to be in the secret of the consecration of Mr. John Wesley by Erasmus, but I am so convinced of the fact, that I would as soon be consecrated a Bishop in the Christian Church by Bishop Asbury or Bishop Coke, as by Dr. Sutton, the Archbishop of Canterbury, or by Porteus, Lord Bishop of London. And that the *jure divino* of episcopacy from Erasmus came from St. John of Jerusalem, Rome and England admit; but Rome admits not the *jure divino* episcopacy in the Church of England.

"The question still remains: Was Mr. John Wesley made Bishop by Erasmus, now Bishop of Crete? The answer is valid — John Wesley would not have acted as Bishop if he had not been consecrated by Erasmus, nor would Dr. Coke, nor Mr. Asbury, etc. Thus believed Dr. Horn, Dr. Barkley, Charles Wesley, and hundreds of others who knew them as well as, reverend and dear brother,

"Yours affectionately,

"Samuel A. Peters."

The above letter was written to Rev. Samuel Coates, who was at that time presiding elder of Lower Canada district, and bears date, Corlear's Hook, N. Y., May 11, 1809.

"This Rev. Samuel Peters, Bishop-elect of Vermont," says Dr. Phœbus, "was personally known to the early Methodist preachers, one of whom has left the following statement of a conversation with him: —

"'Dr. Peters informed me that when Dr. Seabury was refused consecration by the Bishop in England, the said Bishop told him that he was prohibited by the law of the realm from consecrating

him, but advised him to apply to Mr. Wesley for consecration. Dr. Seabury replied, "Is Wesley a Bishop?" To which the Bishop answered: "We do not undertake to answer that question. It is not for us to determine. But apply to him; he can satisfy you and consecrate you." Dr. Peters was present at the interview, and went with and introduced Dr. Seabury to Mr. Wesley, who was so far satisfied that he would have been willingly consecrated by him if Mr. Wesley would have signed his letter of orders as a Bishop, which Mr. Wesley could not do without incurring the penalty of the *Præmunire* Act. He would have signed as "superintendent," etc.'"

The writer then constructs an ingenious argument to show from the circumstances in which Mr. Wesley was placed, and from certain accusations of his enemies, that Erasmus did really ordain Mr. Wesley a Bishop, who received this ordination, not so much with the view of evading or secretly transgressing the *Præmunire* Act, as with a view to introduce such order and regularity into the ministrations of his large and increasing band of helpers as would save him and them from the responsibility of a systematic and general unauthorized ministration of the sacraments, which, on his part, would have been a far more serious transgression against the state church than being invested with episcopal orders by a foreign Bishop. The article concludes as follows: —

"Had it been formally announced in the conference of 1764, that, in December, 1763, Erasmus of Crete had ordained John Wesley Bishop of the Methodist societies in England, Ireland and Scotland, and had he then assumed, publicly, the title, his subsequent course in the management of his societies would have varied but little, if at all."

That the above was indeed the ground held and defended by Bishop Haven, is incidentally shown in one of his letters to the "Christian Advocate" of Feb. 28, 1878. In writing of his experiences at the Clifton Springs Sanitarium, he gives

a cheery account of life at the water cure, where, he says, "the chief business is dressing and undressing. You can well appreciate the poor fellow's reason for committing suicide which he left on a slip beside his death-couch: 'tired of buttoning and unbuttoning.'"

Of his fellow-patients he speaks in highly complimentary terms. Among them a number of ministers. "Presbyterians, Catholics, Congregationalists, Episcopalians, and other dissenters from Methodism, we find in abundance. The only true clergy (except those of the Greek communion) are not absent."

Thus, however far gone this invalid is, he is still strong in inexhaustible cheerfulness and in high-church Methodism.

INFANT BAPTISM AND CHURCH MEMBERSHIP.

The following extracts from, and summary of his article in the "Methodist Quarterly Review" of January, 1859, on "The Relation of Infants to Christ's Church," properly claim a place in this collection of his characteristic writings.

"What is the relation of a human soul at the beginning of its immortality to Christ and his Church? This is the *questio vexata* to-day, both of theology and church order. Shall the church have only intelligent believers in its fold, or shall she carry the babes in her bosom? How shall she treat those who are in their earliest infancy? Shall they be made, by her purposed neglect, to pass through the fires of Moloch that burn deadlier around our Christian homes than even in ancient heathendom, with certain death to all save the few who marvellously creep forth, scarred and maimed, compelled to bear the fruit of her sin through all their future being; or shall she put underneath and around about them from the dawn of their immortality her everlasting arms?"

After referring to the work entitled "Christian Nurture," by Dr. Bushnell, Dr. Olin's sermon on "Childhood," and several other publications, Gilbert Haven, then a pastor, and just beginning to be known in the literature of the church, expresses his own views as follows:—

"We grant that baptism is the seal of a spiritual condition. It is the stamp which God requires us to fix to those he has made his own. It is the symbol upon the body of the work he has effected in the soul that occupies it. Thus we concede everything essential in the Baptist's idea of baptism. It is no mere christening, or consecration, or parental duty, or desire, but the ordinance of scripture properly applied to appropriate subjects. We grant also that this ordinance, as the Baptists claim that it should, places its recipient, whatever be his age or state of development, within the church. It is as initiative and influential upon the infant as upon the most intelligent of mature converts. We claim that they are appropriate subjects for baptism and membership, on the ground of their gracious condition in Christ, and therefore that they have a *right* to it, and all the relations and duties that follow it. We claim that this right was conceded to them by the Apostolic Church, as scripture, tradition, and the necessities of the case abundantly show.

"Baptism is the *right* of the infant because of his inward state of acceptance with God through the atonement of our Lord Jesus Christ. Every child when born in this world is born into a dispensation of grace, whether in heathen or Christian lands. No child of Adam is without the application of that blood of sprinkling and regeneration. He is born virtually a Christian. To all, says the same God and Saviour that spoke to Jeremiah: 'Before I formed thee in the belly I knew thee, and before thou camest out of the

womb I sanctified thee.' Some persons in our land, who have given themselves over to the mystery of iniquity that worketh here, have had sent upon them a strong delusion that they should believe the lie that human beings can be born slaves. Our great Declaration embodies in human law the opposite and Divine idea, long before declared in the Bible to be the corner-stone of the government of God — the perfect equality and liberty of every soul.

"'All men were created free and equal.' What is true in humanitarian and political philosophy, is the more true in spiritual science and law, and every church creed ought to start with this statement, '*All souls are created free and equal.*' Some are not born slaves, as saith the Calvinist, following the adult and voluntary condition of their parents. They are not born free to be instantly enslaved by an irrepressible power, and only in rare cases to escape, by God's special decree, that everlasting bondage, as saith the *soi-disant* 'New England' theologian. They are not born independent of Christ, gracelessly, licentiously free, as saith the Rationalist; but as every one, in spite of the momentary judicial perversion of the truth into a lie, is born entirely free and equal under our Constitution, so into that greater state into which every human soul is born, and to which he owes allegiance, whether he acknowledges it or not, into the invisible but none the less present and potent Church of Christ, is every son of Adam born, and born free and Christian. This may be called assumption and the proof demanded. Consider whither the negative leads. If it is not so, we sanctify the whole system of caste, from its heathen admonition up to its more refined but not less repugnant manifestations in European distinctions based on blood. We subscribe to that chief of the doctrine of the

devils which the Southern Church and State have bound as a frontlet between their eyes, and hold as their sole sceptre in their right hand — that a man can be born the property of another man, both perchance begotten of the same father, in the same day, lying together in the same cradle, and at the same breast. We hesitate about giving God supremacy over his creatures and giving goodness and love the supremacy in him. We give Satan incalculably greater power than Christ over the race, and that, too, in the purely innocent and irresponsible epoch of its being. Then we must grant that this new immortal, whom an infinitely good God has placed in the universe, ere yet it has taken one step in its path of development, is an idolater, an infidel, a Mormon, though these systems of sin have never yet reached his ear, much less won the co-operation of his heart. In fine, we make the babe, born or unborn, a devil; and God, in all his efforts to redeem him, an intruder on domains rightfully belonging to his enemy.

"Such a theology deserves and needs no logical opposition. It can never stand before the clear shining of the truth as it is in Jesus. We must replace the reformed by the transformed. We must cast out this son of the bondwoman, this child of Jewish prejudice and narrowness, and admit as the cardinal doctrine of the church, to be faithfully carried into all its life and practice, the Divine truth that every soul, when created, is born into the kingdom of God's dear Son. Heaven, does, indeed, lie about us in our infancy, — heaven in its purest and most powerful forms. Whatever be the faith of the parent, the undeveloped faith of the child is Christian. Christ is the light that lighteth every man that cometh, and *when he cometh*, into the world. The atonement spreads its wings of healing over every cradle

in every clime. To be a son of Adam till we wilfully cast away our birthright, is to be in Christ a son of God. To this favor the whole church must come at last, if it ever fully express the favor of God."

Bishop Haven does not teach baptismal regeneration; he goes back of that, and teaches universal regeneration at birth, as the result of the covenant of grace in Jesus Christ.

"If God saves an infant because Christ died for it, and thus removed original condemnation, and yet does not impart any of the effects of that death to his nature, then he saves him without his being born again, and so violates his declaration when he says, "Except a man be born again he cannot see the kingdom of God." Then he is saved on just the same ground as Universalism saves all — justification through the death of Christ, without regeneration. Then we cannot see the impartiality of God in taking these wicked beings, still in their depravity, to heaven, and not taking others whose natures, by his gift of life continued, have only borne legitimate fruit. If it be said the scriptures preach otherwise, saying, 'behold, I was shapen in iniquity,' we answer this is not against us. As far as human generation is concerned this is too true; but there is a Christian generation, spiritual and divine."

. . . . . .

"Hence we see that it may be, it must be possible for God, *it is his duty*, through the atonement of Christ, so to impart of the regenerating grace that flows from justification of the new-born soul, that it may grow in the likeness of its God and Saviour, and never knowing the hour when he was engrafted into him, may always be conscious of the life of God in his soul. Such was the case with the Josephs, the Samuels, and the Timothys of old; such the blessed experi-

ence of myriads in the later church. This theory adjusts the infant state to the whole plan of salvation."

After a brief review of the efforts of Calvinism to avoid the force of the question, What becomes of those who die in infancy? and having shown the failure of all phases of that theology to adjust itself to common-sense and modern philosophy, the writer continues:

"Our philosophy of redemption admirably answers these ends. Christ died for the race. By virtue of that death the curse entailed on it by Adam was removed from each soul, until the soul voluntarily adopted it as its own; consequently those who leave this world before they commit any actual sin, are received into the heaven of redeemed souls by and through the atoning Saviour. If they remain here, the Holy Spirit is continually and freely poured upon them, so that they are under no necessity of sinning, but may grow up under its constant influence, new born when first born, new creatures in Christ when first created."

"This view removes the whole cloud of errors that from the heights of other creeds overhangs the fate of children. Christ takes them, though their parents refuse to give them to him. Hence arises the doctrine of infant baptism. Every babe has an inward state that fits it for heaven. This must then place him in the invisible church. He therefore has a *right* to be a member of the visible church. The greater includes the less."

On this basis the writer founds two conclusions:

"I. If this argument be true the church must extend two favors to its baptized children, which they have thus far steadily refused. One is the recognition of their church membership, and the other admission to the Lord's Supper."

. . . . . .

"How pleasant the spectacle of parents and children gathering as one family about this great family table of the Father of mercies and God of all comforts. The pictures of a family and family baptism would then have a fitting consummation in the family communion."

"The commands of Christ, so far from abolishing, establish this law. That it was the custom of the Apostolic Church, is proved from the speech and the silence of the scriptures; its frequent reference to the baptism of houses or families, a word never found in the Baptist vocabulary of revivals; its silence before the prejudice of both Greek, and Roman, and to whomsoever the word of this salvation was then sent, a silence that is unaccountable if the new religion was to hold the children of its adherents in less vital relations to itself than any one of its contemporaries; the desires of idolaters to have the arms of the church thrown around their babes, so that the whole family may be as a lovely islet in the black and deadly ocean of Paganism rolling around them; the inscriptions on the graves of Christian and baptized babes in the catacombs; the statement of every Father from Tertullian and Origen to Augustine, and from every council, from the first attended by the converts of Timothy and Titus, if not of Paul and John, to the last held by an undivided and unapostatized church — all these give an array of proof of the apostolic usage that it is impossible to gainsay or resist."

"We trust the church will regulate her discipline according to her faith, and that her admission of her babes to her classes, her sacraments, and all other perquisites of membership, will lead her members to give their children their rights, and to train them up in the knowledge of their obligations and benefits." "Then will the doctrine of infant salvation logically embodied in our creed, discipline, and practice, lead

all other sects to believe its truthfulness, and accept its necessary consequents of infant regeneration and infant baptism, The wall in all churches that is built up between the child and the Lord's table will crumble under the same power. The little children shall again come to Jesus, surround his table, and partake of that flesh which is meat indeed, and of that blood which is drink indeed for every helpless human soul. The hearts of the fathers will be turned to the children, and out of the mouths of babes and sucklings will he ordain praise, while they, like Samuel, shall abide in the temple, and like Christ shall grow in wisdom, and stature, and in favor with God and man."

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